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M.DCCC.LIX.



JANUARY TO JUNE.

1859

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NEW SERIES.

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LONDON:  
JUDD & GLASS, NEW BRIDGE STREET,  
AND GRAY'S INN ROAD.

W. OLIPHANT AND SON, EDINBURGH: G. GATTIE, GLASGOW:  
G. AND J. KING, ABERDEEN: AND J. ROBERTSON, DUBLIN.

1859.



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# THE ECLECTIC.

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JANUARY, 1859.

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## I.

### JOHN MILTON.

*The Life of John Milton*, narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By David Masson, M.A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Vol. I. Cambridge: MacMillan and Co.

It will be observed from the above title that Mr. Masson has undertaken to write the life of Milton in connection with the political, ecclesiastical, and literary history of his day and generation. At first sight there may appear to be something fantastical in this mode of regarding the life of Milton, who certainly at no period of his career occupied such a prominent position in the history of his country or his age that he can with any propriety be accepted as its living embodiment—its representative man. It will be recollected that Mr. Charles Knight wrote upon the same principle a voluminous biography of our great dramatist, of whom, after all, we know so little that his name is not much better than that of a myth, and the question has been asked, not only by Kitty in the comedy, but also by authors in all seriousness, “Who wrote Shikspur?” And the question will be raised whether after the same fashion it might not be possible to produce a very interesting and valuable work by writing in connection with the political, ecclesiastical, military, naval, domestic, literary, and ambulatory history of his time, the life of Hobson, the Cambridge carrier, celebrated by Milton himself. We have no doubt that objections such as these will be immediately started on the first sight of Mr. Masson’s title-page.

These objections, however, lose more than half their force the moment that we rise above the popular conception of Milton’s character. Milton was a poet—but he was more. He was a statesman—but he was still more. He was a religious thinker and worker—and again he was more. He was one of the most learned men of his time—he was certainly the most accomplished—he was, perhaps, the most masterly Latin writer since the

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classical age had passed away. To state the matter shortly, Milton was the most complete man to be found in those days. Others were but fractions of men—he alone was an integer. In what other character can we find such an astonishing union of qualities? The mere union of the poetic temperament with the active habit is something rare. But where in the whole history of the world shall we find such a poet, such a man of action? For we class among actions, and among the greatest—the most prolific of all actions, that noble speech of his for the liberty of unlicensed printing. It is rare, also, to find prodigious learning accompanied by large powers of thought. In him, on the contrary, we see a soaring grandeur of idea which no amount of erudition could drag down. A man so able and so furnished must have been very decided in his own opinions, and he might have despised the opinions of other men; yet such was the deep sympathy of his nature that he was the foremost of all men to insist upon the perfect liberty of thought. And, to crown all, though he rejoiced in this strong nature, though he could boast the impulsive complexion of the poet, though we find that in everything he undertook he was swept along with a rushing wind of passion, yet such was his self-control, such the exquisite balance of his faculties, that, in practice, excess was unknown to him and even in hot youth his daily life was a marvel of purity; while in composition it is amazing to watch the ease with which he can stay his thunders in mid-volley, often interposing an elaborate parenthesis between the breathless pauses of some tremendous sentence which ordinary writers would be in a fury to finish. The critics talk of the myriad-minded Shakspeare and the many-sided Goethe. No doubt there were many things which Shakspeare did which would have been impossible to Milton. It was once debated in a familiar conversation whether the epic or the dramatic poet had the greater command of the English language, and the discussion was terminated by the assertion, "Why, Shakspeare would have slanged Milton into a ditch in five minutes." That is not a fair criterion, and we only mention the circumstance as a vivid illustration of the differences between the two poets. Milton was not many-sided in the sense that he could adapt himself easily to every variety of character, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," so that he could give the talk of a tinker not less readily than the chant of a poet, the wail of a widow, and the defiance of a mailed warrior. But he was, on the other hand, many-sided in a sense to which Shakspeare could lay no claim. Shakspeare was only a possible politician, a possible man of action, a possible theologian, a possible scholar. Milton had actually, and to the height of his great soul, a veritable connection as well as a sympathetic union with the whole life

of his time. As a citizen, as a churchman, as a student, as a man, Shakspeare's life is almost entirely a blank to us. In all these relations, and not less as a poet, Milton stands out clearly to view—and stands out, if not as the most bustling figure in the scene, yet as the manliest, the kingliest, the godliest. So that if any one, choosing to narrate the history of those days, determined to gather the interest of his story around some central character, and for this purpose were to select the man then living of largest soul, of most varied culture, connected with his age by the greatest number of ties, and more likely than all his contemporaries to live in the estimation of the future—that man must of necessity be John Milton.

If these considerations do not entirely reconcile the critics to the hybrid sort of composition—half biography, half history—which Mr. Masson has adopted, we are afraid that in the end they will be very much in the condition of the French dragoons who so successfully cut up the squares of Highlanders at Quatre Bras. "Don't you see that you are beaten? you ought to yield," was the cry of the French assailants in that fierce struggle, as the ranks of the Highlanders were trampled under foot and broken like the corn amid which they fought. Not so, deemed the Highlanders: they had other ideas of victory; if they were beaten by rule, they would conquer in defiance of rule; for them, indeed, there was no test of defeat, except the ultimate one of destruction. They remained masters of the field; and in like manner Mr. Masson, spite of our cavilling, may take his stand upon his work, and, anomalous though it be, challenge the whole world to stultify it. The life of Milton which we here introduce to our readers is a great work,—a little wanting in form, as we have suggested, analytical sometimes in the mode of narration where one could wish to see a living synthesis, digressive, too, according to the very idea of the subject where we look for rapidity of treatment—yet, notwithstanding these defects, which belong to the plan rather than to the author, a noble biography; a biography that will live; a biography that shows a prodigious expenditure of labour, to be fully appreciated only by those who are accustomed to such researches; a biography that is full of fine feeling, acute criticism, and manly eloquence. Under one great disadvantage, however, Mr. Masson labours. He publishes his work by instalments; and the present volume is devoted to what some may regard as the least interesting portion of Milton's career. That career naturally divides itself into three periods, the first extending from his birth to his thirty-first year, during which he was the recluse poet and student, rather preparing himself for the great work of the future than actually fulfilling the expectations of his family; the second, extending over some

twenty years, during which he had "laid aside his singing robes," and devoted himself to political action, to controversial writing, and official correspondence as the secretary of Cromwell; and the last, reaching from the Restoration to the close of his life, during which he returned into private life, resumed his poetic function, and produced that great epic from which the popular idea of Milton is principally derived. It is only the first of these epochs that the present volume covers; and all-eager as we are to have the description of this royal soul taking part in the great business of life, giving expression to his complaint against church and state, as well as form to what, in his idea, they ought to be; fighting gloriously for twenty years in the cause of civil and religious liberty, the pen of Cromwell, the great literary standard-bearer of the war—a description which has never yet been adequately rendered, and which we have every confidence in Mr. Masson's power to supply, it is with some disappointment that, having perused a bulky volume of about 800 pages, we find the narrative suspended for a little, just as we are coming to the most interesting part. Nevertheless the first thirty years of the poet's life have an interest of their own—chiefly a literary interest, but still an interest which it is rare to find in literary biography, which is quite strong enough to enchain the attention of even a cursory reader, and to which we now propose to devote a few pages.

Milton was a cockney. Such is the fact which presses itself upon our notice first in point of time, and not last in point of importance. It is a fact too which we not only forget, but against which also our whole knowledge of his poetry leads us to protest vehemently. We imagine Milton as a man of the country, as secluding himself in his earlier days like the night-ingale of which he sings amid the leafy shades of Buckinghamshire, as far removed from "towered cities" and "the busy hum of men." On the contrary, he was town-bred; he was born within the sound of Bow-bell, and within the shadow of Bow-steeple. He first saw the light in Bread Street, one of the cross streets running into that great thoroughfare to which old Johnson (one of the poet's biographers by the way) referred, when he said, "When you have seen one green field, sir, you have seen all green fields. Sir, I like to look upon men. Let us walk down Cheapside." He lived under his father's roof in the city of London; he went to St. Paul's school, in St. Paul's Churchyard; and when he left the capital it was in order to proceed to Cambridge. Up to his twenty-fourth year, his life was thus spent between the great metropolis on the Thames and the great university on the Cam. London then, it is true, was nothing like what it is now, when a dweller in the City is walled



round and defended from the country by ramparts of brick some four or five miles in thickness, and is covered from sun and moon and stars by that tremendous canopy of smoke which must have entered into Shakspeare's imagination when he spoke of "the blanket of the dark." Its population was under half a million, and for extent we may liken it to Liverpool or Glasgow of the present day. Such as it was, however, it was even then the greatest city in Europe, and whatever were the town-influences of those days, Milton felt them and grew under them. Born in 1608, he was launched upon London life, when there were congregated in the metropolis the most splendid intellects that have ever been seen in similar constellation, and while the child is still crying in his nursery, or enjoying the sweet sleep of infancy, we can hear from a house hard by—none other than the Mermaid in the selfsame street, the crashing laughter of the wits who, over the brimming sack and the foaming tankard, re-echo the rattling wit of Shakspeare, and the heavy cannonade of Ben Jonson—the English frigate and the Spanish galleon, to use the image of Fuller, that held such an incessant war of words. They call each other, as the whole town calls them, by their Christian names, Will and Ben, and Jack and Tom, and here they are assembled after the play is finished to eat the fat capon, to fill the goblet and to pass the jest. They are dreadful in puns; they are by no means select in their phrases; there is a good deal of dirty talk splashed about; sometimes one may detect a touch of jealousy, though the prevalent feeling is that of perfect confidence and genuine friendship; Francis Beaumont has, his private signals to John Fletcher, and both have a design to bowl out Ben; George Chapman thinks the youngsters rather forward, and waits anxiously for Ben to rush out upon them like Achilles, shaking his horrid crest and brandishing his mighty spear; Tom—Tom Heywood, the prose Shakspeare—thinking of his one hundred and seventy-first new play, sees a likely situation and chuckles; Will lets off one of his squibs that completely turns the conversation, and sets the table in a roar, and Ben himself, with his canary in one hand and his clay in the other, rolls about on his chair, the prince of good fellows, well soaked with the liquor that he loves, and trying to drink, smoke, and talk everybody down all in the same instant of time. While all this clatter of tongues and drinking-cups, the crackling of the wood-fire, and the grating of the chairs upon the sanded floor, are heard, but a few yards off a beautiful babe with golden hair sleeps in his cradle, and amid the sullen din of the City dreams of that heaven where the guests are angels and the mirth is music. Meantime the babe's father, who is a composer as well as a scrivener, has tied up his parchments, and, seated at the

organ, fills the house with strains to which it is not less accustomed than to the sound of law Latin and the smell of skins and pounce. As the foot-passenger goes by the house, which bears the sign of the Spread Eagle, taken from the Milton arms, he perhaps stops to listen, as no doubt he listened to the uproarious crew of the Mermaid, and if he is at all musical he recognises the air as sung last Sunday in the parish church—the tune called “York,” of which Master Milton was the composer, which half the nurses of England used afterwards to chant by way of lullaby, and which the country churches rung in their chimes full many times a-day. Gradually the stillness of the night deepens, the Bacchanals disperse, and even the footfall of the passer-by is unheard. Only a few restless spirits are awake, who snatch from the night hours of study which the day is too poor to give. Bacon throws off the cares of a solicitor-general in order to polish his essays which he is preparing for a new edition, or to perfect that New Instrument of science in which the world’s future lies as in the wand of a magician. Selden in his little chamber in the Temple pores over piles of black-letter, adds another and another to his host of precedents, and mutters a sneer against ecclesiastics and their tithes, while the faggot on his hearth has burnt itself out, and the white ashes are blown by the night wind about his cell, settle on his papers and fill the dim air with motes. On his pallet in the Tower a noble prisoner tosses and sighs for the day, half dreaming of voyages across distant seas, the discovery of Eldorados and the glories of Virginian tobacco, half pondering on that history of the world which, if he cannot roam over it free from shore to shore, he can still in imagination share and interpret with all that chivalrous spirit which once led him to doff his rich cloak and to spread it on the ground that England’s queen might foot it like a queen. If George Herbert, with his long nose, is still at Westminster school, we should not wonder if he also were now awake, thinking of the coming pleasures of the university, happy at the idea of soon meeting his “sweetest mother,” and bent on anything rather than the service of the temple and the passage of the Jordan. It was upon the London that contained such men as these—the London that was not only astir with all the energy of a trade which, unsurpassed by that of any other city in the world, even then made conquests in regions the most remote, and began to familiarise itself with the jewelled lions and the ivory chairs of moguls and rajahs in the fabulous Orient, but was also strong in the enjoyment of a civic life, such as few existing municipalities could boast; strong in the anticipation of political development and popular rising; strong in the excitement of the release from Rome, the final triumph of Protestantism, and the

confusion of Guy Fawkes; strong in its literary stars that clustered together in the great city, and whether engaged in the founding of a new philosophy, the translating of the imperishable Book, or the creating fiat of poetic imagination, shone forth with a glorious ascendancy, to which only Athens in her prime can dare a comparison, and which even Athens cannot approach; strong especially in that dramatic art which, as displayed at the Globe and many a theatre besides, seemed like the discovery of a new world, endowed the town with a new sense, took all London by storm, and made citizens, who of all others in the world were the most devoted to business and hard cash, at the same time the most devoted to pleasure's lure and the airy nothings of fancy;—it was upon the metropolis peopled by such men and moved by such forces, that young Milton was thrown; it was in this metropolis that Milton rose to manhood. Formed in the town, he had, like another peculiarly London poet—one who, had his life been spared, might have written something not unworthy even of Milton's fame, John Keats—an astonishing delight in the country and could at any time babble of green fields, till Dame Quickly in despair would have left the room to tell all her gossips that the poor young fellow was near his end. Imagine a town-bred poet lamenting the death of a dear friend—his Lycidas—in this fashion, which is the very revelry of flowers:—

“Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past  
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,  
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells and flowrets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks;  
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,  
That on the green turf suck'd the honey'd showers  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crowtoe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;  
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.”

From the first, Milton was the idol of his family, and seems to have had his own way in everything. Of great physical beauty,

his father engaged Cornelius Jansen, the court-painter, to spare a few hours from the heads of "Babie Charles," and the "good dog," Steenie Buckingham, in order to limn the features of his darling boy—then but ten years of age, and looking so good and so earnest out of his lace-frill and amid the braiding of his black dress that fitted close round his little chest and arms. This physical beauty was but the symbol of an inward grace which old Milton seems on all occasions to have been powerless to resist. A poet, even at this early age when he sat to the Dutch painter, he was ever afterwards an intense student. His father was immensely delighted with his progress, and spared no expense of tutors and books in order to assist the interesting boy. And first of all he procured for him a private tutor in the person of Thomas Young, a Scotchman by birth, and afterwards a Puritan minister in Suffolk. "By the chances of the time and the search after a livelihood," says Mr. Masson, "it had fallen to a wandering Scot, from Loncardy, bred to hardy literature amid the sea-breezes of St. Andrews, to be the domestic preceptor of the future English poet! He seems to have been already a married man. It is probable therefore that he did not reside with his pupil, but only visited him daily." However it was, the youthful poet took to Young, learned a good deal from him, loved him well, and cherished his friendship during life. There are letters in which Milton sounds his praises with all his might; and in a Latin elegy, of which we may quote the translation, for a purpose which will appear when we come to speak of Milton's poetical character, he speaks of him in terms that ought to satisfy the most inordinate appetite for praise:—

"Dearer he to me than thou, most learned of the Greeks (Socrates), to Cliniaides (Alcibiades), who was the descendant of Telamon; and than the great Stagirite to his generous pupil (Alexander the Great) whom the loving (Ææon) bore to Libyan Jove. Such as Amyntorides (Phoenix) and the Philyreian hero (Chiron) were to the king of the Myrmidones (Achilles, the pupil, according to the legend, of Phoenix and Chiron), such is he also to me. First, under his guidance, I explored the recesses of the Muses, and beheld the sacred green spots of the cleft summit of Parnassus, and quaffed the Pierian cups, and, Clio favouring me, thrice sprinkled my joyful mouth with Castalian wine."

Thomas Young was still his instructor at home when Milton, who had but just entered on his twelfth year, was (1620) sent to St. Paul's School, then under the direction of the Gills, father and son. Old Gill seems to have been a remarkable man; but it was chiefly to young Gill, who acted the part of usher, that the boy was indebted for whatever he acquired at

St. Paul's School. By no means a steady character, the usher had considerable abilities, wrote Latin and Greek verses with great facility, and had a very high opinion of his own powers, together with a contempt for the powers of other men. At a later period, he was brought before the Star-chamber and censured for saying that the king was "fitter to stand in a Cheapside shop, with an apron before him, and cry, 'What lack ye?' than to govern a kingdom;" for drinking a health to Felton, who had assassinated the Duke of Buckingham, and saying, "He was sorry Felton had deprived him of the honour of doing that brave act;" as well as for declaring that the murdered "duke was gone down to hell to meet James there." That much of this revolutionary talk was mere vapouring, appears from the dedication of a volume of Latin poetry, which not long afterwards saw the light, and was addressed in the following terms to the sovereign who was more fit to wear the apron of a Cheapside apprentice than the crown of three kingdoms:—"To our most serene Lord, Charles, the best of kings, the pattern of princes, the greatest favourer of literature and the arts, the lowest of his subjects, Alexander Gill, has dedicated, in token of eternal gratitude, this little collection of poetry, heretofore most humbly offered unto His Majesty's own most excellent hands, and now enlarged." Spite of all this vapouring and a tumidity of phrase, which always meant far more than the speaker intended, young Gill was the admiration of Milton in those school-days, and asserted complete dominion over the mind of the aspiring poet. Milton would show his verses to the usher, and wait breathless for his criticism, which was a judicious mingling of praise and blame—the former, since he could take a certain credit to himself for the verses of his pupil, the latter, since it was necessary to show that he was above his pupil. With the splendid patronage, too, that ushers know how to dispense, Gill—certain of the young scholar's admiring perusal, and feeling the worth of his sympathy—would show his own compositions to Milton; and so between teacher and taught there ripened a literary fellowship, much to the content of both. Years afterwards, when Milton was at Cambridge, we find him writing to Gill in terms of the utmost affection, mingled with a good deal of that homage which men somehow never entirely forget to feel, if not to pay, to those who stood over them with the birch when they were boys. In one of these letters he refers, with gratitude, to the fact that he never left the society of Gill without a manifest addition to his stock of knowledge or power of thinking; and in another letter he thanks his old tutor for some verses, which he describes as wonderfully delighting him, truly great, and breathing everywhere a genuine poetical

majesty and Virgilian genius. How such praise from such a pupil must have tickled Gill's self-complacency. Milton even goes farther—"That I should have been made by you the judge of so excellent a poem, I no less glory in and regard as an honour than if the contending musical gods themselves came to me for judgment, as the fable happened of old to Tmolus, the popular god of the Lydian mountain. I know not truly whether I should more congratulate Henry of Nassau on the capture of the city or on your verses" (which were in honour of the event); "for I think the victory he has obtained nothing more illustrious or more celebrated than this poetical tribute of yours." Could Milton really mean this? or was he only talking to Gill in his own tumid phrase? It would be difficult to reply without entering into elaborate explanations; and it is enough to say here that the young poet was deeply indebted to Gill, and repaid his debt with an admiration that was genuine in the heart if somewhat exaggerated on the lip. Gill was also repaid in another way; for there never was a more studious schoolboy than Milton. Aubrey's account is very interesting—"When he went to school when he was very young, he studied very hard and sat up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock at night; and his father ordered the maid to sit up for him." What a picture there is revealed in these few lines, if we remember the early habits of those days, and think how completely the little household of the Spread Eagle must have been revolutionized to suit the tastes of the pet of the family. One can imagine the steady old scrivener resisting the innovation manfully; the fair-haired boy pleading with all his earnest grace; the old fellow shaking his head and fearing for his child's health, but charmed into acquiescence when the mother suggests that the maid may sit up to look after John. It is impossible to deny the favour; the worthy man bids his son good-night with many cautions and a long face; he goes away to bed, for business awaits him in the morning; and, as he is pulling off his ruffles and his doublet, or arranging his hair under the night-cap, he makes a confidential remark to Mrs. Milton, which shows that the real feeling of his heart is intense admiration of his boy, whose request has given him far more delight than anxiety.

Milton was ready for Cambridge at the age of sixteen, and entered Christ's College (Feb. 1625) with a knowledge of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, and Italian, together with a vigour of thought and practice of composition such as no other freshman could boast. The mathematical sciences had not then been enthroned at Cambridge and raised into that paramount importance as a means of academic discipline, which they afterwards attained, and which they by no means deserve.

"Newton," says Mr. Masson, "was not born till ten years after Milton had left Cambridge; nor was there then, nor for thirty years afterwards, any public chair of Mathematics in the University. Milton's connexion with Cambridge, therefore, belongs to the closing age of an older system of education, the aim of which was to turn out *scholars*, according to the meaning of that term once general over Europe. This system had been founded very much on the mediæval notion of what constituted the *totum scibile*. According to this notion there were "Seven Liberal Arts," apart from and subordinate to Philosophy proper and Theology—to wit, Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric, forming together what was called the *Trivium*; and Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy, and Music forming together what was called the *Quadrivium*. Assuming some rudiments of these arts as having been acquired in school, the Universities undertook the rest: paying most attention, however, to the studies of the *Trivium*, and to Philosophy as their sequel."

It is something for an English university to be able to boast of three such sons as Francis Bacon, John Milton, and Isaac Newton. What other name, except that of Shakspeare, have we to place beside these? Bacon died in the second year of Milton's residence at College; Newton, we have seen, was not yet born; neither was Newton's friend, Barrow; and almost the only man of very great mark, who was a contemporary of the ambitious young student, was the son of a Cambridge barber and surgeon, destined to rival Milton himself in eloquence, and to plead with equal fervour, if with less force, for the liberty of speech, we refer to Jeremy Taylor. Yet there were some undergraduates worthy of his friendship—there was Henry More of Milton's own college, the mystical and the Platonic; there was Ralph Cudworth of Emanuel, who was to take a leading part in the philosophical controversies of his time; there was Richard Crashaw of Pembroke, the religious poet; there was Cleveland, the satirical poet; there was Pory, a nobody, who had been Milton's school-fellow, and stuck to the poet with a curious tenacity throughout the whole of his academic career; there was King, the pride of his college, whose premature death Milton lamented under the name of Lycidas, in one of the finest elegies ever penned. Among other notabilities of the university, may be mentioned George Herbert, the Orator of the university, who had by this time left the vanities of the town, to which he announces that his birth and spirit led him, in order that he might sing the praises no longer of Venus, but of the Church—no longer of Cupid, but of the Saints. Joseph Meade, a fellow of Milton's college, the greatest divine and the greatest gossip in the university; the same who propounded an interpretation of the apocalypse, which has been revived in our day; who carried

on that curious gossiping correspondence with Sir Martin Stuteville, in Suffolk, which is of so much use to our modern historians; who, as Fuller tells us, could not pronounce the letter R, so that a speech cost him double the pains to another man, since he had to fit the words as well to his mouth as to his matter; and who was of that restless inquisitive intellect that the first question which he used to put to his pupils each day was "Quid dubitas?—what doubts have you met in your studies to-day?"—was another of the leading characters. Nor must old Hobson, the great carrier and job-master of the place, be forgotten, who had driven his team between Cambridge and London for sixty years, and now, at the age of fourscore, carried his passengers and delivered his parcels with the same cheery pace, and the same determined regularity.

"He was," says Mr. Masson, "one of the wealthiest citizens of Cambridge. He owned several houses in the town, and much land round. This increase of fortune he owed in part to his judgment in combining other kinds of business, such as farming, malting, and inn-keeping, with his trade as a carrier. But his great stroke in life had been the idea of letting out horses on hire. 'Being a man,' says Steele, in the *Spectator*, 'that saw where there might good profit arise though the duller men overlooked it,' and 'observing that the scholars of Cambridge rid hard,' he had early begun to keep 'a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow.' He was, in fact, according to all tradition, the very first man in this island who let out hackney horses. But, having no competition in the trade, he carried it on in his own way. He had a stable of forty good cattle always ready and fit for travelling; but, when any scholar or other customer, whosoever he might be, came for a horse, he was obliged to take the one that chanced to stand next the stable-door. Hence the well-known proverb, 'Hobson's choice; this or nothing;' the honest carrier's principle being that every customer should be justly served, and every horse justly ridden in his turn. Some of Hobson's horses were let out to go as far as London; and on these occasions it was Hobson's habit, out of regard for his cattle, always to impress upon the scholars, when he saw them go off at a great pace, 'that they would come time enough to London if they did not ride too fast.' Milton, as we shall see, took a great fancy to Hobson."

Into this life, and among these characters, Milton was flung at the age of sixteen; and Mr. Masson tells, on the authority of the gossip, Meade, a rather amusing anecdote, which may be quoted as a humorous reminder of the historic epoch of the poet's entrance at the university:—

"During the Easter Term of 1625, which was Milton's first effective term at the University, there was still a good deal of



bustle there in connexion with the death of the old and the accession of the new king. It was difficult for the Dons and the scholars, accustomed as they had been so long to the formula '*Jacobum Regem*' in their prayers and graces at meat, to bring their mouths all at once round to '*Carolus Regem*' instead. Meade tells of one poor Bachelor of his College who was so bent on remembering that '*Jacobus*' had gone out and '*Carolus*' had come in, that when, in publicly reading the Psalms, he came to the phrase '*Deus Jacobi*' (God of Jacob), he altered it, before he was aware, into '*Deus Caroli*' (God of Charles), and then stood horror-struck at his mistake. As was usual on such occasions, the University, like her sister of Oxford, got up a collection of Greek and Latin verses in praise of the departed sovereign and in congratulation of his successor. Then, on the 7th of May, or ten days after the opening of the term—being the day of the funeral of the late king at Windsor—"all the university did meet at the schools in their formalities, at nine o'clock in the morning, and went from thence to St. Mary's," where, the walls being all hung with black, and pinned over with many escutcheons and verses, Dr. Collins, the Provost of King's, preached a sermon, preparatory to a congregation held in the same place in the afternoon, when Mr. Thorndike, the deputy-orator, delivered a speech. This was probably the first university-proceeding at which Milton assisted."

And with regard to Milton's general standing in the university—at which let it be remembered that he studied till the year 1632, when he was not quite twenty-four years old—Professor Masson makes the following pertinent remarks, which we can well understand:—

"As Milton had by nature an intellect of the highest power, so even in youth he jealously asserted its rights. There was no narrowness even then in his notions of what it was lawful for him to read and study, or even to see and experience. He read, as he himself tells us, books which he considered immoral, and from which young men in general derived little that was good. He thought himself quite at liberty also to indulge in his love of art and music, and to attend theatrical performances, and laugh at what was absurd in them. Probably there was not a youth at Cambridge who would have more daringly resented any interference with his intellectual freedom from any quarter whatsoever. They might call him the 'lady' at Christ's College with respect to his personal demeanour; but he could show on occasion that he had no need to yield to the roughest of them with respect to the extent of his information. In fine, I can say for myself, that, having read much in the writings, both in prose and in verse, both in Latin and in English, that remain to show what kind of men were the most eminent by reputation and the highest by place among Milton's academic contemporaries from 1625 to 1632, I have no doubt what-

ever left that, not in promise merely, but in actual faculty and acquisition while he yet moved amidst them, Milton was without an equal in the whole university."

Milton's own opinion of his fellow-students and masters he gave in a letter, dated 1628, to his old friend, Alexander Gill. It was not complimentary, as the reader will gather from the following passage:—

"Truly, amongst us here, as far as I know, there are hardly one or two here and there, who do not fly off unfeathered to Theology, while all but rude and uneducated in Philology as well as in Philosophy, content too lightly to pick up as much Theology as may suffice for anyhow sticking together a little sermon and stitching it over with worn rags from other quarters (*conciuncula quoquo modo conglutinendæ et tanquam tritis aliunde pannis consuendæ*); insomuch that it is to be dreaded that by degrees there may spread among our clergy that priestly ignorance of a former age. And, finding as I do almost no companions in my studies here, I should certainly be looking to London, were I not thinking of retiring during this summer vacation into a deeply literary repose, and hiding myself, so to speak, in the bowers of the Muses. But, as this is what you do daily, I think it almost a crime longer to interrupt you with my din at present. Farewell."

Up to this period of 1628, however, it ought to be stated that Milton was by no means popular at the university. Afterwards, his career was triumphant, his worth was acknowledged, and he seems to have been happy enough. This appears very palpably in a series of compositions which Mr. Masson is, to the best of our knowledge, the first to analyse and to expound. These are a set of exercises bearing a title which may be translated "Some Oratorical Exercises of the Author when he was long since a Youth at College." The subjects of these exercises are—1. Whether day or night is the more excellent? 2. On the music of the spheres. 3. Against the scholastic philosophy. 4. On the destruction of matter. 5. On animal forms. 6. The praise of laughter. 7. On ignorance and knowledge. In the matter of these exercises there is little that is intrinsically important, but much that possesses the highest biographical interest. The sixth, which is devoted to the praise of frolic, is in this respect the most valuable, and we could wish that it were possible for us to quote it entire. This curious composition was a voluntary discourse delivered by appointment at a meeting of the students of Christ's and the other youths of the university, held by way of amusement during the autumn holidays. Milton was chosen father of the merry crew and master of the revels, and pronounced this singular oration, which is divided into two parts, the first being

an attempt to show the harmony that subsists between philosophy and fun; the second being a sort of mirthful prelude to the frolics of the day. From the first part of this discourse we quote one short passage, in order to show the terms in which Milton could now speak of his university, and to illustrate how completely his prose style had by this time been formed.

“Truly, I am highly delighted and wonderfully pervaded with pleasure, when I see myself surrounded and on all sides begirt with so great a crowd of most learned men; and yet again, when I descend into myself, and secretly, as it were with inturnd eyes, behold my weakness, I indeed am conscious of often blushing to myself, and a certain intruding sadness depresses and chokes my rising joy. \* \* \* Let no one wonder if I triumph, as one placed among the stars, that so many men eminent for erudition, and nearly the whole university have flocked hither. For I hardly think that more went of old to Athens to hear the two supreme orators, Demosthenes and Æschines, contending for the sovereignty of eloquence, nor that such felicity ever befel Hortensius when speaking, nor that so many so extraordinarily cultured men ever graced with their company a speech of Cicero’s; so that, though I should discharge this duty all the more lamely, it will yet be no despicable honour for me even to have uttered words in so great a concourse and assembly of most excellent men. \* \* \* I have said all this not in a spirit of boasting; for I would that there were now granted me any such honeyed, or rather nectarean flood of eloquence as of old ever steeped, and, as it were, celestially bedewed, Athenian or Roman genius; I would that it were given me to suck out the whole marrow of persuasion, and to pilfer the very scrips of Mercury himself, and thoroughly to exhaust all the hiding-places of the elegancies, so that I might bring hither something worthy of so great expectation, of so illustrious an assembly, of so polished and delicate ears. \* \* \*”

From the second it is difficult to make a citation. Milton’s wit was rather ponderous; and on this occasion he spent his ingenuity in torturing into all sorts of outrageous meanings, no matter how obscene, the fact that he had been made the father of the mad set before him. He rung all the possible changes on the idea of paternity. The humour of the whole affair is ludicrously Miltonic, and resembles nothing so much as the gambolling of a whale amid a sea of icebergs. Mr. Masson’s criticism is worth quoting, both with reference to this particular composition and also—indeed, chiefly—with reference to the so-called “wild-oats” theory of the poetical character, to which he thinks that Milton was an extraordinary exception.

“It will be seen, by those who have read it, that Milton’s preliminary apology for anything in it that might be out of keeping

with his usual character, was not altogether unnecessary. Every year there were in the university such revelries, in which the Latin tongue was ransacked for terms of buffoonery and scurrility, and the classic mythology for its gross anecdotes. From what I have seen of other extant specimens of such revelry, I think I can aver that Milton could beat the Clevelands and the Randolphins even in this sort of thing when he chose. His Latin fun, if not so brisk and easy as theirs, is more ponderous, outrageous, and smashing. I note, too, in comparing Milton's oratorical exercises generally with those of Cleveland and others, that Milton's are uniformly much the longer. I fancy that his auditors may have thought him laborious and long-winded. The present oration, for example, cannot have occupied in the delivery less than an hour and a half."

In spite of such riot as the foregoing composition suggests, Mr. Masson grasps the well-known fact that Milton was called in his college the Lady, partly, it may be, for his feminine beauty, and partly for his maiden purity of life, that he was not known as addicted to the licences of passionate youth, that he was ever remarkable for his perfect sobriety and self-control. And with reference to this fact he makes the following observation.

"Poets and artists," he says, "are, and ought to be, distinguished, it is generally held, by a predominance of sensibility over principle, an excess of what Coleridge called the spiritual over what he called the moral part of man. A nature built on quicksands, an organization of nerve languid or tempestuous with occasion, a soul falling and soaring, now subject to ecstasies and now to remorse—such, it is supposed, and on no small induction of actual instances, is the appropriate constitution of the poet. Mobility, absolute and entire destitution of principle properly so called, capacity for varying the mood indefinitely rather than for retaining and keeping up one moral gesture or resolution through all moods—this, say the theorists, is the essential thing in the structure of the artist. Against the truth of this, as a maxim of universal application, the character of Milton, like that of Wordsworth after him, is a remarkable protest. Were it possible to place before the theorists all the materials that exist for judging of Milton's personal disposition as a young man, without exhibiting to them at the same time the actual and early proofs of his poetical genius, their conclusion, were they true to their theory, would necessarily be, that the basis of his nature was too solid and immovable, the platform of personal aims and aspirations over which his thoughts moved and had footing too fixed and firm, to permit that he should have been a poet. Nay, whosoever, even appreciating Milton as a poet, shall come to the investigation of his writings, armed with that preconception of the poetical character which is sure to be derived from an intimacy with the character of Shakspeare, will hardly escape some feeling of the same kind. Seriousness, we repeat,—a solemn and even austere demeanour of mind,—was the characteristic of Milton even in his youth."

In one word, the example of Milton, says Mr. Masson, is dead against the vulgar theory of the poetical character which in its extreme form is supposed to necessitate looseness of life. It seems to us, however, that our author has here, with great ingenuity of reasoning and much felicity of expression, made a triple exaggeration in order to get at his conclusion. He has exaggerated the theory, he has exaggerated the facts in Milton's character which are opposed to it, and he has exaggerated the importance of these facts in relation to the theory. The theory really is, that the poet is remarkable for his sensibility, and that in extreme youth this is the quality which appears in him with greatest force. But sensibility may be developed in many very different directions; and if it implies laxity of will it by no means implies looseness of living. In some it exhibits itself in a passion for music; to others the gratification comes chiefly through the eye; while others, again, have that peculiar sensibility which depends on society and it may be the dissemination of wild oats. But what theorist would insist upon the absolute and entire destitution of principle in the poet? Who, taking Shakspeare as the type of the poet, would point to his youth as essentially a time of wild oats, would refer these wild oats of necessity to his poetical temperament, and would say, that because he had the mobility of a dramatic poet he was therefore without the equipoise of personal character and immutable principle? We in short refuse to accept this immoral theory of the poetical character as the received one.

Or if, on the other hand, for the sake of argument, we must accept the theory in Mr. Masson's extreme way of putting it, still we have it in our power to say, that he exaggerates the want of sensibility and amount of principle in Milton's youthful character. Probably in this matter he interprets the tendencies of the poet's youth by the results of his manhood. What after all can we trace in Milton's youth except beautiful sensibility, enormous intellectual voracity, intense enjoyment of study and all things good and beautiful? That he was not led into the immoralities and debaucheries of youth, is not necessarily referable to what in strict technical phrase we understand by principle, virtue, sense of obligation to law. Why not to love rather than to law? to that attraction which all things lovely, honourable, and of good report must ever exert upon the unsophisticated mind? to that repulsion which gross vice excites in all refined natures? In short, what is there in all this inconsistent with the superabundant sensibility and deficiency of principle in the poetic nature? Nay, if we examine further, it will be found that the proofs multiply in opposition to Mr. Masson. Just as in those Oratorical Exercises the poet was ready to argue, it might be

for day against night, it might be for night against day, or again, it might be for ignorance, it might be for knowledge; so the great fact of his after-life, which is most pronounced in his youth, is his unbounded tolerance—a tolerance which in his maturity signified an unlimited confidence in the power of truth over all error, and also a fear lest any good thought should be lost to mankind, because it happens to be contrary to the dominant opinion, and appears to wear the badge of heresy; but a tolerance also which, especially in this latter form, must have signified in the immaturity of his mind a certain irresolution, a certain latitude of principle, a certain indifference. For the toleration of a boy is very different from that of a man; the toleration which precedes is very different from that which succeeds a careful study; and it appears to us that the toleration which Milton afterwards developed into a dogmatic principle, and justified on grounds of right reason and state policy, must have wrought within him in the first instance, as a latent tendency, as a mode of poetry, as an unconscious symptom of that mobility and indiscriminating sympathy, which is the characteristic of the youthful poet. Besides which—not to speak of that sixth oration which exhibits an unexplained facility in obscene jesting, that not even the Clevelands and the Randolphins could outdo—there is in Milton's poetry of this early period a spirit quite in harmony with the theory of the poetical character combated by Mr. Masson, a spirit separated—we were going to say, by the whole diameter of feeling,—from the compositions which belong to the final epoch of his life. If we desire an example of sensibility triumphing over principle, of varying moods assuming the alternate and absolute sway, of the most perfect mobility, where shall we find one more apt than in those two noble poems *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*; where it is to be remarked that the poet gives himself up without reserve to the instant feeling, stipulating in either case for the entire exclusion of the opposite? Throughout almost all of Milton's youthful poems, certainly throughout the most important of them, it will be found that the argument rests on a basis entirely hypothetical, and quite opposed to that categorical spirit which, in the perfection of his powers led him to assert eternal providence, and justify the ways of God to men. There is no dogmatic assertion whatever in his earlier poems: the poet is in that stage of pure sensibility, when he seems to be ready for all moods alike, provided they are beautiful; he is willing to assume any premises, and then on the strength of them to give his imagination free play for the mere pleasure of the emotion. It may be necessary to urge that in pronouncing this opinion we are not simply following our own knowledge of what these poems are,—what is far more important, we know

from Milton's letters what he thought at this time regarding the function of poetry. Writing to his friend Charles Diodati, who had sent him some verses, and who had asked for some in return, as a proof of his affection, Milton protested that his love was too great to be conveyed in metre. So also in writing to Thomas Young, he observed that he had resolved to send his old preceptor an epistle in verse, but that he did not consider this enough without something added in prose; "for truly the boundless and singular gratitude of my mind was not to be expressed in that cramped mode of speech, straitened by fixed feet and syllables, but in a free oration, nay rather, were it possible, in an Asiatic exuberance of words." That is precisely the view which Milton's early poems suggest, namely, that verse is not the vehicle for categorical assertion and real sentiment, but for hypothetical reflections, imaginary situations, and potential feeling. It is from this point of view that we have a clue to those preposterous compliments which we have described Milton as paying to both Thomas Young and Alexander Gill—he was not flattering, but, with the most perfect good faith, writing prose-poetry to those who had been his instructors in the art. And so in his metrical poetry, all the men and women are shepherds and shepherdesses, he has got into the supposititious realm of song—into Arcadia, into the pastoral life which Mr. Masson truly says was but a device or form adopted by the poet in order to secure that feeling of ideality, that sense of disconnexion from definite time or place, and from all actual facts which was then deemed essential to the pure exercise of the poetic imagination. Milton, in one word, lived in his youthful poetry that hypothetical life, which is only explicable on the assumption that he had precisely that overplus of sensibility and deficiency of principle which Mr. Masson denies in order to make him an exception among poets.

It seems to us however, that, even granting Professor Masson's definition of the poetic character as commonly held; and granting again that Milton's nature was diametrically opposed to this theory, it is not fair to class him with Wordsworth—it is wholly insufficient to say, here are two remarkable exceptions to the ordinary theory of the critics. We must put Wordsworth at once out of the question. We have no wish to speak of the bard of Rydal except with the greatest admiration, but to our minds it is simply intolerable that he should be mentioned in the same breath with Milton. If neither Wordsworth nor Milton went astray in their youth, it was for reasons opposite as the poles asunder; because the one had a very deficient nature—whereas the other had a nature of wonderful completeness. Wordsworth was a good boy and a good man, but it is wonderfully easy to be a good boy and a good man, if you have no passions to tear you,

no appetites to lead you astray. Wordsworth's emotional nature was of the very mildest and calmest, and he had it not in him to be anything else than a meditative poet—unless it were a seller of stamps. Not only was he a deficient poet, the poet as conceived in the definition which Mr. Masson brings into contrast with Milton's character, is a deficient man—his whole energy is supposed to be evolved in one direction, and it is just because he is a poet, and only a poet, that the wild-oats theory could by any possibility apply to him. But the really great poets are far more than poets. There is an immense deal of truth in what Carlyle says:—“The hero can be poet, prophet, king, priest, or what you will, according to the kind of world he finds himself born into. I confess I have no notion of a truly great man, that could not be all sorts of men. The poet who could merely sit on a chair and compose stanzas, would never make a stanza worth much. He could not sing the heroic warrior unless he himself at least were a heroic warrior too. I fancy there is in him the politician, the thinker, legislator, philosopher; in one or the other degree he could have been, he is all three.” Milton was all three; he was the most harmoniously developed man of his time; and it is not correct to say that his nature was, in the same sense as Wordsworth's, opposed to the ordinary theory of the poetical character; it is not philosophical to say that, because it was so opposed, here emerges an unexplained phenomenon, or here arises the necessity for revising that current theory. Be the theory in itself good or bad, there is no relation of opposition between it and Milton, for the simple reason that Milton was more than a poet—was more than any other man of his time. He was an eclectic, with the most extraordinary assemblage of apparently opposite qualities and sympathies—austerity combined with sensibility, tolerance combined in his maturity with dogmatism, learning combined with thought, poetry combined with politics, purity combined with passion. Let the theory stand or fall. If Milton's character seems to be in opposition to it, the reason is not necessarily that the theory is unphilosophical, but that there were other elements beyond the poetical in Milton's soul. The sobriety of his youth is in short but one of a number of facts which cannot be separated, and which we include in the statement that his mind was many-sided and perfectly well-balanced.

The sum of the argument is this, that not only has Mr. Masson exaggerated that theory of the poetic character, which in its worst form seems to imply unbridled passion and licentious conduct, as if the formula were absolute, and were not in practice mitigated by other elements of character which belong to the poet because he is man not less than poet. He has also mistaken the relation of Milton's career as a young man, to this exaggerated theory. Whichever view we take of Milton's youthful



character, whether we regard him as a mere aggregate of sensibilities, or a youth of stern principle and firm belief, he presents no point of opposition to the common theory of the poetic nature. That he was of sensibilities all compact, or that in any case he had more of this mobility of soul than Mr. Masson has given him credit for, we have adduced some remarkable facts to show, and if the noble purity of his life may be accounted for by the beauty of these sensibilities, as we certainly believe that love is even more potent than law to lead a man in the paths of pleasantness and peace, then clearly the opposition which his biographer thinks that he has discovered between Milton and the ideal of a young poet is simply illusive. On the other hand, if Milton's sublime youth is to be attributed not to the perfection of his sensibilities, but to sternness of character, to strength of principle, to firmness of resolution, it is not enough to say that these traits are inconsistent with the ordinary conception of the poetic character. In Milton's case we can point to a number of other inconsistencies equally glaring, all of which must be absorbed into one explanation, and that explanation is that he was infinitely more than a poet.

Probably he himself did not contemplate more than the dedication of his life to authorship. Originally intended for the Church, he found as Laud's tyranny grew stronger, and his own studies grew deeper, that it would be impossible for him to enter upon the office of the ministry. He begged his father's permission to devote himself to literature, and his father, who had by this time retired from business and was living at the little village of Horton in Buckinghamshire, consented. Milton accordingly went into the country and buried himself for the next few years in private study. Then it was that he produced some of his most lovely poems—his *Comus*, his *Lycidas*, and the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*; but save in his works we hear little of him. His retirement in the country was diversified by but one remarkable incident—a visit to the Continent, on which he received the most flattering attentions from men of every standing, and every shade of opinion; some even venturing to compare him with Homer and Virgil. Amid the delights of travel, the noise of civil war, the shouts of freedom at home, aroused him to action, and he hurried homewards to take his part in the glorious struggle, and to assert with all his giant energies the principle of personal independence. He is now in his thirty-second year; he is buckling on his armour; he is girding on his sword; his war-horse champs the bit and paws the ground; and while he and we are eager for the fray, the book closes and our hopes are for the moment dashed. We thank Mr. Masson for a volume of immense interest, and we hope that the second instalment of his work will not be long delayed.

## II.

## LYRA GERMANICA.

Two books, lately much in the hands of the reading public, and strikingly dissimilar in spirit and subject-matter, have yet so much in common, and are distinguished by the same kinds of excellence, that they may be laid upon the same shelf. The books to which we allude are *Lyra Germanica*, being hymns for the Sundays and chief festivals of the Christian year, translated from the German by Catherine Winkworth, and the *Ballads of Scotland*, edited by Professor Aytoun. The forms of existence and experience with which these volumes deal seem quite opposite; but a strong kinship exists between them for all that. We open the ballads, and all this modern life, with its railways, its newspapers, its crowded cities, its machinery, its parliamentary debates, fade away from around us. Scotland, from Edinburgh Rock to the Tweed, stretches away in rude spaces of moor and savage forest, where the wild bull roams, almost free of people. The wind blows across it unpolluted by the smoke of towns. That which lives now has not come into existence; the crumbling or ivied ruins of to-day are warm with household fires, and filled with human activities. Every border-keep is a home; brides are taken there in their blushes, children are born there, grey men, the crucifix held over them, die there. The moon dances on a plump of spears, as the moss-troopers, by secret and desert paths, ride over into England to lift a prey, and the bale-fires on a hundred hills warn Cumberland of their approach. Men love and marry, and support wife and little ones by steel jacket and spear; and when the larder is empty the Flower of Yarrow lays a pair of spurs in her husband's plate, who quietly takes the hint. A time of strife and foray, of plundering and burning, of stealing and reaving: when hate is very patient waiting half a lifetime for its revenge, and when every difficulty is solved by an impatient slash of a sword-blade. We open the German hymn-book and behold another warfare conducted in a different manner. There is foraging and reaving here, for the Devil rides abroad wasting and destroying. Temptations lie in wait for the soul; pleasures, like glittering meteors, lure it into marshes and treacherous abysses, where it is lost. Watch and ward are kept here, and to sleep at the post is death. Fortresses are built on the rock of God's promises, inaccessible to the arrows of the wicked. Conflict rages around, not conducted by border-spear on sour moorland, but by weapons of prayer and faith in

the devout German heart. A strife earnest as the other, whose issues are life and death. And the resemblance between the books lies mainly in this: that when we open them, these past experiences and conditions of life gleam visibly to us far down, like submerged cities—the architecture of divers kinds, all empty and hollow now, though once filled with life as real as our own—through transparent waters.

It may be said that both books attain to the highest literary excellence by favour of simplicity and unconsciousness. Neither the German nor the Scotchman considered himself an *artist*. There are no traces of the file in the hymn or the ballad. The Scot sings a successful foray in which, perhaps, he was engaged; and he sings as he fought, sincerely and with all his heart, never dreaming of putting himself into heroic postures, or of flourishing his blade in a manner to be admired. A thrust of a lance would soon finish him if he did. The pious German is overladen with grief or touched by some blessing into sudden thankfulness, and he breaks into song as he laughs from gladness or groans from pain. This directness and naturalness give Scotch ballad and German hymn their highest charm. The poetic gold, if rough and unpolished and with no elaborate devices carved upon it, is free, at least, from the alloy of conceit or simulation. Whatever the workmanship, there is no deception in the material; it is what it gives itself out to be. Modern writers might, with benefit to themselves, barter something of their finish and dexterity for that pure innocence of nature, and child-like simplicity and fearlessness, full of its own emotion, and unthinking of others, and of their opinions, which characterizes these old writings.

In glancing over these German hymns, we are struck by their adaptation to all seasons and occurrences of ordinary life. Obviously, to these writers, religion was not a Sunday matter only; it had its place in week-days as well. In these hymns, too, there is comparatively little gloom. A healthy, human cheerfulness pervades many of them. This is as it ought to be: for who should be so cheerful as the man who believes that God is his Father, and that his name is Love? The Sun of Righteousness rose upon the world to illumine and to cheer, not to shed night upon it and melancholy dews. The hymns, we have said, are adapted to all occasions of ordinary life; and nothing can speak more favourably of the piety which produced them. In this country we are too shy of religion; we give it a day entirely to itself, and make it a stranger to the other six. We confine it in churches, or in the closet at home, and never think of taking it into the street, into our business: and we would deem it profane to take it with us to the festival or the merry gather-

ing of friends. We ought to remember that the Master himself sat at Cana among the marriage guests, and did not frown upon innocent revelry. Dr. Arnold used to complain that he could get religious topics treated in a masterly way, but he could not get common subjects treated in a religious spirit. The old Germans have done better; they have melted the Sunday down into the week. They have hymns embodying confession of sin and prayer for pardon, hymns in the near prospect of death; and they have what is more important, spiritual songs that may be sung by soldiers on the march, by the artisan at his loom, by the peasant following his team, the lark singing in the sunshine overhead; by the mother among her children, and by the maiden sitting at her wheel, listening for the step of her lover. Religion is thus brought to hallow and refine all the sweet necessities and emotions of human life; to cheer its weariness; to exalt its sordidness: the German life revolves like the village festival with the pastor in the midst; joy and laughter and merry games do not fear the holy man, for he wears no unkindness in his eye; but his presence checks everything boisterous or unseemly—the rude word, the petulant act; and as it closes, he lifts his hands and leaves his benediction on them all.

The *Lyra Germanica* contains the utterances of pious German souls, in all conditions of life, during many centuries. In it hymns are to be found, written not only by poor clergymen, and still poorer precentors, by riband manufacturers and shoemakers, who, amid rude environments had a touch of celestial melody in their hearts; but by noble ladies and gentlemen, and crowned kings. The oldest hymn in the collection is one written by king Robert, of France, about the year 1000. It is a beautifully-simple, and humbly-pathetic composition. State is laid aside with the crown, pride with the royal robe; and Lazarus himself, at the gate of Dives, could not have written out of a lowlier heart. The kingly brow may bear itself high enough before men; the voice may be commanding and imperious enough, withering indolence with rebuke—cutting through contradiction as with a sword—but before the Highest all is humbleness and bended knees. A weak human heart, that knows its own burden, and has sorrows with which a stranger cannot intermeddle, lies beneath the splendid gear and trappings of royalty. Listen to king Robert's prayer—eight centuries old now; you feel that time has nothing impaired it; that the kingly prayer is suited to the needs of Christian men to-day.

O Holy Ghost; Thou fire Divine  
From highest heaven down on us shine  
Comforter, be Thy comfort mine!

Come, Father of the poor, to earth ;  
Come with thy gifts of precious worth,  
Come, Light of all of mortal birth.

Thou rich in comfort ! Ever blest  
The heart where thou art constant guest,  
Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.

Come Thou in whom our toil is sweet,  
Our shadow in the noon-tide heat,  
Before whom mourning flieth fleet.

There are other compositions scattered through the volume by great personages. Several by Louisa Henrietta, Electress of Brandenburg, and Anton Ulrick, Duke of Brunswick ; all written two hundred years ago. They are genuine, devout utterances, full of faith and charity, and calm trust in God. They are all dead now, these noble gentlemen and gentlewomen ; their warfare, successful or adverse, is long closed ; and they gleam somehow in our fancy like the white effigies on tombs in dim cathedrals ; the marble palms pressed together on the marble breast ; the sword by the side of the knight, the psalter by the side of the lady ; and, flowing around them, the scrolls on which are inscribed the texts that speak of resurrection.

This book contains surely one of the most touching of human compositions—a song of Luther's. The great Reformer's music resounds to this day in our churches ; and one of the rude hymns he wrote has such a thunder-step in it, that the father of Frederick the Great (Mr. Carlyle tells us), used to call it "God Almighty's Grenadier March." This one we speak of is of another mood, and soft as tears. To appreciate it thoroughly we must think of the man. He it was, the Franklin's-kite, led by the highest hand, that went up against the Papal thunder-cloud that blackened over Europe, choking the free winds ; and the angry fire that broke upon it harmed it not ; and in roars of boltless thunder the apparition collapsed, and God's Sun of Truth broke through its inky fragments on the nations once more. He it was who, when advised not to trust himself in Worms, declared, "Although there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the house-roofs, I would on." He it was who, when brought to bay in the most splendid assemblage which perhaps the world has seen, spoke thus : "It is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I. I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen." The rock cannot move ; the lightnings may splinter it then. Think of these things, and then listen to a few verses of Luther's Christmas Carol :—

To you this night is born a child  
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;  
This little child of lowly birth  
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

These are the tokens ye shall mark,  
The swaddling-clothes and manger dark;  
There shall you find the young child laid  
By whom the heaven and earth were made.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!  
Who is it in yon manger lies?  
Who is this child so young and fair?  
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

Ah, Lord, thou hast created all;  
How hast thou made both weak and small,  
That thou must choose thy infant bed  
Where ass and ox but lately fed!

Were earth a thousand times as fair,  
Beset with gold and jewels rare,  
She yet were far too poor to be  
A narrow cradle, Lord, for thee.

For velvets soft and silken stuff,  
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,  
Whereon, thou king, so rich and great  
As 'twere thy heaven, art throned in state.

Ah, dearest Jesus, holy child,  
Make thee a bed soft undefiled,  
Within my heart that it may be  
A quiet chamber kept for thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,  
My lips no more can silence keep;  
I too must sing, with joyful tongue,  
That ancient sweetest cradle song—

Glory to God in highest heaven  
Who unto man His Son hath given!  
While angels sing with pious mirth  
A glad new year to all the earth.

LUTHER.— *Written for his little son Hans.* 1546.

These verses, with their simple dedication, coming from such a man, are inexpressibly touching. Flowing from another pen they were, perhaps, naught—coming from Luther's, they possess the finest eloquence. It, as well as his other hymns, found a home in the hearts of the common people; and is still sung, the editress tells us, from the dome of the Kreuz kirche, in Dresden, before daybreak in the morning of Christmas Day.

In this collection there are compositions by Novalis and De

la Motte Fouqué; those by the former have a certain spiritual radiancy and purity, lustrous as a dewdrop with very heavenly light, clear and crystalline, heaven shining through their transparency, eminently characteristic of the writer, who was the purest of enthusiasts, and of a nature as unsullied with the dust of earth as it is possible for man's to be. Fouqué's, too, are characteristic; they have something of that mystery and romance which his genius loved. One of his, "On the sea-shore," is solemn and grave, and seems to be the farewell hymn of German emigrants when about to leave Fatherland. The sorrow of leave-taking, and farewell, and hands grasped for the last time, are in it; but, above all, there is unfaltering trust in God, who is present in the solitude of the sea, bounded by morning and night, as well as in the crowded city amid the noise of life. *He* will guide them through storm and calm, and will build them another home amid his American forests and wildernesses.

The hymns for the sick and dying are very beautiful. These men enjoy health, enter into all its innocent pleasures, and when disease and sharp pains come, they bear them bravely and without complaint, knowing that all things are from God. Suffering has its duties, too, which it behoves a Christian man to fulfil. Here is a stanza from a hymn written about 1713:—

Suffering is the work now sent,  
Nothing can I do but lie,  
Suffering as the hours go by;  
All my powers to this are bent.  
Suffering is my gain; I bow  
To my heavenly Father's will,  
And receive it hushed and still—  
Suffering is my worship now.

To this man death is no grizzly terror, but God's messenger to call men home; the relieving party to the sentry at his post. Let the call come when it may, he is willing—faith sustaining the while the natural human weakness which cannot but tremble while entering into the dark.

In taking leave of these two volumes, we may say that in England we have no collection of hymns to compare with them either in literary merit, or in sincerity and devoutness. Let us hope that our reproach will yet be taken away. It is not impossible; for in our churches there is sufficient genius and sufficient piety. We hope that our future hymn-writers will follow the example of these old devout Germans, whose religion pervades the whole life, their week-days as well as their Sundays, their casual meetings in the street, their gaieties even, as well as their meetings in the church. Let the poet deal with every

phase of religious emotion—with the lights and shades of a Christian's life, not forgetting the thankful feelings that rise within him when he beholds his children engaged in their sunset games; when he looks round him on a well-ordered home, sweetened by a wife's smile; when he walks on the bare moor, the furze golden around him; and when he sees, in the windless, autumn afternoon, the fields whitening to the harvest. The hymn-writer ought to familiarize us with religion, to make us feel that it is not confined to the services of the sanctuary, but associated with the quiet procession of ordinary things—the mother among her children, the husbandmen following the plough, or scattering the seed in the furrow; that it has something to do with the desk of the merchant, and with the tools of the craftsman.

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### III.

#### VANITY FAIR.

THE world-old Fair of Vanity  
 Since Bunyan's day has grown discreeter,  
 No more it flocks in crowds to see  
 A blazing Paul or Peter.

Not that a single inch it swerves  
 From hate of saint, or love of sinner,  
 But martyrs shock æsthetic nerves  
 And spoil the *gout* of dinner.

Raise but a shout, or flaunt a scarf,  
 Its mobs are all agog and flying;  
 They'll cram the levée of a dwarf  
 And leave a Haydon dying.

They live upon each newest thing,  
 They fill their idle days with seeing;  
 Fresh news of courtier and of king,  
 Sustains their empty being.

The statelier, from year to year  
 Maintain their comfortable stations  
 At the wide windows that o'er-peer  
 The public square of nations.

While through it heaves with cheers and groans,  
 Harsh drums of battle in the distance,  
 Frightful with gallows-ropes and thrones,  
 The medley of existence.



See, ever as it frets and flows  
 'Neath the philosopher's pavilion,  
 The strange procession comes and goes  
 Like flame or the chameleon.

Along it streams, divine and fell,  
 Tumultuous as a border foray,  
 Gleamed on by heaven, glared on by hell,  
 A wild phantasmagory.

Amongst them, tongues are wagging much,  
 Hark to the philosophic sister's,  
 To his, whose rude satiric touch,  
 Like a medusa, blisters.

For talk this wondrous world was made,—  
 Alike a gay charade's solution,  
 A Paris bright with masquerade,  
 Or red with revolution.

## II.

O much they knew that sneering crew  
 Of things above the world and under,  
 They searched the hoary deep, they knew  
 The pathway of the thunder;  
 The pure white arrow of the light  
 They split into its colours seven:  
 They weighed the sun, they dwelt like night  
 Among the stars of heaven.

They've found out life and death—the first  
 Is known but to the upper classes.  
 Death—pooh, 'tis at the very worst  
 A dissolution into gases!

And vice and virtue are akin;  
 Sure black and white from Adam issue  
 The same, although they're sheeted in  
 A different coloured tissue.

Blind science groped from star to star,  
 But than herself found nothing greater—  
 What wonder? In a Leyden jar  
 They bottled the Creator.

Some were so deep in things abstruse  
 Should earth go wreck from floor to attics,  
 A fairer world they could produce  
 By dint of mathematics.

Fires fluttered on the lightning rod,  
 They cleared the human mind from error;  
 They emptied heaven of its God  
 And Tophot of its Terror.

Better the savage in his dance  
Than these acute and syllogistic :  
Better a reverent ignorance  
Than knowledge atheistic.

Can they dispel one cloud that lowers  
So darkly on the human creature ?  
Long have they wooed with all their powers  
But have they conquered nature ?

Yes—as a lover wins the charms  
Of maiden coy and stony-hearted,  
When clasped within his passionate arms,  
He finds her soul departed.

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#### IV.

#### COMETS: WHAT ARE THEY?

THE earth is the type of stability. As firm as a rock! As immovable as the earth! These are the highest terms of comparison to convey an idea of absolute security and unchangeableness. But let one earth-wave pass under the foot, let one tremulous motion of but an ant-hill be seen, and the unthinking confidence, created by a lifetime of security, is instantly destroyed. All the senses are at once awakened to the apprehension of a new danger; and that, which was before the type of stability, is associated with the idea of insecurity, treachery, and death. The impression received from a view of the heavens is, in like manner, that of undisturbed repose; and even when the intellect has been informed, and the imagination realizes the independent and ceaseless motion of the planetary bodies, the idea of absolute rest in the heavens is scarcely disturbed; for if in the foreground there be some moving figures, the change of place is not seen; and we look beyond them into the solemn distance, and there discover an unbroken quietude. But when a comet bursts on the scene, increasing in magnitude from a scarcely perceptible nebulous spot, till it spans a large arc of the visible heavens, rushing with inconceivable velocity to the sun, and threatening destruction to worlds should they be in its path, what wonder if men, when they forget the Hand that gave it motion, the Mind that determined its orbit, cease to gaze with complacency on the heavens, and become the slaves of unreasonable fear! The men of England, and the nations to which she has given birth, no longer believe comets to be wayless wanderers in space, or special messengers of misfortune to

princes and ruin to empires; but there is a feeling of insecurity and unrest, even to educated minds, when they appear; and the heavens cease to produce the sentiment of quietude and repose while these threatening visitors remain in sight. But among the people we discover a much stronger feeling—a fear expressed in anxious inquiries, and rude estimates of the possibility of injury to the earth, and consequently to its inhabitants. A brief statement of the results of calculation, from some known man of science, always prevents the folly and riot of popular terror; but we have seen enough of the influence of an undefined apprehension of danger gathering strength as it passes from the partially informed to the absolutely ignorant grades of society, to believe all that history tells us of the popular commotions produced by the sudden appearance of a large comet. We credit the report that Louis I. of France, to avert the evils expected to follow the appearance of a comet, in the year 837, built numerous churches and monasteries; and that the comet of 1556 induced Charles V. to abdicate his throne. But if such were the effects of fear upon the minds of kings, we cannot imagine the dismay and confusion which existed among the people.

To restore confidence to any person who may be in the habit of tormenting himself with the idea that every comet comes with a commission to destroy the earth, it is not necessary to deny the possible passage of a comet over the earth's orbit in the place where she may be at the moment of transit. Such an encounter is possible, though the probabilities are almost infinitely opposed to such an event. The possibility is proved by an escape from the catastrophe.

*If* Biela's comet had crossed the earth one month later than it did, in 1832, the two bodies would have come into contact; and *if* their orbits are unchanged for a long series of ages, perhaps millions of years, a contact is inevitable. The comets of 1819 and 1823 also approached the earth; and some cometary matter may at those times have entered our atmosphere. The comet of 1770 was, on the first day of July in that year, within seven times the distance of the moon from the earth. Another of these bodies, which had been thrown out of its orbit during its previous revolution by entanglement among the satellites of Jupiter, was brought very near the earth in 1767; but in 1779 it again visited the satellites of Jupiter, and was then diverted into a new path, which may, for aught we know, have carried it beyond the bounds of the solar system. These facts prove that the earth may come into contact with, or be immersed in, a comet; but when the probability of such a catastrophe is estimated by the mathematical doctrine of

chances, all fear of such an event is immediately banished from the mind.

The interest with which astronomers have, during the last fifty years, studied cometary bodies, has not arisen in any degree from a participation in the fears to which we have alluded. The exciting motive to the study of this branch of astronomy may have been a desire to perfect the mathematical process of calculation; but that motive has now ceased; for the work has been accomplished. Amazing accuracy has been attained in determining the orbits and periods of comets, and the disturbances to which they are subject from the attraction of the planets; and we are now beginning to reap the harvest so fairly anticipated from the preliminary labour. Their physical constitution is the subject of the greatest present interest; and the phenomena already observed have opened a field of speculative inquiry of vast moment, which will hereafter guide the observer to conclusions calculated to modify many of our preconceived opinions of the physical world. The existence of unknown forces and conditions of matter is indicated by phenomena which cannot be explained by known laws of material existence; and the universal diffusion in space of a resisting medium is made probable by a decrease in the time of revolution of a comet of short period. A thousand questions bearing upon the nature of comets and their purposes in the cosmos have to be answered; and, in reference to the space-pervading medium, if such there be, we shall want to know whether it is at rest or in motion; what the law of its density and state of condensation near the sun; whether it gravitates; what its influence on the members of the solar system individually and collectively; and whether it may not be augmented from age to age by the ejected matter of comets. Intimately connected with these inquiries, is the mysterious constitution of the comets themselves—a subject of profound interest to every astronomer; not only because they are the most numerous bodies in the solar system, if, indeed, they specially belong to it, but also because, in almost all their physical conditions, they differ from every other known cosmical body; and the solution of the problem of their formation would, at the same time, explain the origin of many now inexplicable phenomena. Upon these and some collateral subjects we propose to offer a few remarks; not with the hope of doing much to remove difficulties, but with a desire to represent the present state of scientific knowledge in relation to comets, and to point out the direction in which astronomers are now looking for new discoveries.

The forms in which cometary bodies present themselves are more various than would be supposed from an examination of

them without instruments. When naturalists are classifying the objects of their study, they refer them to, and group them round, some real or imaginary form which they speak of as a type. We may do the same, and the globular, telescopic comet will be our type. It is a body which may at first be mistaken for a nebulous star. This mistake will be corrected by the discovery of a change of place. It consists of a circular mass of nebulous matter with a nucleus, or concentrated point of light, usually placed excentrically within it. A tail is not a necessary appendage. The comets of 1585, 1665, 1682, and 1763, were without tails. Others have shown long, streaming surfaces of nebulous light at one time, which have disappeared at another. The direction of the tail is almost constantly towards a point nearly opposite to the position of the sun in reference to the comet, and it appears to consist of two diverging beams of light, or ray-tufts, one flowing from each side of the head, and turned backward into the space the comet is leaving. The naked eye never detects the least appearance of motion in this appendage—it neither scintillates like some hot, solid bodies, nor flickers like a flame in a current of air, but retains an equable intensity of light like a subdued beam of sunlight passing through clouds when seen against a dark background. No meteor has ever exhibited the same steady, unwavering luminosity; and the aurora has no resemblance to it if we except the luminous arch of white light with which the gorgeous display of the magnetic shower commences, or the broad patches of light with which the vault of heaven is strewn when the luminous arch breaks up, and the gorgeous spectacle is finished. Under the telescope, however, other appearances are presented. Bessel observed, that the cone of light which jetted from Halley's comet during the formation of the tail, deviated from the direct line between the comet and the sun; but, whether it was bent to the right or left, it returned to the direct line, and then deviated as far from it on the opposite side, just as a pendulum swings on its point of suspension. From this he concludes that the comet has a vibratory motion in the plane of its orbit, produced by some "polar force which turns one semi-diameter of the comet towards the sun, and strives to turn the opposite side away from the luminary." The elder Herschel observed a similar action in the comet of 1811, and attributed it to a rotatory motion. But in neither case was there any unsteadiness of the light, the same pale, quiet, immovable luminosity was always exhibited.

The form and extent of the tail, when that appendage is present, are not the same in any two bodies, nor in the same body at different times. The usual shape, as already intimated, is that which would be bounded by two lines diverging from the

head, and its direction is opposite to the onward course of the comet, like the smoke of an engine moving against a current of air. But there are many exceptions. The comet of 1744 had six tails spread out like a fan, and that of 1823 had two, one turned towards the sun, the other in an almost opposite direction, or, more precisely, at an angle of  $160^\circ$ . The one turned towards the sun was the brighter of the two. The extent of these appendages is not less various. They are sometimes of almost incredible length. The tail of the comet, of the year 371 B.C., measured  $60^\circ$ ; that of 1843,  $65^\circ$ ; that of 1680,  $70^\circ$ ; and that of 1618,  $104^\circ$ .

The more condensed part of a comet, called the nucleus, seldom presents a definite outline; but in some of these bodies it has had a more decided form, and has shone with the brightness of a fixed star. The comet of 1843 was visible by daylight. An eye-witness in Portland, United States, says, "The nucleus and every part of the tail was as well defined as the moon on a clear day." Of the comets of 1577 and 1744 we have a similar report. And although the body of a comet is usually cloudlike, densest near the centre, and shaded off into thin semi-transparency without an edge, the elder Herschel reports that the comet of 1807 had a nucleus 538 English miles in diameter, and that of 1811, 428 miles. It may not be unnecessary to caution the reader against the association of the idea of density with the use of the word nucleus. Density is a term which cannot be used in an absolute sense in reference to any part of a comet, and when used comparatively it does not exclude the idea of transparency. Many comets are sufficiently transparent to transmit stellar light. When the tail of Donati's comet, which a few months since was so beautiful an object in our heavens, passed between us and the noble star, Arcturus, the stellar light was perfectly transmitted. On the 5th of October, 1847, Miss Mitchell's comet came before a star of the fifth magnitude, which the thinnest evening-mist would have eclipsed, and its twinkling light was not in the slightest degree obscured. We have a still more remarkable instance of extreme transparency in the comet of 1835; for, on the 29th of September of that year, a dense part of its body—only  $7''\cdot78$  from the centre of the head—passed over a star of the tenth magnitude, and, according to Bessel, without *deflecting* the stellar light. How are we to explain this remarkable fact? Perfect transparency is a property we could not predicate of any body having a revolution round the sun; but if the fact be proved we are quite unable to explain how even cometary matter can be destitute of the power of refraction. From such evidence as is at present before us, it would be premature to suggest the possibility of the existence in these bodies of that which is not matter, in the

ordinary sense of the word,—of properties which are not elsewhere exhibited ; but, from evidence to be presently adduced, we shall find reason to doubt whether a comet does consist entirely of gravitating matter.

These considerations lead to the inquiry whether comets are self-luminous, or reflect the light of the sun. The polariscope, in Arago's hands, answered the question. "We must confess," he says, "from these observations, that the cometary light is not entirely composed of rays having the properties of direct light, there being light which is reflected specularly, or polarized, that is, coming from the sun." In other words, a comet is a self-luminous body ; but the emission of light does not destroy the power of reflection. Independent of Arago's experimental demonstration of the union of an inherent and a borrowed luminosity, the existence of reflected light might be conjectured from the existence of gravitating matter in comets ; for, as they are under the same dynamical laws as planets, they must consist, in part at least, of ponderous matter ; and radiant light might be suspected from the difference of intensity in different bodies, a phenomenon which cannot be fully explained by the positions of the comets in relation to the sun, or their several capacities of reflecting incident light.

If all that has been said about the transparency of comets, and the extent and rapid formation of their tails be true, their rarefaction must exceed that of any substance within the reach of physical and chemical investigation. As in all these bodies there is a nucleus, the lighter matters must, we know, be gathered round it, just as (in fact, not in similarity of circumstances,) the atmosphere surrounds the earth, though the feebleness of attraction or the antagonism of some expansive power, causes a vast diffusion. A globe one inch in diameter, so Newton says, reduced to such a density as it would have at a distance from the surface of the earth equal to the radius of that planet, would expand and fill a sphere as large as the orbit of Saturn. If this be true, we shall not wonder at the rarefaction of cometary matter, for a comet may not weigh, as Herschel says, though it does fill such an ample space, many pounds or many ounces. But let the rarefaction be what it may, there must be some attraction between the parts of the body, or it could not have a spherical form. So much the astronomer knows of the physical theory of comets, but when he is asked to explain the origin of the tail, he admits the difficulty of replying, and though he propounds a theory he invites objections, and waits for the future confirmation or disproof of his opinions.

The tail is not, as commonly believed, a continuation of the head. The nucleus is in fact enclosed in a hazy case, or a thin

envelope of something, which, for want of precise knowledge, is called nebulous matter, and when this is carried beyond the circumference of the head it is called the tail. A large number of comets might be described as a diffused nebulosity of a parabolic form enclosing in its vertex a nucleus. When a comet makes its first appearance in a telescope of power, it has usually the globular form already described, without any appendage, but as it approaches the sun it increases in size, and the coma is expanded into a tail. When it has moved to some considerable distance from the sun a contraction of the tail commences, and if it be not absorbed before the comet disappears, the rapidity of the process convinces the observer that it will, ere long, be completed. We may illustrate these remarks by reference to the interesting phenomena which attended the last return of Halley's comet.

When Halley's comet appeared in 1835, astronomers were at liberty to devote themselves almost entirely to the observation of its physical phenomena, for Newton's theory had been rigorously demonstrated, and the correctness of astronomical calculations had been proved by the appearance of many comets at the estimated times. It was first observed on the fifth of August, only one degree from the calculated place, as a faint telescopic nebula with a small bright nucleus. On the second of October the shape was changed by the formation of a rudimentary tail, which rapidly increased in length, for on the fifteenth of the month it spanned an arc of  $20^{\circ}$ . After this time it began to contract, and when the comet passed its perihelion, on the sixteenth of November, all the tail had probably been diffused in space or absorbed by the solar atmosphere, as it measured only  $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  on the fifth of that month. When the change of form commenced, the nucleus began to increase in brightness, and a series of jets were thrown out from the head of the comet. This phenomenon was observed for several days. Sometimes there was a single jet with an oscillatory motion, sometimes a number of ejections were visible, taking a fan-like form. The appearance was such as to suggest the probability of the nucleus being so acted on by solar heat, as to cause the ejection of rarified gases, which by reaction disturbed the outer surface of the comet. The jets were thrown from that part of the head nearest to the sun and were turned backward, so as to flow into, if they did not entirely form, the tail, just as a jet of steam is thrown by a strong current of air into a direction opposite to that in which it is propelled. But as we cannot attribute the direction of the tail of a comet to the existence of any pneumatic current, it is probably produced by some repellant action existing in the sun. This we admit is a strange assumption, for the effect of the sun upon a



gravitating body is to collect, condense, concentrate, and attract, when heat does not interfere; but in the formation of the tail of a comet, a repulsive force exists sufficiently strong to drive the nebulous matter millions of miles from the points of ejection, into the vacated path of the cometary body. Gravitating matter there must be, for the comet has motion, orbit, and period of revolution, as consequences of solar attraction; but how inappreciable must that attraction have been upon the tail of Halley's comet to have permitted it to sweep past the great central orb of the system in an unbroken line, as though it had been an absolutely rigid rod! Solar heat may have produced the jets of which we have spoken; but if this were the mode of their production, we cannot explain why they should cease before the comet has passed its perihelion, or why in such a situation the tail should disappear. Nor do we perceive how it is possible to explain the formation of a comet's tail, without admitting the existence of a repulsive or centrifugal force. How otherwise, considering the inconceivable velocity of the comet, could the momentum of the ejected nebulous matter be overcome and driven leeward, if we may use a nautical phrase, to a distance where the weak attraction of the gravitating matter in the head of the comet had probably barely power enough to hold the parts together? The comet of 1843, which moved with a train measuring  $60^\circ$ , and approached the luminous surface of the sun within one-seventh of the radius of the luminary, was seen at Calcutta to form in one day a lateral tail nearly  $100^\circ$  in length. The comet of 1680, after its perihelion passage, formed in two days, as Newton informs us, a tail twenty million leagues in length. For the production of such effects a repellant force exists somewhere, but we are at a loss to imagine by what intensity of any known force such a projection of gravitating matter could be effected. But is it gravitating matter? May it not be that which men of science, for want of precise knowledge, call polarity? It is perhaps best represented by magnetism, the force which produces the aurora, and which according to recent investigations flows in luminous clouds, visible to some persons in a darkened room, from the poles of powerful magnetic batteries. More than this we should not be justified in saying; for clearer views we must wait the results of future observations. It is certain, however, as Sir John Herschel says, "that if we have here to deal with matter, such as we conceive it, viz., possessing inertia—at all, it must be under the dominion of forces incomparably more energetic than gravitation, and quite of a different nature."

Halley's comet was invisible for two months after it passed its perihelion in 1835. When it reappeared, it was seen by the naked eye as a hazy star of the fifth magnitude, but in telescopes

it presented a well-defined disc surrounded by a coma. Great changes, therefore, were made in the physical condition of this body during the period it was invisible; and it passed through others still more difficult of explanation before it left our heavens. The coma surrounding it when it reappeared, quickly vanished, and the disc as rapidly increased in size, just as though a decrease of temperature had condensed and gathered round it matter before invisible; for otherwise the process of cooling must have produced contraction. In one week the volume of the illuminated space increased in the ratio of forty to one, and it was still increasing when the comet was lost in distance. Is it possible to account for this extraordinary dilatation, if we assume the absorption of cometary matter? Whether possible or not we have as much difficulty in imagining the presence and diffusion of the cometary matter as in understanding the rapidity of its accumulation. But the marvel does not end here. A change of form was going on simultaneously with an increase in the dimensions of the disc. As the intensity of the cometary light decreased, the comet itself was observed to lengthen in the direction of the sun, and the formation of a tail was commenced just as when it was approaching its perihelion. The jets, which had been before seen, were not again observed; but a ray of light passed from the nucleus along the axis of the paraboloid, increasing from time to time in intensity. How are these conditions and changes to be accounted for? They lie, so far as we know, out of the range of the ordinary laws of material existence, as exhibited in the conditions of the least dense of other cosmical bodies; and we know too little of polarity and its phenomena to trace its influence and effects, or to understand how the proximity, or distance of the sun, can produce or modify the phenomena we observe.

Of the orbital motion of comets we have nothing to say which has not been often said before; but marvellous facts in science, like wonderful events in history, will bear repetition.

When Newton had demonstrated the truth of his theory of gravitation, in reference to the orbits and periods of the planets, he perceived the necessity of bringing the comets under the operation of the same laws before he could assume the universality of the force. The first step in this process was taken by Newton himself, when he proved that a gravitating body may move about the sun in any of those curves known as conic sections. The comet of 1680 opportunely appeared when astronomers were most anxious to test the accuracy of the conclusions of the great philosopher; and of all the bodies of its class which have appeared in our heavens, it was, in many respects, the most remarkable. Soon after it had passed its

perihelion, the tail was twenty million leagues in length. It approached the sun within less than one-sixth the diameter of that luminary, and moved with a velocity of 212 miles in a second. Its period, as calculated by Encke, is about 8814 years; and when in its aphelion, which is forty-four times the distance of Uranus from the sun, it will have a motion of only ten feet in a second. The observations made on this body proved that gravitation determines and controls the motion of comets. Its orbit was truly one of great excentricity, but the areas described about the sun were, as in planets, proportional to the times. The universality of gravitation was, therefore, as fully proved as the circumstances permitted; and when this was acknowledged, there could be no doubt of the possibility of determining the periods and predicting the return of comets. But although the motion of planets and comets was thus traced to the same cause, the forms and positions of the orbits were not the same. The planets move in paths which, though elliptical, are nearly circular; the comets in ellipses of great excentricity;—the planes of the orbits of planets have a limited inclination to the ecliptic; the paths of comets are not thus limited;—all the planets move about the sun, from west to east; a large number of comets move in the same direction, but not all;—and, lastly, the planets are confined to a certain zone of the heavens, while the comets wander over the whole vault, some direct, some retrograde, some with inconceivable velocity, and some with comparative slowness. Those which move in hyperbolic curves visit our system but once. Where do they wander? and by what laws are they controlled when they pass the boundary of the solar influence?

When the elements of a comet moving in an ellipse are known, its period may be calculated, and its return predicted. Halley, confiding in Newton's discovery, was the first astronomer who ventured to announce the reappearance of one of these bodies. In 1682, only two years after the appearance of the great comet, which had engaged the attention of Newton, another of remarkable character, though not of great splendour, appeared; and Halley calculated its elements after it had passed its perihelion. Considerations, which we need not now mention, led him to believe that it had visited the sun in the years 1531 and 1607; and he boldly predicted its return in 1759. When the time of this advent approached, Clairaut calculated the probable delay consequent upon the secondary attractions of the planets Jupiter and Saturn. From a careful estimate of these perturbations, he concluded that the comet would arrive 618 days after the time calculated by Halley; and within a month of the predicted day the comet came. In 1835

it returned again ; and astronomers then knew how to calculate correctly, and what allowance to make for the delays and hindrances of the road. Within a few days of the predicted time, on this occasion, it was discovered ; and it then taught us nearly all we know, or, rather, conjecture, about the constitution of comets.

In this brief essay on the nature of comets, we have scarcely alluded to the one which, in October last, attracted the attention of all persons in this country. We have intentionally avoided any reference to it. Our object has been to point out, in the most general manner, the direction in which astronomers are now looking for new discoveries, and the facts on which they base their belief in the agency of some occult cause best described, at present, by the word polarity. When the astronomers of the southern hemisphere have made their reports upon Donati's comet, we shall probably ask our readers to take with us a survey of some of the most remarkable phenomena attending the progress of that magnificent object, and of what it has taught us.

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## V.

### HIGHWATER MARK.

THE horizontal gleam of a December sun, gilding the wall of our breakfast-room, stirs our valorous heart to forsake the amenities of fireside and armchair, and to face the sharp morning air. And we are the more powerfully incited to the deed of daring, because it is the first fair beam of sunshine that we have been favoured with for at least a week, during which period a raw easterly hurricane has been blowing keenly and fiercely ; and each day more keenly and fiercely than on the preceding.

But there are indications of a change. The wind has veered to the north ; and, if it is really colder, our feelings give the lie to the thermometer, for it does not feel half so cold. The leaden dreariness of the sky is breaking up into hard mottled clouds, and there is a bright belt of transparent gold that underlies the whole all round the eastern horizon, which augurs well for the day. We go to the garden-gate, look stedfastly in the wind's eye with clenched teeth, button up our coat, and—are off.

December though it be, it is Devonshire ; and as soon as we have got well clear of the high road, and have turned into a narrow winding lane that leads straight down (as straight, that is

to say, as a Devonshire lane *can* lead) to the sea, we have forgotten both cold north wind and warm fireside.

The banks rise high on either hand, crowned with yet loftier hedges, like sheltering walls. Many a red and brown leaf still hangs on the brambles, and the glossy ivy creeps and twines among them in a close mat of verdure, uninterrupted for rood after rood, ever and anon towering above the hedge in a dense bush; or climbs and fills the naked oaks and elms, spreading wide its umbels of pale blossoms, or of newly-formed green berries. But below the level of the ivy, how rich and varied a mass of verdure yet defies the winter storms! The rose-campion and the herb Robert still show their crimson blossoms; and the curiously-cut foliage of this latter and of the shining crane's-bill, attract the eye, varied with the fleshy coin-like leaves of the pretty navel-wort in great abundance; while, over all, arch and droop, in the most gorgeous profusion, enormous tufts of that most elegant fern, the hart's tongue, whose long glossy fronds of richest green afford the best imitation of those glories of the tropical forest—the *Musaceæ*;—an imitation on an humble scale, indeed, but yet sufficient to recal with vivid recollection, to one who has seen them, the appearance of those noble leaves, as they break out of the dense mass of forest foliage, and droop on either side of some narrow bridle-path in the mountains of Jamaica.

Nor less inviting is the soft and tender verdure of the mosses. It is their season of rejoicing. In

“———The time of flowers, the summer's pride,—”

these frail beings wither and dry up; but under the fogs and rains of autumn, and the winds and frosts of winter, they spring to new life and vigour. Recovering all their beauty, they spread in soft fleeces of verdure, and shoot up their slender stalks, crowned, as here, each with its tiny urn, and wearing its fairy nightcap. Look at this flat stone, draped all over with brilliant *Bryum*! Surely the fairies must be here holding their “board of green cloth;” only our dull, prosaic eyes are not worthy of beholding them. And see, everywhere around,—on the stones, on the summit of this ruined wall, on this decaying tree-stump,—are the little round velvet cushions of *Tortula*, the seats, doubtless, of the august assembly!

The gaping capsules of the fetid iris are displaying here and there their orange seeds crowded within like glowing coals of fire; the crimson haws, and the scarlet hips of the dog-rose hang thick on the thorns and briers; and here, under the shadow of the ferns at the bottom of the bank, shoots up from the damp moss a tiny vermilion agaric. We must take a closer glance at this. How delicately tender! The most cautious touch of our

fingers crushes its succulent stem: but what a beautiful little conical cap! bright scarlet without, like coral; and within, oh! how perfectly beautiful the order and arrangement of these radiating plates! We pluck away the stalk, and then, if we did not know the origin and texture of the object in our hand—if we saw it under a glass shade—we should not hesitate to affirm that it was actually a madrepora, one of those cups which we may find affixed to the caves of yonder shore, the concavity of which is lined with plates of stone, the very counterparts of these! Here are the several cycles of *cloisons*, each intercalated according to its subordination, exactly as we see them in the zoophyte. So curiously has the wisdom of God repeated, as it were, in remote regions of creation, the same idea of grace and beauty! Nor is this by any means a singular example.

Now, emerging from our winding mossy lane, the sea in its boundlessness suddenly breaks upon us. We have but to cross a high-road and we are on the beach: so sudden is the transition from the intensely rural to the maritime! Now once more we feel the furious northern gale; but we are warm with our walk, and defy it. A moment's pause to take in this characteristically wintry prospect of the sea. Beautiful is the ocean at all times; most sweetly beautiful when it sleeps, stretched out in silvery brightness, "like a molten looking-glass," under the azure sky of summer; but most grand, most full of majesty and power, when, as now, it chafes and foams beneath the lashing gales of winter. Ha! winter is a sterner schoolmaster than the Persian. The rollicking Euxine laughed at his chastisement; but stern Boreas knows how to lay on the lash, till the writhing element shrieks, and roars, and groans under the infliction.

The gleam of sunshine is gone, and the sky has settled down again in frowning gloom. A black and threatening brow it wears; and the well-whipped ocean—tortured but unsubdued—looks up with an equally threatening blackness, save where the thousand crests of foam rise and fall, tossing and careering on their rapid shoreward course.

How fast they chase each other on, as if eager to escape the furious strokes of the driving breeze behind! And when they reach the friendly strand, how each in quick succession gracefully rears its green glassy wall, curves over its crest, and pours its long cataract of foam high on the yellow sand! A beautiful sight; but in a moment an abject ruin is all that remains, and in another this is covered and obliterated by its successor.

It is a wide indentation of the Channel coast on which we are gazing. On the left-hand, lofty wooded hills, covered with the white suburban villas of a flourishing watering-place, terminate in sloping points of rock, off which two rugged *ialets* lie like

chained lions guarding the port. To the right, the view is similarly bounded by a long nearly level wall of high down, ending abruptly in a bluff and perpendicular headland. Between these expands a long range of angry horizon, and at our feet stretches for a couple of miles a beach of yellow sand.

Well, now, have we seen all of interest? and shall we go back? By no means; we have come out exploring, and we have only just reached our hunting-ground. But is there anything to be found on this naked beach, on which the sea is breaking so furiously that we cannot approach the line of low-water? Yes, much; if we only know where and how to look for it.

Do you see a long black line, or belt, a yard or so in width, which your eye may trace along the whole length of the yellow beach, lying parallel with the sea-edge, but far up, almost close to the landward verge of the sand? This is the sphere of our operations to-day.

This is the line of high water; the mark to which the waves have reached at the highest flood tide, where they have deposited the spoils which they had collected from various sources, and which they had borne on their bosoms hither. Each careering billow carries on its summit all the floating *rejetamenta* of the sea, and, as it rushes in its fulness on the beach, pushes these trophies of its prowess in its van. But there it leaves them; for it retires, not in a full flow as it came, but grovelling downward among the gravel, and partly sinking into the sand; the *spolia* arrested on the sand, to be thrown higher if a higher wave should come and lift them, but never to be returned whence they came. Here they remain, the *flotsam et jetsam*, which our old maritime laws assign to the Lord High Admiral as the perquisite of his office—make what he can out of them.

Well, as he is not here to look after his own, we will take the liberty of the first search. Fortunately, he won't grudge what we shall take; for, as Crabbe says of his insect-hunting weaver—

“Ours is untax'd and undisputed game,—”

A moment's glance at our feet suffices to show why this belt of various materials is black. For nine-tenths of the mass consist of the coarser seaweeds of the *Melanosperm* order—chiefly the wracks and tangles, the *Fuci* and *Laminariae*, which, though olive or brown while living or fresh, speedily become black when their surface dries. The profusion with which such plants line the beach after these winter gales shows the great force of the sea; for the waves, though only agitations of the surface—the deep water being waveless—extend at low tide to the great forests of olive sea-weeds that fringe the rocks at and below the

lowest tide-levels, and tear them up from their moorings to cast them thus high and dry on the beach.

The force thus exerted you may better appreciate if you have ever tried to pull off living specimens of the common tangle. The strongest man may pull and tug in vain; though the stout and rough stem affords a capital purchase for the exertion of his muscular powers. A full-grown tangle, such an one, for example, as this at our feet, with a stem an inch in diameter, would probably mock his most strenuous efforts. The rock itself will frequently give way before the attachments of the weed.

This very specimen shall be honoured with our first observations; nor shall we find it unworthy of our attention. It is the common tangle, or fingered *Laminaria*, which grows in great abundance all round our rocky shores, forming a broad belt of dark waving submarine forest, of which the summits are just exposed at the lowest recess of the tide. It consists of a root, a stem, and a frond. The root is a remarkable structure, and instructive as an example of the perfect manner in which the creative wisdom of God achieves the same end by different means. Stability is secured to the forest-tree by the repeated subdivision and wide ramification of its roots, which penetrate into the soil; the sea-weeds, on the other hand, do not penetrate the soil, and have no true roots. This tangle grows on the solid impenetrable surface of the rock; and the problem is, how to impart to it stability of attachment. The base of the sea-weeds is a simple adhering disk; but since, in this case, the great expanse of the frond gives a great advantage to the force of the waves, the adhering disks are made very numerous, and are spread over a considerable area. We see the bottom of the stem dilated into a conical mass, some four inches in diameter, of smooth, rounded branches, which are stout where they diverge from the stem, but ramify and re-ramify at very short intervals, until they produce a crowd of slender but firm fibres, each of which terminates in a flattened expanded base or disk; thus taking hold of the rock in a multitude of separate attachments, and forming, when combined, a very strong adhesion.

The stem which springs from the summit of this root-cone is about an inch thick, but gradually tapers to half that diameter, constituting a straight round rod, somewhat flattened at the top. Its surface is rough when old, its substance firmly flexible, somewhat gelatinous within. You would scarcely expect to find a substitute for buck-horn in this slimy sea-weed, but in some parts of our coasts serviceable knife-handles are made of it. A pretty thick stem is selected, and cut into pieces of suitable length. Into these, while fresh, are inserted blades of knives,



such as gardeners use for pruning and grafting. As the stem dries it contracts and hardens, closely and firmly embracing the hilt of the blade. In the course of some months the handles become quite firm, and very hard and shrivelled; so that when tipped with metal they are hardly to be distinguished from hart's-horn.\* If you are disposed to try the experiment—for I cannot say, *probatum est*—I would recommend that the stem should be well soaked in fresh water, to avoid the unpleasant effects of the salt alternately drying and deliquescing.

At the summit of this stem we see what we may fancy to have originally been a great piece of well-curried calf-skin, some three or four feet broad in every direction. But this has been irregularly split into straps of varying width, almost as far down as the union of the plate with the stem; and the extremities of these divisions are, in such a specimen as this, rudely torn and jagged. The surface, however, is beautifully smooth and glossy, of a rich dark-brown hue; the texture is firm and tough, and yet so flexible, that we cannot help thinking it a pity that it has not yet been turned to account by any enterprising cordwainer of the "*pannus corium*" vein. Buckhorn from the stem, and buckskin from the leaf, would be a pretty double manufacture from the "*alga vilis*."

But in picking up a great tangle like this, we find much more to instruct and delight us than the actual plant. The wonderful principle of parasitism, which pervades nature, is full of interest. Perhaps the poet assayed a somewhat loftier flight than our present observations warrant, when he, too rigorously, asserted, that—

" Great fleas have little fleas  
Upon their backs to bite 'em ;  
And little fleas have lesser fleas ;  
And so *ad infinitum*."

But still it is true that the sphere of life is immensely augmented by this remarkable device of making one organism a microcosm on which other organisms grow and revel; making this stem, for example, a region on which forests of other plants may wave, and this strap a plain on which an enterprising polyzoan may build a populous city.

We break off, with some excoriation of our fingers, the outermost of these tough rootlets; and discern that their conical contour encloses a smooth-walled chamber, sufficiently capacious to afford "ample room and verge enough" for the residence of a luxurious epicure, who has an oriental repugnance to locomotion. How snugly ensconced is this overgrown limpet! you wonder how ever he got in, and how ever he was to get out. The fact

\* Neill.

is, he got in a long while ago, when he possessed the slenderness of youth, before many of these rootlets were formed; and as to getting out, that contingency never entered into his brain (I beg his pardon, he has no brain; well then, into his *cephalic ganglion*). What can a mollusk want more, when he can feed on the wall of his bed-chamber, and finds the savoury nutriment grow faster than he can lick it off? It would seem, indeed, as if the exertion of roaming over these narrow walls were too great for him; that, so far from complaining of the *res angustæ domi*, the greater part of his dwelling remains a *terra incognita* to him; for, when we drag him from his foot-hold, we find that he has really lived in a cavity commensurate (and no more) with the outline of his body, as if the substance of the living wall had gradually grown around him since he first set foot there, just as the soil of London has risen around the site of the ancient St. Paul's.

And so it has, doubtless. Even though a more intimate acquaintance with our eremite's manner of life should induce us to reject the supposition of his actual immobility. There can be no question that this cavity is fashioned on the animal's body, partly by a slow erosion of the surface, and partly by the growth of the plant. And yet he may occasionally, nay, frequently and periodically, wander. Some curious passages in the history of his bigger brother, the common rock-limpet, may help us to a little light on the matter. We often find this familiar species imbedded in a shallow, but very perceptible and well-defined, depression *excavated out of the solid rock*,—shale, or limestone, or whatever else it may chance to be; but this cavity in every case so accurately fitting the dimensions of the animal, as to leave no room for doubt that the former has been really modelled by the latter. Now the limpets are all exclusively vegetarians in their diet; and the problem was to understand how the creature could procure his daily dinner of greens, while yet he was so manifestly a fixture. But a peering naturalist, out one night upon his sea-side prowlings, with a bull's-eye lantern at his girdle, much to the mystification, no doubt, of the Coast-guard watching on the cliffs above, observed the strange phenomenon of old aldermanic limpets crawling hither and thither with tilted shells, about the tender mossy green that grew in patches on the rocks. He was curious enough to mark their movements; and found that as morning approached the limpets, in a comfortable state of repletion, glided away from the mossy patch, and betook themselves with unerring precision, each to his own hollow in the stone, into which he settled himself as snugly as if he had never moved at all. Perhaps our friends of the alimy chamber may have similar instincts.

There is not much of beauty to recommend this species to us;

the shell shows its successive additions with uncouth distinctness; and the later of these are rough and coarse, and seem scarcely congruous with the smooth and prettily-painted apex. But, as with some higher organisms, beauty is the endowment of youth; age plays sad havoc with personal attractions, in limpets no less than in ladies.

Let us look for one of the rising generation of limpets. We must search, not in the root-chamber, for they do not take to house-keeping till they have attained a certain age. Here, abroad on the free pasture of the leathery leaf, we may hope to find them. Yes, here are several, scattered over this smooth olive strap. But how different from the closeted octogenarian! The shell is of unimpeachable symmetry, polish, and delicacy; it is of a translucent horn-colour, and its summit is marked with three fine lines of the most brilliantly-gemmeous azure.

But we have not quite exhausted this mass of tortuous roots; for here, peeping from their narrow interstices, we discern two or three tiny knobs of brown flesh, which, shrinking from the touch, manifest their animal nature and their vitality. We can make little of them in their present condition; but, breaking or cutting off the rootlets which hold them, let us drop these into a phial of sea-water, and we shall see—what we shall see.

The little knobs of flesh are beginning to swell and protrude from their crevices, as they feel the genial stimulus of the water, and now they form little cylindrical columns with rounded summits. Now those summits are opening; from a central point issue tiny filaments, at first as a little crowded pencil or *fascis*; but, as the opening expands, these also recede until at length they stand, a crown of sensitive tentacles, around the margin of the short pillar.

And the apex of the pillar,—the tiny area surrounded and walled-in by these environing guards,—how beautifully is this decorated! Like some gay pattern which a child has caught in twirling a kaleidoscope, and calls on his mother to see and admire,—we behold here a shallow saucer painted in a many-rayed star of yellow, and orange, and pink, of purple, and brown, and white; while the fringe of moving tentacles is varied with rings of white and dusky upon a pellucid grey ground. Surely, for variety and richness of colouring, minute as it is, this little creature deserves the title which has been assigned it, of the Ornate Anemone.

The vivifying element has revealed another of the same tribe, which we had failed to detect before. Of similar form and dimensions, it is arrayed—*simplex munditiis*—tentacles, disk and column in virgin white, the purity of the *undriven* snow, of the snow that has fallen silently and impalpably throughout a calm and breathless night.

These are *Anemones*;—things which we are accustomed to put at the bottom of our zoological scale; things which we call zoophytes, animal-plants, animal-flowers; and of which our fathers thought, as many of their children still think, that the vegetable element predominated over the animal. Sluggish, flabby, helpless creatures they seem; ready to become the unresisting prey of the first fish that spies them and essays to taste their daintiness. Yet let him beware! He will rue the hour when his wretched lips touched the fatal morsel, should he be rash enough or young enough to make the venture; but indeed instinct is generally a teacher potent enough to induce him to practise the *laissez faire* policy in this case.

Here is this Snowy Anemone expanded to the full in all its unsuspecting bridery. We give it a poke with the end of this straw. Instantly its charms are turned in, and packed away from the rude insult, and the pillar begins to shrink into a round button, and to retire within the friendly shelter of the encompassing roots. But lo! as it goes a fine white thread shoots out from the surface of the body to the length of a couple of inches; another, and yet another! half a dozen threads dart from so many points, and stream away through the clear water, or intertangle with each other, or curl up in spiral coils and irregular contortions.

It is thus that the anemone seeks to avenge the affront that it has received. These threads are so many valiant and skilful warriors posted at the battlements and loopholes of her castle; or rather her light horse, which, issuing from a hundred sallies, scour the surrounding region in search of the insolent foe. And woe betide the foe, be he slug, shrimp, worm, or fish, who incautiously comes within the range of these archers! they will pierce him through and through! and their shafts are poisoned with as fatal a venom as ever issued from the unerring Indian's gravatana on the banks of the Amazon.

These apparently simple threads, that you might well mistake for fragments of sewing-cotton dropped from a lady's scissors, are master-pieces of ingenious contrivance and wondrously-elaborate mechanism. Death, nay, myriads of deaths are sealed up in every inch of this thread; certain, inevitable death. It is the veritable thread of the *Parcæ*, to the tenants of the waters.

Nothing is more wonderful than the structure of this thread, when we examine a minute portion of its length by the aid of the microscope. It is made up of millions of transparent oval or oblong sacs, bags of clear, tough membrane closed at each end, and of such dimensions that five hundred of them, if placed in contact end to end, and three thousand, if laid side by side, would lie within the length of an inch. Within each capsule is seen a wire coiled up loosely, and thus occupying the interior.

Such is the armature as it lies ready for action. But, on the stimulus of the animal will, the oval capsules project from the periphery of the containing thread by thousands, and instantly each shoots its shaft. In other words, the coiled-up wire is evolved with lightning-like rapidity from the smaller end; and that not by direct projection, but by eversion; for, wonderful to tell, the wire is tubular throughout, and in order to be shot it must be completely turned inside-out, just as you invert a stocking.

Well, you see this subtle wire running out, evolving its inner surface as it goes, so quickly that it is only under rare circumstances that the eye can follow the process. But now you discern that even this wire is not a simple tube. For throughout its entire length—a length which often reaches to thirty times that of its capsule—it is ridged with one, two, or three elevated *carinae*, or thickened bands, which run round it in regular spiral turns, at exactly prescribed distances, and at an exactly prescribed angle of inclination. These thickened ridges carry a number of fine stiff bristles, which, in the quiescent condition of the coiled wire, lay close in its interior; but, as soon as the progress of the evolution frees them, fly out, and presently assume a retrograde direction as so many reverted barbs.

The force with which this remarkable wire is shot is sufficient, combined with its almost inconceivable tenuity, to enable it to pierce the skin and tissues of the animals with which it comes in contact. A bit of fish-skin, examined microscopically after an instant's touch by one of these threads, is seen to bristle with barbed wires, like a target after a day's archery.

Moreover, in some way or other, a most subtle poison accompanies the evolution of the wire, and is injected into every wound made by its intromission. No animal of small size, however vigorous its life, however exalted its rank in the scale of being, can withstand its power. It is most fatally destructive. A few seconds in general, a few minutes at most, suffice for the withering up of its activities; torpor quickly sets in, and quickly death. "Nemo me impune lacessit" is the device of the ancient house of 'Ακαλήφην.

Did I not truly say that we have here a most elaborate piece of mechanism? And surely its wondrousness is greatly enhanced by its minuteness! If we admire the skill of the penman who writes the Decalogue in the area of a threepenny bit, and the Iliad in a nutshell, though with no ulterior end, what shall we say to the skill which forms engines of battle, such as these, and packs them by millions in an inch of thread, not for the useless display of power, but for the defence and sustentation of creatures which Omniscience has devised and Omnipotence has created?

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ.

## VI.

## TOWN AND FOREST.

*By the Author of "Mary Powell."*

All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

LONGFELLOW, *St. Augustine's Legend*.

## CHAPTER I.

## MICHAELMAS DAISIES.

It was late, but not very late, on an autumn afternoon. A few straggling sunbeams made their way through the cracked, discoloured panes of an attic window, close to which sat a meagre, sallow young woman busily pursuing some coarse, heavy needle-work.

On an old deal table beside her were a large cracked teapot, an ounce paper of coarse tea, a cup without a handle, a half-quartern loaf, two tallow candles, a hank of thread, a ball of worsted, and a black quart bottle.

The girl was making a sack. Presently she rose, wearily threw it on a heap of others, and then pulled off one of her ragged stockings, which she began to mend. First, however, she drained the contents of the bottle into the cup, and drank it with avidity. It looked like water—it *was* water.

That's a relief! It relieved *her*. It was better than gin.

Just as she was filling her needle, there was a gentle tap at the door, followed by a gentle voice saying, "Is anybody here? May I come in?"

The sack-maker started; for she was not accustomed to have her solitude interrupted. No one save the owner of the house had ever come to her in that attic, since she rented it.

Instead of answering, she pulled her wretched shawl about her, and went to open the door herself. A healthy-looking young person stood outside, carrying a small basket, and with some flowers in her hand.

"I beg your pardon," said she, advancing a step and no more. "but would you like these Michaelmas daisies?"

"I? What use would they be to me?" said the sack-maker, surprised.

"Well, flowers are for pleasure rather than for use, certainly; but I thought you might like a few to make your room cheerful, as to-morrow is Sunday. But perhaps you are not going to spend it at home?"

"Where else can I spend it?" returned the sack-maker, bitterly. "I haven't a friend in the world, and I'm too shabby to go to church."

There was a pause. They looked wistfully at one another.

"Then, you won't have the Michaelmas daisies," said the stranger.  
 "Perhaps you don't like them—"

"Oh yes I do," said the other, looking strangely at the giver and then at the gift. And, suddenly, she burst into tears.

"I'm weak," said she, "and they put me in mind——"

"Of autumn, and of the country," said the other, after waiting for her to finish the sentence. "Where shall I put them?" entering the room a little way, and looking round.

"I've nothing to put them in—I can't spare the mug or tea-pot."

"No, certainly; nor yet the bottle. Ah, I'm *sorry* to see *that*!"

"Why need you be?" cried the sack-maker sharply. "Smell it! There are no spirits! It's my *candlestick*, and there's nothing in it now; not even water."

"Never mind, I'll fetch you something to put the flowers in; and some water too."

"Water's too scarce in this court to be willingly parted with, except for drinking," said the sack-maker. "They grudge it, even for washing."

"Poor thing!" ejaculated the stranger. The exclamation was murmured, rather than spoken; yet it seemed to draw them closer together.

"But where's your tea-kettle?" she resumed.

"I haven't one. They fill my tea-pot down stairs."

"And yours is so much too large for one person, that the tea cannot draw nearly so well."

"That depends on how much you make! Whether you've any thing else for dinner or supper!"

Again they looked wistfully at one another.

"What are you going to have for dinner, to-morrow?" said the stranger.

"Tea; tea and dry bread."

"Oh! That won't do!"

"Then what's to be *done*?" returned the other, bitterly. "But I want to mend my stockings before the sun goes down, if you'll let me. When I light my candle, I must go to my sacks."

"Don't they pay very poorly?"

"Very, fivepence a day. And I pay eighteen-pence a week for this attic."

"But that can't keep you!"

"That's why I've sold my clothes."

"But the sack-makers ought to give you more."

"I don't work for the sack-makers, I wish I did! They have their regular hands, and one of them is ill, and gets me to do her work for her till she is well. So it's only job-work, and of course she must keep back a trifle for herself."

"What have you been?" asked the stranger.

"What's that to you?" cried the other sharply, "or to any one but myself?" she added in a softer voice.

"Certainly. Well, good-bye."

"Then, you're not going to leave the flowers," said the sack-maker, looking mortified.

"Oh yes, I am going to bring something that will hold them. I will leave them on your table meantime."

"But, perhaps, I shall be gone before you come back. I am going to take back my sacks."

"Leave your door unlocked, then, unless you're afraid."

"No, there's nothing to rob," said the sack-maker, sorrowfully. When her visitor had left her, she did not immediately resume her stocking-mending, but sat, vacantly looking at the opposite wall, pondering who her visitor could be, and why she came, till her eyes fell upon the flowers.

Then, she might have said with poor King Henry the Third, "Behold, here is clean warm water wherewith I may wash," for the tears plentifully bedewed her face. Drying them hastily, she resumed her work with great energy, and was able to finish it just as it was growing too dark for her to thread her needle.

To postpone lighting her candle, she then rolled up her sacks into a bundle, beneath which she staggered, and carried them off to the sick woman who employed her. She was accustomed to consider this woman a *screw*; and, perhaps, not altogether without reason; but something softer in her heart than usual, this evening made her pity her when she found her tossing, alone and feverish, on her bed in the absence of the girl who attended to her; and while the old woman was crustily counting out her fivepences, the sack-maker swept her hearth, made up her fire, smoothed her rumpled bed-clothes, and shook up her hot pillow. The old woman peered up at her with a look that expressed some suspicion of her motives; but, just as the sack-maker was leaving her, called sharply out—

"Come back! come back, I say!" and pulling the stocking-foot purse again from under her pillow, took thereupon the smallest silver coin it contained, and held it out to her saying—

"There's a threepenny-bit for making me comfortable; but don't expect it again!"

The sack-maker smiled, thanked her, and went on her way. Going back, she bought three red herrings—a rich repast for the three next days. She passed through the evening market, where, by gas-light, the butchers were selling morsels of meat that would not keep till Monday—cheap to thrifty housewives with large baskets on their arms; but the sack-maker, rich with her three herrings, did not envy them their pennyworths. On reaching the squalid lodging-house where she lived, she went straight to the woman to whom it belonged, and paid her week's rent. The woman gave her a shilling in change for her half-crown, and told her that in consideration of her punctual payment, she might cook her dinner at the kitchen-fire the next day, if she would not be particular as to the time. The baker lived at the corner of the street, bread was sevenpence a quartern, and she owed him for three quarterns; how could she pay for it out of a shilling? But he had his bills to pay, as she had hers; it was hard to keep him out of all, because she



could not pay all. She took him her shilling, and said, "That is all I have, now I have paid my rent."

He took it rather reluctantly, and said, "Why don't you get cheaper lodgings?"

"How can I?" she said. "I can't find any."

"Why not share your attic with another poor girl?"

"I've no bed!"

He gave a low whistle, and said, "Here, take back half, I'll trust you a little longer."

She gratefully took it, and other customers coming in, she contented herself with a single word, and look of thanks. Going back, she thought, "I was wrong, I'm afraid, in buying the herrings, while I owed for bread; but the threepence came by chance, and I'm so hungry!"

On the stairs she met her unknown visitor coming down, who said cheerfully, "I did not know you would be so long, and waited for you as long as I could, but you will find the flowers; and the gas-light from the butcher's over the way enabled me to set them out nicely. Good night! I shall perhaps look in on you some day." And she slipped away.

The sack-maker hastened up-stairs, and the friendly gas-light which had enabled her benefactress to place the flowers in water, enabled her with surprise and delight, to see what else she had done for her.

Firstly, the floor seemed to have been swept; secondly, oh surprise! there was what looked at first sight like a bed in the corner; but it was only the bundle of unmade sacks neatly disposed and covered with a neat, clean patchwork counterpane. Close to it was a brown earthen pan, that made no bad washing-basin, with a clean though not new, coarse towel beside it.

The table was set in the middle of the room, and covered with what looked like a table-cloth, though it was only a piece of old, clean calico. On this the great tea-pot was duly set, flanked by the loaf; but the loaf was in a chipped plate, and the mug without a handle was superseded by a damaged, but very usable cup and saucer. In a gallipot, what luxury! was a halfpennyworth of milk. The Michaelmas daisies were set out in a glass pickle-bottle; and, on a cracked cheese-plate, were a small slice of Dorset butter, and another of boiled bacon, flanked by a nearly worn-out, but brightly cleaned knife. Beside them, lay a small, much-used hymn-book, with a flower-leaf stuck in it for a mark. And, neatly folded on the only chair, an old, clean, warm petticoat and pair of shoes. One of the candles was duly installed in the bottle, with a box of matches beside it.

Tears, tears of pleasure and gratitude filled the sack-maker's eyes. She was so weak, that a little thing would make her cry, and here were many little things. But it was the attention, the kindness that she felt most, and that made her wipe her eyes again and again, as she looked around her: and these are *great* things.

"So kind!" she often said; and then she lighted her candle, &c.

she might see everything better, and then she put a little tea into her tea-pot, and took it down to the kitchen to fill it. When she had replaced it on her table, and waited for the tea to draw, she again looked about her with great satisfaction.

"Butter to my bread, and milk to my tea!" thought she. "Bacon, too! Quite a meat tea! And to think of my having a nosegay, and a book! Let me see what it is about, where the mark is placed—ah, this will supply the want of a Bible to me to-morrow. I was hard up when I sold that!"

And she read:—

"Commit thou all thy ways  
To His unerring hands,  
To His sure truth and tender care  
Who earth and sea commands.

"No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care;  
To Him commend thy cause; His ear  
Attends thy softest prayer.

"Give to the winds thy fears!  
Hope, and be undismayed,  
He hears thy sighs, He counts thy tears,  
He shall lift up thy head.

"Through waves, and clouds, and storms.  
He'll safely guide thy way—  
Trust but to Him!—so shall thy night  
Soon end in cloudless day."

Meantime, her benefactress had walked rapidly from the house, till she entered a quiet little home in a quiet little street.

In front was a small shop, the shutters of which were closed for the night. As she passed through it, there came the ruddy light of a brisk little fire from the small back parlour. She looked through the glass door, saw the little table nicely set for tea, the bright brass kettle on the hob, a hot buttered tea-cake before the fire, and a man reading a newspaper by the fire-light.

She could not resist the temptation of bouncing in upon him and saying, "Bo!"

"To a goose? hey?" said he, looking up from his paper. "Or from a goose? which?"

Then he began softly to hum—

"Where have you been?" said Milder to Molder;  
And "Where have you been?" said the younger to the older."

"Then I must ask *you*," said she briskly, as she untied her bonnet, "for you are the oldest. Who was Milder, and who was Molder?"

"That's a question that might puzzle the Sphinx."

"Who was the Sphinx?"

"Well, Ellen, the fact is, I don't know; only, I have heard Mr. Bolter say, when he was puzzled, 'That's a question might puzzle the Sphinx.'"

"Perhaps Mr. Bolter does not know," said Ellen.

"Perhaps not. But where have you been?"

"Well," said Ellen, placing herself at the tea-table, and beginning to make tea, "Mrs. Meeke let me off earlier than usual this afternoon; and, as I was tying on my bonnet, and looking out into the little back-garden, I said, 'What nice Michaelmas daisies!' she said, 'You may take a few, if you like;' so I thanked her and gathered some. I had a little marketing to do, and, as I was coming home, and making my way among so many poor, hungry-looking people, I thought, how much pleasure these flowers might give to somebody who has to work hard in a close room all day! Then I thought of poor Joe Neale, and went to his lodgings; but the woman said he had gone away. I asked who had his room, and she said a poor girl who made sacks, so I thought she might do as well, and be doing as badly."

Ellen then related what had passed during their interview, and thus proceeded.

"I came home, and began to look up what old things I had in my rubbish-closet, that might be useful to her; for, you know, I could not give money. There was some old cracked earthenware, a serviceable petticoat and pair of shoes, my old patch counterpane, and a piece of old calico sheeting."

"Not a very handsome stock in trade, Ellen, certainly."

"Oh, and there was an old torn hymn-book of Master Tommy's, that Mrs. Meeke had given me for my rubbish-closet. I thought the girl might not have a Bible, you know, but I had not one I could spare to give her. So I went and set the things out, and they looked so nice! quite smart! But unfortunately she did not come back, and I waited, and waited, and at length was coming away, when I met an old milkman serving the lodgers. I said, 'You have not left any for the attic.' He said, 'She don't take any.' So I bought her a halfpennyworth, and that was all I spent. The woman of the house gave me a gallipot. And now, what have you been about, Mr. John?"

While Mr. John was giving an account of his proceedings, she listened earnestly and sympathisingly, attending sedulously to his creature comforts the mean time; for she made it a rule to render his meals, which were his only seasons of rest and refreshment, as pleasant as she could. Afterwards, he had some writing to do, and while his pen was busily scouring across the paper, she made the following little memorandum.

Cost of a comfortable evening to a poor sack-maker—

	£	s.	d.
Old earthenware . . . . .	0	0	0
Old clothes and hymn-book . . . . .	0	0	0
My own butter and bacon . . . . .	0	0	0
Milk . . . . .	0	0	0½

[To be continued.]

## VII.

## CHURCH RATES.

THE present aspect of the Church-Rate question cannot fail to command the attention of serious and thoughtful men. A question raised, which in the opinion of many persons involves the whole principle of a national establishment—this grave issue not only proposed by the staunchest supporters, but accepted by some of the most resolute assailants of the existing system—the House of Commons once more committed to a struggle with the House of Lords, in which compromise is wellnigh impossible—are political phenomena of no common significance, and of which the full meaning is hardly realized by many, even of those who are keenly interested in the result. When that result may be finally brought about, it is not easy to predict; but what it will be, probably few persons who have watched the progress and the fate of similar movements, entertain any serious doubt. A measure which is regarded—with what justice we shall endeavour shortly to point out—by more than half the population of the United Kingdom, as a simple matter of justice to themselves, (to say nothing of the still larger interests involved,) and to which the House of Commons is irretrievably committed, is not likely to fail of ultimate success, no matter how considerable the interest arrayed against it. The majority in the House of Lords against the bill sent up, during the last Session, by the Commons, was very great, it is true; but to argue from even the largest majority in the House of Lords against the final success of a measure insisted upon by large and increasing majorities in the House of Commons, and touching interests which are not likely to be less deeply felt, or less warmly advocated as time rolls on, would be simply to shut our eyes to past experience. The Jew Bill, when first introduced into the House of Lords, was met by a defeat which was considered at the time to be almost as decisive as that which last year befell the Church-Rate Abolition Bill, and within a very few years the relief sought was in substance granted with scarcely a dissentient vote. Yet no one would be bold enough to assert that the cause of Jewish emancipation was backed by any strong manifestations of general popular sympathy.

It is a fact of no small significance as indicating the progress of public opinion with respect to Church Rates, that their supporters are now, as it were, put upon the defensive. It is too late for them to content themselves with calling their opponents by bad names. The gentle epithets by which Church-Rate orators were wont to describe those who differed from them—

such as, "contumacious," "dishonest," "unconscientious," "unprincipled"—are felt to be no longer suitable to the state of public opinion, and are accordingly but sparingly used. The tables are turned in fact; and if harsh terms are to meet with favour, they must be those which are sometimes not unnaturally applied to a system which its opponents believe to be alike unjust in principle and harsh in practice.

As, however, nothing insures defeat so effectually as a premature conviction that the battle is won, it is to be hoped that the opponents of Church Rates will not be induced by the successes already gained, to desert the thorny paths of argument for the flowery field of declamation; but that, as heretofore, every effort will be made to work upon the public mind by resorting to reason and argument, instead of by appealing to prejudice and passion. The arena on which the battle has now to be fought out is one where the aid of such auxiliaries ought to be pre-eminently valuable. We should be sorry to imagine that the House of Lords would not be more ready to defer to the sober judgment of moderate and thoughtful men, than to bow before the storm of popular clamour.

Painful research into the origin and growth of the Church-Rate system, may interest the curious, but is of little value to the politician. Questions of high social and political importance are not decided upon antiquarian considerations. People of the present day believe that they are as capable of judging what is best for themselves and their country, as their ancestors in the days of the Tudors or the Plantagenets. Such a conclusion may be but a mark of that intolerable presumption which we are sometimes told characterizes our age; but, right or wrong, it has made a profound impression on the public mind, and even those who consider it the most signal mark of national decadence, would do more wisely to treat it as one of those inveterate prejudices which a prudent man humours instead of offending, than to waste time and energy in idle appeals to that wisdom of our forefathers, in which their hearers, however irreverently, have ceased implicitly to believe. An institution which has stood for centuries, has done so either by the strength of its intrinsic excellence, or by the support of influences with which the question of its intrinsic worth has nothing to do. In the one case it needs not the appeal to antiquity; in the other, the moment those influences cease to exist by which it was supported, its antiquity cannot and ought not to save it. Antiquity has not saved those laws which, in the phrase of Cromwell, "hung a man for sixpence, threepence, I know not what; hung for a trifle, and pardoned for murder." Antiquity did not save the rotten boroughs, nor Roman Catholic exclusion, nor will it save

Church Rates. In the present case, the argument is especially unlucky. If Church Rates be sanctioned by antiquity, what shall be said of that older system upon which Church Rates are an usurpation, by which the burden now shifted to the parish was more appropriately borne by the tithe-owner? The fact is that all reasoning of this nature silently assumes the important premiss that "whatever has been, is right." Throw the argument into a syllogistic form and without some such proposition the want of connection between the premiss and the conclusion is instantly apparent.

A favourite topic of rectors and churchwardens is that Church Rates exist by law, and that the law must be respected. As an argument in favour of the Church-Rate system, this is but another form of the appeal to the wisdom of the past, and deserves simply to be dismissed with contempt; but it is more often resorted to as a reason for granting a particular Church Rate than in defence of the system. In this aspect, however, it involves too important a misstatement of fact to be passed over without a word of comment. It is not *the rate* that exists, or that is compellable by law—(to the great Braintree case we owe this most important principle),—but simply the power of a majority of the parishioners to make a rate that shall bind the rest. The argument is good before the magistrate who is called upon to grant the distress warrant; before the vestry whose province it is to determine *whether in that parish the rate shall be the law*, the use of it shows either great ignorance, or a want of common honesty. The supporters of the rate must go back one step farther, they must show some good reason why the vestry should make such a law for themselves, when the choice between making it and not making it lies, as a matter, *strictissimi juris*, with them.

"But what can be fairer?" it is sometimes asked; the majority may make a rate or may refuse it at their will. What more would you have? The question would be much less easy to answer if both parties in the contest stood upon equal ground; but what would be said if it were proposed by the vote of the dissenting majority to impose upon the minority a rate for the support of the dissenting chapels? Until this power exists, there is only what has been styled "unilateral reciprocity." One is almost tempted to wish that such a power existed, and could be exercised, just for once. Imagine the Bishop of Worcester\* and his deans summoned before a bench of magistrates in petty sessions, for nonpayment of a chapel rate, and told that "while

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\* Church Rates have been refused in several parishes in Worcester, and are now, we believe, abandoned in all.

the law existed, it ought to be obeyed!" There are not a few cathedral towns,\* where the dignitaries of the Established Church, would run a serious risk of learning in this manner the full meaning of the obligation to obey the law, if the principle of *majorities* were really carried out. Yet if the principle be good for anything, why should it not go thus far? No answer can be given which does not involve the whole question of an Establishment.

The advocates of Church Rates have with much ingenuity endeavoured to enlist in their behalf the rooted dislike which, to the honour of this country is always felt by Englishmen to anything like a disturbance of the rights of property. It is a sentiment so powerful and so creditable, that could it be successfully shown that such rights would be endangered by the abolition of Church Rates, their assailants might wellnigh despair of success. Property, we are told, has been bought and sold, and has passed from father to son, subject to such a charge, and to get rid of it is "to appropriate that which has not been paid for."† Parallels are drawn between the poor-rates and the public taxes and Church Rates. To evade the one, according to the common phrase, is as unprincipled as to evade the other. It is astonishing how deep an impression is often created by such transparent fallacies. The term "evasion," if correctly used, reduces the latter objection to a truism. It implies, *ex vi termini*, a resort to questionable practices. If it be applied to open opposition in vestry, or to a refusal to pay the rate, leaving the churchwardens to enforce it, by legal process—both of which courses have been declared by our courts to be perfectly lawful,—it is an abuse of terms, arising either from inaccuracy, or from dishonesty. In one respect, indeed, the parallel between the public taxes and Church Rates may be freely accepted. We have not yet learned that it was an act of private or political dishonesty to agitate against the window duty, nor can we lay claim to the sensitive morality that would shrink with instinctive horror from tampering with the sanctity of the Income Tax. Yet stock in trade, the goodwill of a business, and a thousand other subjects and interests are as much property as land; they are as capable of transfer, as readily dealt with, or more so, and as unquestionably valuable to the possessor; while the price they would fetch would be affected by the slightest alteration in the rate of the Income Tax twenty times as much as is the value of landed estates by their possible

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\* Worcester, Bristol, Bath, Ely, and Gloucester, have been the scene of fierce Church-Rate contests, in many of which the abolitionists have carried the day.

† Archdeacon Wilberforce.

liability to Church Rates. It would have been equally reasonable to insist upon the perpetuation of fines and recoveries, because our landed proprietors had bought or inherited their estates subject to that burdensome mode of conveyance, or to charge a glass manufacturer, who petitioned for the repeal of the excise upon glass, with a discreditable hankering after "the appropriation of that for which he had not paid." The argument comes to this: once get an impost, no matter how unjust or obnoxious—let property be dealt with, and interests bought and sold under its operation—and every attempt to get rid of it becomes an act of dishonesty. The reasoning would be absurd, even if Church Rates *were*, as is assumed, a charge upon property; but in truth they are not so. Whether they exist at all depends upon the fluctuating composition of a parish vestry; and when they are called into existence by the operation of an uncertain cause, they are so far from being a charge upon property, that they cannot be recovered if the occupier die before payment be enforced. Let the rate be above 10*l.* or its validity disputed, and personal imprisonment is the only remedy given by the law for its recovery. How the notion that Church Rates are a charge upon the land can have become current, it is not easy to understand; for not a trace of such a doctrine, not the scintilla of an argument in its favour, can be found in the whole corpus of English law.

The fact is, that a gross, and often we fear, a wilful injustice is done by attempting to put this upon the footing of a property question. The very persons who raise the battle-cry of the rights of property, with marvellous inconsistency will argue in the same breath, that dissenters would be no gainers by the change, as it would be followed by an increase of rent commensurate with the relief afforded. Do they imagine that to them alone is vouchsafed political vision, as well as religious truth, and that dissenters cannot estimate as fairly as they can the probability that the landlord will get the best rent he can from his tenant? If not, what becomes of the "appropriation of that which has not been paid for?" In truth, the only right of property interfered with is one which will not bear to be expressed in plain language:—It is, the right of A to compel B to pay for something A wants for himself, subject to two conditions, first, that A shall profess certain opinions upon certain very difficult and abstruse questions, and secondly, that he and his friends can outnumber B and his friends.

If an earnest churchman were asked to contribute to the support of a Jewish synagogue, would he not be very likely to reply, possibly with some warmth, that he had a firm conviction of the truth of his own faith, and that he could not justify it to



his conscience, were he to assist in the maintenance or propagation of any other? Might he not perchance hint that he would rather subscribe to the society for converting the Jews? What would this gentleman say, were he told by his Hebrew petitioner that it was absurd for him to speak of conscience where he wanted only to save his pocket? Yet this is the language which has been held without scruple even by preachers of that religion which teaches us that the greatest of its virtues "thinketh no evil," towards all who object to Church Rates. Happily this particular kind of reasoning is less resorted to than it formerly was, and it is to be hoped that it may soon be entirely dropped. The opponents of the Establishment are now numerically stronger than its supporters, and the latter may find by-and-by that a different tone would have been more conducive to their own interests. It is not too much for the majority to intimate to the minority that the argument between them can be no longer conducted on the basis of the intrinsic inferiority—whether social, mental, moral, or spiritual—of the former.

To enlarge upon the harshness and injustice of the *principle* of Church Rates, and to state in detail the arguments of those who demand their total and unconditional abolition, would carry us beyond our present limits, and the burden of proof rests, we conceive, with those who claim the right of taxing their neighbours; but it is not un instructive, even to the supporters of the principle, to inquire how the system *works*.

We will not inflict upon our readers a description of a parish vestry, assembled to vote upon a Church-Rate question, or make more than a passing allusion to the discreditable scenes which are often enacted on such occasions. We will not even stay to discuss which party is generally to blame; for it is our earnest wish to avoid saying one word which can embitter the discussion of this truly national question. But the responsibility of creating the occasion for such scandals certainly rests with those who would maintain the system under which they are inevitable; and if the cause of Church Rates be really a bad one, the balance of unfairness would naturally be found on the side of those who espouse it. There is, at least, one kind of discreditable conduct, not so uncommon as could be desired, that from its very nature must belong to one side only; namely, the attempt to snatch a rate by fixing the vestry meeting at a time when the attendance of those classes of parishioners amongst whom the opponents are chiefly to be found, is out of the question. We may observe also that for some years past the opponents of Church Rates, in a very large number of parishes, have been thoroughly well advised, and that no counsel has been so emphatically insisted upon as "the preservation of calmness and good temper." Be this as it

may, however, we believe few persons except those who have had the proceedings of parish vestries brought habitually under their notice, have any idea of the seething mass of heart-burnings, bitternesses, and uncharitable feelings, generated by this fertile source of mischief. One consequence is, that it is the exception to find a contested rate legally made, or capable of being enforced against those who do not choose to pay it.

The rate, once made, has to be enforced, and here there is little difficulty in saying to which party belongs the onus of whatever blame may be incurred. The recusant parishioner has no active course to take. The law gives him no power of initiating proceedings to quash the rate, however illegally made. Whatever harshness, oppression, or illegality may now be committed, must therefore lie at the door of those who are active, not of those who are passive, in the matter; and dissenters know too well that their only chance lies in strict propriety of conduct to hazard any breach of the law in their opposition to the payment of the rate. But, apart from the unnecessary severity with which proceedings are often taken and carried out, apart from the enormous and excessive distresses that are often levied for trifling sums—their constant submission to which, in preference to a voluntary payment, is surely some proof that Church Rates are not a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, to the sufferers—they have a real grievance in the tribunals to which they are subject. It is impossible for a dissenter, summoned before a bench of country magistrates, or cited before the ecclesiastical court of the diocese, to feel confident of fair play at the hands of his judges. Too many instances have proved that the bias which a score of reasons would lead us *à priori* to expect, exists, and that it warps the decisions and influences the demeanour of those who sit in the seat of judgment. Let not this complaint be carped at as the discontented clamour of those to whom all in authority are objects of dislike and suspicion. The conclusive proof to the contrary is that tribunals really above partiality or prejudice are respected and revered by every member of the community. No man in his senses entertains a suspicion of this kind towards our Superior Courts of Common Law, or feels the slightest doubt that, subject to the inevitable accidents of human fallibility, he will receive from those courts—be he churchman or dissenter, Christian, Jew, Turk, infidel or atheist—impartial and even-handed justice. Nor are there wanting, of course, excellent and unprejudiced magistrates, or impartial judges of ecclesiastical courts; the judicial annals of our country contain no brighter pages than those which record the judgments, and establish the spotless reputation, of the venerable and excellent Dr. Lushington. But in cases affect-

ing the privileges of the Establishment and the rights of dissenters as such, ecclesiastical and magisterial decisions in general have signally failed in commanding similar universal respect.

We have not far to seek for a remarkable example of the difference in such cases, between "justices' justice," and that of the superior tribunals. A respectable tradesman of Market Harborough was summoned in April last, before three justices of the peace for the county of Leicester—all of them men of high position in the county—for the non-payment of a Church Rate. An Act of Parliament provides that where the person summoned disputes the validity of the rate, and gives notice to the magistrates that he does so, the latter shall forbear to give judgment upon the matter of the summons, the churchwardens being left to proceed in the Ecclesiastical Court. The Courts have very properly engrafted on to this enactment, that the objection to the validity of the rate must be *bonâ fide*—not necessarily a good one, but still made in good faith and not for the mere purpose of evasion or delay. In the present case, the defendant stated to the magistrates certain grave irregularities which had taken place at the vestry-meeting at which the rate was granted—such, for instance, as the refusal of the rector, who occupied the chair, to put amendments which were proper and right to be put, and other illegalities, not of form, but going to the very essence of the rate. He added that he had warned the vestry, at the time, of the consequences of the chairman's refusal—that the very same mistakes had been committed by the rector of the parish at a church-rate vestry-meeting two years before, when the opinion of two barristers, one now on the bench, had been taken, and they having unhesitatingly pronounced the rate invalid, it had been abandoned by the then churchwardens. He produced the original case and opinion, and begged the magistrates to look at it, that they might satisfy themselves of the identity of the circumstances in the two instances. In answer to what certainly seems a superfluous question on the part of the magistrates, he offered to swear that his objection was *bonâ fide*. The magistrates inquired if he had anything else to say, whereupon he referred them to the Act of Parliament above mentioned, gave them a written and formal notice that he disputed the validity of the rate, and that if they proceeded he should hold them liable for the consequences, and requested them, if they felt any doubt about the matter, to adjourn the case for a week, and meanwhile to take the opinion of counsel. The magistrates, however, after retiring a short time, returned into court and, declaring that there was nothing in the objections, made an order for payment of the rate. After

a week's reflection, and a second warning from the defendant, couched in the most moderate and respectful terms, they followed up the order by a distress-warrant, which was rigorously executed.

If the justices had acted under a mistaken notion of their jurisdiction to decide upon the validity of the objections, and under an equally mistaken conception of the law as to the validity of Church Rates under the circumstances of this case, however much we might have deplored the necessity of committing the delicate duties of a justice of the peace to persons so little fitted to exercise them, we could have passed no severer condemnation. But will it be believed, that upon a motion to quash the order, these gentlemen had the hardihood to swear that "they duly considered and weighed the allegations of the defendant," and that "they considered and determined" (cautious phrase—they did not venture to say they *believed*) "that the said allegations were not made in good faith, but were made and put forward by the defendant as a pretext merely for avoiding payment of the Rate?"\* It is needless to say the order was quashed by the Court of Queen's Bench, and observations, which it is unnecessary to repeat, were made upon the conduct of the magistrates. This judicial freak proved an expensive one, for it cost the gentlemen who indulged in it a considerable sum, although the defendant, acting in a very different spirit from that of his judges, declined to ask for anything beyond the costs of the proceedings to quash the order. Had an action been tried it must have resulted in exemplary damages. It is true this is perhaps the very worst case on record, but it is not every tradesman or artizan who has the courage or the means to measure swords with the gentlemen of his county, and the spirit which it indicates receives too frequent illustration in the proceedings of our Courts of Petty Sessions.

Has not enough been said without further enlarging upon this unpleasant topic to show that even those who zealously support the principles which lie at the root of the Church-Rate system, may well pause and ask themselves whether it is wise and politic for the Church to insist upon maintaining rights which often wear so repulsive an aspect?

The truth is that while not a single argument can be adduced to justify Church-Rates, which does not involve the justification of an Establishment, there is a great deal to be said against them which does not in any way touch the general question of state support to religion. The most earnest defender of the National Church may well be an uncompromising foe to Church Rates.

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\* Reg. v. Nunneley, 27 Law Journal (M.C.), 261.

Indeed those who look further than to the mere abolition of Church Rates, and desire the downfall of the Establishment, would exhibit more than human philanthropy if in their heart of hearts they bitterly regretted a tactic on the part of their opponents which offered so many advantages to themselves. There is nothing so valuable to a political party as a good grievance; and the vote of the House of Lords upon the Church-Rate Bill certainly leaves the opponents of the Establishment in the undisputed possession of a most powerful weapon of attack. The subject can never sleep, for the claims of the National Church are continually put forward in a form with which her best defenders have little sympathy, and under an aspect peculiarly distasteful to those who conscientiously dissent from her doctrines and her discipline. No better system, in fact, could be devised than the maintenance of Church Rates, for alienating from the Church the goodwill and respect of the people at large, and for deepening into rooted antipathy and contempt the dislike with which a very large portion of the community have begun to regard the Establishment. It is a question with respect to which we cannot understand how an earnest dissenter can be indifferent. Truth is either worth a sacrifice, worth a helping hand, or it is not. If it be not, why, in the name of common sense, should a man be a dissenter? No worldly advantage can accrue from dissent, which is clogged with worldly and social drawbacks enough. If Truth *be* worth a serious thought, no earnest man can regard with indifference a system under which a large party are raised and subsidised to disseminate error—or, if he do not go that length, under which what he considers grave and mischievous error receives the same countenance and support as if it were Truth itself. If he be animated by a particle of zealous, truth-loving spirit, he must feel that the allegiance he owes to Truth compels him, as an honest man, to be the assailant of such a system. Nor can it be otherwise if, while believing the doctrines of the Church to be true, he also believes that she must suffer in credit, in purity, in usefulness, in zeal, from her connection with the State—that “if this counsel or this work be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, but if it be of men it will come to nought.”

Let Churchmen be worthier of themselves. Let them evince a little more faith in their own views, a little more trust in the power of Truth. Which man is *primâ facie* most in earnest, which believes most deeply in that which he professes, which has the firmest and most exalted faith in the God of all Truth—he who raises the feeble and mistrusting cry for aid from the temporal power, who clamours for the pomp, the dominion, the wealth, which the State can give, or he who trusts to the native might

and majesty of Truth to make their way, unaided and alone, to the deep recesses of the human heart, and who would behold in the proffered aid of the secular power, the advances of the most insidious and deadly foe that Truth can ever be called upon to encounter?

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## VIII.

### PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

IF the fable of the fox without a tail were reversed, it would exactly represent the stage which the discussion regarding Parliamentary Reform has at this moment reached. We must imagine Reynard, and a few of his aristocratic friends, endowed with magnificent brushes, and trying to convince another and more plebeian set of foxes, whose tails they had eaten off when they were whelps, that the lost appendage is useless, unbecoming, and superfluous. "What a thing is a tail!" they might say. "It is a mere freak of nature—an unmeaning flourish at the end of her work. It is a burden to carry; it is the wonder of science; it is the laughter of mankind. Behold what we have to endure—see how we are hunted. All because we have the miserable qualification of tails. On the other hand, good friends, observe how compact and square ye are—how curt, how terse—no encumbrances, no nonsense about you—none of your trumpery attempts at ornament. Ornament, indeed! what is there ornamental about a tail? Whom did it ever please? What good has it ever done? Has it ever caught a leveret? Has it ever found a goose? Has it ever saved any body from a trap? It never has, and it never will. Rest contented with your lot, brothers, and leave us to our fate. You have the most mistaken ideas as to the importance and necessity of tails. You are like children grasping at the moon—you are like extravagant girls bent on another new dress. Away with such folly! Go about your business—which is to rob the roost and feed your young ones, whose tails you must continue to bite off, or we shall do it for you." It must be confessed that these arguments are not convincing; and the tailless foxes might appeal to the very absurd, it may be, but also the very natural, the ineradicable feeling, which prompts us to imitate our fellows, to keep within the fashion, to avoid anything singular, to aim for ever at equality and similarity. Are they not also foxes and brothers? Why should they not have tails, however ridiculous, as well as their betters? It seems to

us also that a good deal of the arguments which have been urged against the reorganization of our parliamentary constituencies, are quite as irrelevant, quite as far-fetched, as those which we have attributed to the privileged classes of the vulpine community. It is said that the new Parliament will be but a useless extravagance. What can it do which the present House of Commons does not perform equally well? Previously, a Reform Bill was demanded as a means to an end. There were an enormous number of abuses to be corrected which an unreformed House of Commons was incompetent to touch, and for which the only remedy was an entirely new representation. But now a Reform Bill is demanded as an end to itself. The representation is full of inconsistencies which, for the sake of mere symmetry, ought to be abolished; and people desire a vote simply for the pleasure of voting—not because they have any great measure to advance, or any definite policy to determine, by their votes.

Even if these statements were correct, they would still, as we have said, be irrelevant. Even if it were not likely that the reformed Parliament would be a more perfect instrument than the existing one; and even if the remodelling of the franchise were desired, not for any ulterior object of Government, but for the mere vanity of possession—the self-satisfaction of considerable bodies of our countrymen now excluded from the privilege of voting, we do think, that there is a sufficient case for granting, to a large proportion of the working classes, the rights which they demand. There are thousands of us who enjoy the franchise, who have the right of voting, who feel that we have a voice in the government of the country; and yet who never exercise that right, who never visit the polling-booth, who are content, except on very rare occasions, to let our fellow-citizens decide for us who shall be our representatives, and what shall be their principles. But, on the other hand, if there were any attempt to deprive us of that right—if it were in the slightest degree imperilled, should we not fly to the point of danger? should we not fight for our liberties? should we not insist upon our charter? should not all England be in a blaze? Perhaps we might be accused of inconsistency in battling so fiercely for a privilege which we permitted to lie dormant. The consistency, however, is entirely on the surface: it is characteristic of human nature; it is very characteristic of the English nature. In not exercising our privilege, no public principle is at stake; but in depriving us of our privilege, a great public injury would be perpetrated. If we do not use our franchise, it is at least something to have it. The possession of political rights, and the liberty of political action, may be a mere sentiment for all the

use to which we turn either our possessions or our liberties; but that sentiment conduces to our dignity as thinking men; and without it we must be, in our own eyes, the proscribed of a jealous and exclusive government—the slaves of a political system which is above us and beyond us; aliens of a commonwealth in which we have no privileges; in the nation, but not of the nation. It is a sentiment which is essential to our idea of manhood. Without the privilege of political action we are, in a sense, minors—we are in the leading-strings of our more fortunate countrymen; we are in the go-cart of a despotism that may be affectionate and beneficial, but is certainly not complimentary, and is far from tolerable to any mind that has a feeling of independence. Why, in this country, where the very first principle of the constitution is the necessity of self-government, should any class of persons, approved as good citizens, be invidiously excluded from a privilege which concerns our well-being, and which is essential to our dignity as members of a free commonwealth? Why should they be compelled to feel their own insignificance and exclusion? Why should this ulcer be allowed to rankle in their breasts? Why should they not have the manly sentiment as well as others? Why should they not have the sense of their political importance, as well as of personal independence, domestic responsibility, social honour, and municipal right? If it be true that their tails are useless, yet why should they be mulcted of an appendage which is cherished as an honourable distinction?

But more than this. It seems to us that the function of Parliament and the object of the franchise, are very much misunderstood both by those who oppose reform and by a number of those who demand it vehemently. Those who oppose reform say, What do you expect from a new Parliament? Is it in the least likely that any new House of Commons will go through a greater amount of work and pass a larger number of useful measures—in other words, prove itself a more effective legislating machine than the old one? Look at the enactments of the last quarter of a century—where, in the whole history of human legislation, shall you find crowded into so short a space, such an array of good laws passed, and of bad laws repealed, such a wonderful reduction of taxation without hurt to the revenue, such benefits conferred on every class of the community, but especially on the lower classes, such a transition, through the wisdom of the government, from extreme suffering and frightful discontent, to peaceful plenty and golden concord? It was the golden age over again; the millenium was upon us ere we knew it. And many of those who agitate for reform, we regret to say, give point to this argument by seeming to expect from a Parliament



built on a wider constituency, and a more independent basis, an extraordinary supply of new measures, which are to make the really admirable legislation of the last five and twenty years show poor in comparison. Not so, friends; and not so, enemies. The legislative function of Parliament is very important, and looks the bravest; but it is by no means its only function, nor the most essential. The Parliamentary history of England, since the passing of the Reform Bill, which it would be very ungrateful of us not to mention with pride and praise, will teach us the wrong lesson if we regard it superficially. There our senators and representatives stood forth especially in our eyes as lawgivers; and the cry is for more lawgiving, more new measures. A ministry that cannot point at the end of each session to a bountiful harvest of important enactments, the work of its own hands, is supposed to be a ministry of unfaithful stewards, and the cry even has been raised that the efficiency of Parliament is declining because the bills—the public bills—which are now passed are neither so numerous nor so important as they used to be. It is forgotten that the legislation which succeeded the Reform Bill was entirely exceptional, was mainly the result of the neglect of more than a century, during which, so far from its being dreamt that the passing of laws is the first duty of a government, it seems to have been scarcely thought necessary to legislate at all. There are laws which we desiderate in common with all the friends of progress; there are measures of relief which we demand in common with all the friends of liberty; but we warn all true Liberals against the sophism into which they are being entrapped, that the prime object of the House of Commons is to promote legislation, and that legislation could not be better promoted than it has been under the present system. We trust indeed that never again in the history of our country will there be occasion for the work of legislation to be as it has been since 1832, the Herculean task of clearing out Augean stables. The streams of popular opinion have been run through these stables, and the statute-book, which we may very well liken to a stable, since a celebrated lawyer has declared the possibility of driving a coach and six through every Act of Parliament that has ever been passed, has been wonderfully cleansed and sweetened. The work is not yet completed, but at all events the worst is over, and there cannot be for a long time the same necessity for multitudinous proposals and high-pressure legislation. We make too many laws, in fact, and the legislation that is required, the legislation that will be popular when the theory of government is properly understood, will not be the enactment of new codes, but the repeal of old. Parliament has another and greater, if

not such a splendid function. It has a critical function; it is a check upon the executive; it is the Argus that watches contemporary history and administers its advice in terms that cannot be misunderstood to the government of the day. And let no one undervalue this office, which is indeed all-important. War and peace depend upon it; the foreign policy of the country depends upon it; the taxation of the people depends upon it; the administration of every government office in the land depends upon it. It was only in last session of Parliament that Mr. Disraeli in reply to Mr. Bright's invective, with regard to the enormous cost of our various establishments, and the vast expenditure into which we are forced every year, said, with considerable point—The outlay is no doubt immense; but it cannot be reduced all at once; reduction depends on policy; sanction a given policy, and you must pass the estimates which are to support it. Now policy is not an affair of legislation; it is an affair of traditions and votes. The determination of this policy which affects the honour of the country, and which lightens or increases the burdens of the tax-payer, is the most important work in which our representatives engage, and it involves, that is to say, directly involves, no legislative enactments. Therefore we aver that even if the sneers of those who will have it, that a House of Commons, further reformed cannot produce more useful measures than the House of Commons, as at present constituted, were perfectly just, and that they have a residuum of truth, we do not affect to deny, we have still a right to demand a better representation, on the plea that, apart altogether from laws to be repealed, and bills to be passed, the foreign policy of the country, the issues of peace and war, the question of supply, the administration of our establishments, civil and military, ought always to be within the veto of the people. It is the indefeasible right of Englishmen to have the power of controlling the executive, and of censuring, if need be, the ministry. It is a magnificent power expressed in very simple phrase, and if this power is not to be extended to those of our fellow-subjects, who are confessedly worthy to exercise it, we must have reasons advanced that are not mere fallacies, and sneers pointed that are something better than squint-eyed irrelevancies.

We have vowed Reform, and we shall have it. We blow the trumpet for progress, and we know that the walls of the political Jericho are doomed. They must fall, and the people will flock in. It is admitted, even by those most adverse to any new scheme of Reform, that next session will be signalised by a postscript to the measure of 1832; and if Reformers do their duty throughout the country they may make it like the postscript of a lady's letter, even more important than the letter itself. Now

we conceive that what we have most to dread is disunion among Reformers, one proposing this measure and another proposing that. It was the unanimity of the Liberals in 1832 with reference to a Bill which was by no means perfect, and it was the raising of the unappeasable cry, "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," that caused the triumph of that remarkable movement. And we think it augurs well for Parliamentary Reform in the coming session that Liberals have been induced to sink their differences, to form themselves into something like a compact party, to elect as leader the most eloquent man in the House of Commons, and to intrust him with the preparation of a measure suitable to the occasion. It is the first really practical move of the independent Liberals as a party, and we rejoice to think that henceforth there will be concentration of purpose and unity of action in a body of men whose strength has been very much wasted in desultory criticism, individual attempts, and haphazard movements. They could not have chosen a better leader, and we have no hesitation in adding our voice, which, to a certain extent, represents not the least influential section of the Liberal party, to those that are now raised to cheer on Mr. Bright. As to the details of his measure, when it appears, there may be some doubt among Liberals; but there can be no doubt with regard to the principles of his measure, as these were expounded at Birmingham, at Manchester, at Glasgow, and especially at Edinburgh. The manifesto delivered at the last of these towns contains the most important outline of his views, and also the most moderate statement of them; a statement, indeed, so moderate that it seems in some respects to have disarmed the opposition of many Whigs who were disposed to sing the song of finality. We shall run over, with a few explanatory remarks, the leading points of this new edition of the people's Charter. But before all, and above all, we quote one saying, which is the rock upon which we build: "Our measure," said Mr. Bright, at Edinburgh, "our measure shall be moderate in its strength, but it shall be irresistibly strong in its moderation."

There are three leading points to be determined in the new Reform Bill, and these refer to the extension of the franchise, the establishment of the ballot, and the readjustment of electoral districts. With regard to the first of these, we are very glad to see Mr. Bright falling back upon precedents and constitutional authorities. It is in itself a salutary discipline, and it has a wonderfully soothing effect on his opponents. "I think," said Charles James Fox, the idol of the Whigs, as quoted by Mr. Bright, "that to extend the representation to housekeepers is the best and most justifiable plan of Reform. I think also that it is a perfect recurrence to first principles. I do not mean to

the first principles of society nor to the abstract principles of our constitution. According to the early history of England and the highest authority on our parliamentary constitution, I find this to be the case—it is the opinion of the celebrated Glanville—that in all cases where no particular right intervenes the common law right of paying scot and lot has the right of election in the land. Sir, this was the opinion of Serjeant Glanville, and one of the most celebrated committees of which our parliamentary history has to boast; and this, in my opinion, is the safest line of conduct that you can adopt.” Upon the principle here enounced, Mr. Bright takes his stand, as far as the towns are concerned. It establishes the franchise upon a broad principle, and not upon an arbitrary and variable limit, such as the payment of a certain modicum of rent—be it 5*l.* or be it 10*l.* It is impossible for Reformers to be content with less than this; and more than this few will demand. We hear very little in these days of universal suffrage, and we believe the principle to be irrefragable, that a pecuniary qualification—at least such a pecuniary qualification as the payment of poor-rates implies—is absolutely essential to the establishment of a right to the franchise. A thousand schemes have been proposed—that every man who insures his life should have the right; that every man who has money in the savings’-bank should have the right; that every man who pays income-tax should have the right. The object of Government is the protection of property as well as of life; and England has grown to opulence above every nation in the world, because, above all others, she has respected this principle, and invested property with a sacredness that to a French socialist looks almost like a superstition. It is a superstition under which we have flourished; and we have not the slightest inclination to call it in question. We believe that a rating franchise in the towns, together with some further test, which it cannot be difficult to devise, for the large and most respectable class who do not directly pay any rates, but who contribute to them largely as occupants of furnished apartments, will give a political standing to nearly every man fit for the privilege. And for the counties the reduction of the standard from 50*l.* to 10*l.*, although here the limit is purely arbitrary, ought not very much to terrify the landowner. The proposal is so moderate that we should not in the least be surprised to learn that in the Bill, of which in the mean time they make so profound a secret, the Government have adopted the limit suggested by the member for Birmingham.

As for the ballot, it must be remembered that it is only an expedient. We do not wish for the ballot; we do not suppose that any man desires the ballot-box for its own sake. We would fain hope that the ballot were unnecessary. We feel, as much as

its most strenuous opponents, that there is an element in it which cannot be admired. In plain truth the ballot is an evil, an evil which we would not wish to impose upon any community unless it were the only escape from a still greater evil. And this is precisely the case. It is the only defence possible against intimidation. We do not, indeed, believe that in England this mode of voting will ever be abused as it is alleged to have been in Australia and in the United States; no more than we expect to see Judge Lynch in our streets, and to hear of bowie knives and revolvers in the House of Commons. The state of public feeling in this country is quite different; our political morality is of a different texture, our political education of a more sobering tendency. The evil that we see in the ballot is simply the loss of moral dignity in the necessity of preserving secrecy while exercising a public duty, and fulfilling a public trust. Though, however, we feel this evil so much, yet we must insist upon the protection which it will afford in numberless cases. There was a rumour that in the Bill of the Government the adoption of the ballot by the constituencies would be rendered optional; but this permissive ballot is likely to be a delusion and a snare. Permissive ballot, if it means anything, means that where the constituency is so large as to be wholly beyond the control of any man or body of men, or where the constituency is so small as to be effectually controllable and corruptible under any conceivable system, the mode of silent voting might be adopted: in the former case it would, to a great extent, be disregarded in practice; in the latter case it would be speedily branded with the reproach of concealing corruption; and in neither would it have a fair trial. The hard-fought places of medium size, where defence against illegitimate pressure is really required, would just be those in which it would be difficult to get its adoption publicly demanded by two-thirds or three-fourths of the constituency, or whatever the required proportion might be. The general result, we fear, would be the creation of a belief that the experiment had been made and had failed, when, in point of fact, no fair experiment would have been made at all. At the same time, it should be kept in view that the ballot is even more than a protection against intimidation; it is also a mechanical contrivance for collecting votes with extreme rapidity. Now if we enlarge the franchise, and increase the number of votes, it is pretty evident that the existing facilities for the collection and verification of votes are wholly inadequate. The polling-booth at present is a scene of confusion sufficiently unpleasant. What will it be when the constituency is doubled or trebled? In that case, we seem to require a new voting apparatus, and there is one ready to our hand in the ballot.

It would be too much to say that the ballot presents the only possible means of collecting votes with rapidity; but as yet, at all events, there is no other means that we know of. Therefore, for its mechanical advantages, as well as for its social protection, we must rank the ballot among the necessities of any adequate reform.

But the third point of the Charter is the most important of all. It concerns the redistribution of the electoral districts. If the franchise were simply to be extended without a redistribution of seats, the ultimate result would not probably be very different from what we see at present. We should have much the same proportion of Tories, Whigs, and Liberals, with perhaps a slight gain to the last. The sting of the reform is in the dreadful decree of Schedule A. and Schedule B,—the boroughs that are to be wholly disfranchised, and that are to be partly disfranchised, their members being allotted to more populous and more powerful districts. As this is the most potent clause of the coming Reform Bill, so is it the most critical, and so also is it the point on which Mr. Bright is least explicit. For our part, we see in common with everybody else, the most glaring inequalities in the representation of the country, and should be glad to hear of any scheme likely to do away with the more palpable absurdities of the present system. On the other hand, there is not the least chance of any reformer being able to carry a measure, dividing our constituencies ruthlessly into equal portions, measuring equality by the arithmetic of population; nor if there were a chance, do we think it desirable to divide the country into electoral squares, by the rigid Rule of Three. It has been stated, that by the rigid application of this rule, it would be necessary to take away from England not less than 100 of its present members, and give them to Ireland, which has now but 105 members. The calculation is exaggerated; England would simply lose 66 members, of whom Ireland would receive 50, Scotland 15, and Wales 1. But anything like such a result, as between England and Ireland, would be monstrous, and would benefit neither England nor Ireland. We ask for no such extremities, and we are very certain that Mr. Bright's demands will be characterised by the moderation which he has proclaimed as his watchword in this his first essay of practical statesmanship. There is a principle which is very dear to us, and which we would not see overridden for the sake of any amount of electoral symmetry. It is the right of minorities to be represented and heard. Majorities in England have never been tyrannical: it is our boast, which Montalembert has proclaimed throughout Europe, that we know how to be just, and that we do not push matters to extremities. We do not desire a dull

uniformity; and no greater calamity could befall our country than the establishing of a system by which minorities should be beaten down, silenced, and excluded from the House of Commons. So strongly has this been felt that, as a remedy, it has been proposed, we believe by Lord John Russell among others, to give to electors, when they have to vote for several representatives, one or two votes less than the number of the members for whom they are to vote; so that if a constituency has three members, then each elector will have permission to vote for only two. This is a doubtful and complicated scheme. Again, it has been proposed to make constituencies out of certain classes, so as to establish a class instead of a district representation. But this also is a cumbrous and impossible method. And we know not that any more practicable mode exists than that at present in vogue of raising into constituencies certain small townships which, in themselves, are scarcely worthy of the honour. We are not defending the method however; we are only putting in a word for the principle. As to the fact that under the existing system this sort of privilege is carried too far, and minorities are much too well represented, there cannot be a doubt, and all true Liberals will be ready to follow Mr. Bright at a pretty fast pace, in demanding a more equable redistribution of the constituencies.

These then are the leading principles of the coming Reform. That they are absolutely necessary—the very least that can be expected—we may safely say. That they are exceedingly moderate, the organs of even the Tories and the Whigs admit. And that if carried they will sweeten the political atmosphere, and conduce as well to the honour of the country as the happiness of the people, we profoundly believe.

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## IX.

### ON SOMNAMBULISM.

In what are called by courtesy “the good old times of good Queen Bess,” our ladies could eat like our modern ploughmen (if accounts be true), and our ploughmen like boa constrictors. In those days the digestive apparatus was both the strong and the weak point of the system: they could get an immensity of work out of it, and as a supplement, its disorders, as surfeits, fevers and inflammations, were rife among them. The nervous system is now the strong and the weak point; we can get a greater amount of work out of brain and nerve than our ancestors could, and the consequence is that we have a greater preponderance of neuropathies and sychopathies

and all manner of strange nervous phenomena, of a morbid and quasi-morbid character than has ever been observed before. Our polysyllabic friend, Feuchtersleben, says that the "fundamental character of the present generation is a predominant erethistic vital debility;" and although the expression is not too comprehensible to the general reader, the idea, is correct, if he means (as we believe he does) that there is a tendency to a morbidly energetic performance of certain functions, more especially of those connected with the nervous system. Hence, perhaps, it arises that notwithstanding all our boasted, and all our real intellectual advancement, we do no discredit to our forefathers as regards the energy and zeal with which we bear our part in the follies, weaknesses, and insanities of our race: bravely do we bear up our character for credulity and its inevitable attendant, scepticism; and while we profess to look down with lofty pity upon the benighted ignorance that persecuted those who were accused of witchcraft or demoniacal intercourse,—that looked upon the prophecies of Cevennes and the *convulsionnaires* of St. Medard as veritable influences from on high,—that attributed the phenomena of natural science to a power derived from evil spirits—we have our own innumerable forms of spiritual fanaticism, our jumpers, shakers, apostle-baptists, socialists, mormons, &c. Again we have a recent and peculiar manifestation in the spiritualism of our age which requires a careful investigation of the morbid and exceptional forms of mental and nervous activity. This spiritualism widely prevails in all classes. We have tables that turn and spirits that rap; yea, clairvoyants that predict the future, reveal the distant, or communicate, like Holmes, the last compositions of Byron and Shelley in their new abodes.\*

Doubtless there is a large element of imposture in the production of many of these phenomena, intended to amuse or extract money from the credulous; but the whole cannot be summarily accounted for and dismissed on this hypothesis alone; the testimony to their reality is in some cases too high to be entirely discredited: moreover, men do not go mad upon a voluntary imposition; and it is said that of the lunatics confined in asylums in the United States, there are seven thousand five hundred and twenty who have become so entirely owing to this "spirit-faith."

In the dark ages, when the secrets of natural science were known but to a few, those adepts who could astonish the vulgar and even the learned, by flashes, explosions, and apparitions, were accounted to be assisted by familiar spirits; whilst they themselves knew, as all the world does now, that they were but taking advantage of the ordinary properties of matter. So in the present day, when men see others speaking, writing, and moving, apparently unconsciously,

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\* The spirit-faith in America is computed to embrace two millions of believers, and hundreds of thousands in other lands, with twenty thousand mediums. These include men in all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest. The daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly journals devoted solely to *spiritualism* and its doings, may be counted in the United States, we believe, by scores.



and exhibiting other exceptional phenomena of a psychical nature, an idea becomes extensively received (as we have seen above) that there is something supernatural in all this, and recourse is had, as of old, to the theory of spiritual agency to account for it. Whilst those who are familiar with the *modus operandi* of the nervous system in its normal and abnormal or exceptional conditions, recognise such phenomena as old acquaintance dressed in guise more or less new; and require no spirit more active, tricky, or mischievous than itself to stand godfather to its own strange vagaries.

None of the phenomena of life are, strictly speaking, explicable, or traceable to their ultimate cause, but they are reducible to general expressions, and susceptible of illustration by analogies, and classification according to relations; and it is with the intention of indicating the natural position of the phenomena alluded to, in a rational classification, that we propose from time to time to introduce to the notice of our readers, some of the more exceptional manifestations of the nervous system, both in its bodily and its mental relations. That form which we have selected for brief illustration in the present paper comprises both these, and will be found to include in itself a *résumé* of almost all the accounts which seem so wonderful, when attached to the history of a spiritual *séance*. It is also especially applicable as an illustration of our intended purpose; inasmuch as it has been as much the subject of superstitious conjecture as the so-called *spiritual* manifestations of the present day. Horstius informs us that somnambulists were called the "*ill-baptized*," the omission of part of the ceremony being supposed to have subjected them to the influence of spirits. He strongly opposes this view, and considers somnambulists to be truly prophets, and under the immediate influence of angels. In common with all other phenomena which appear to pass the bounds of the average knowledge of mankind, these have been summarily accounted for by supernatural influence.

Man exists during about one-third part of his life in a state of sleep, a condition of repose more or less complete, according to various influences within and without. Perfect sleep is characterized by a complete and profound unconsciousness of everything, even of existence—the senses are closed against all impressions, the limbs have become relaxed and inactive; even the will, in common with every other faculty of the mind, is in abeyance, as Lucretius says:—

—————ubi est distracta per artus

Vis animæ—

Debile fit corpus, languescunt omnia membra;

Brachia, palpebræque cadunt; poplitesque procumbunt.

Sleep is not always so profound, yet it presents such a picture of inactivity ordinarily, that poets and philosophers have frequently called it the image of death. Even Cicero speaks thus of the affinity—" *nihil videmus morti tam simile quam somnum*," and Ovid asks,

Quid est somnus, gelidæ nisi mortis imago?

Yet all this is much more poetical than philosophical, for the most profound sleep is no more really like death, than is a limb in repose to a marble image of the same. All the organic life is in full action, according to some writers in even more vigorous action, than during the waking moments; and we shall see shortly that the animal life is susceptible of considerable activity, even during the continuance of the profoundest sleep. In general some of the functions, both animal and intellectual, are only partly suspended, as is manifested in dreaming, with or without action. In this case, a kind of consciousness is present, but with a singular modification of that distinct sense of individuality or personality by which the waking man is characterised. Imagination and memory are both awake, frequently in a more active state than when the subject is truly awake; but they play strange tricks with each other, and with their possessor. He can contemplate his own murder, or attend his own funeral, without any feeling of surprise or awe; he can commit the most fearful crimes without any horror; he sees the most tremendous convulsions of nature, and the utter subversion of her ordinary laws, without astonishment; he converses with the dead, yet seeks not to know how they have escaped their prison-house; and with the living, whom he knows to be separated from him by seas and continents; and all seems natural and a matter of course. Truly has sleep a thousand sons (*natorum mille suorum*, Ovid).

From this we may draw one obvious, but very important conclusion, that *the mind may be awake as to some of its functions, whilst utterly dormant in others*. The same position is illustrated by the phenomena of ordinary reverie, upon which we cannot pause at present.

The faculties even in ordinary dreaming are very variable as to their activity. Dreams for the most part are incoherent, shadowy resemblances of scenes and ideas that are past, most frequently in new and grotesque combinations. Reason and judgment are in abeyance; we seem to ourselves to reason, and feel satisfied with the justice and propriety of our conclusions; we compose verses which charm our *amour propre* with their elegant cadence; yet if we can recall these processes when we awake, our arguments are nonsense and our lines the most outrageous doggerel. Much more rarely dreams are not a repetition, but a supplement of what has occurred during the day, or at some past time; what we have left undone in our waking moments, we finish in our sleep; compositions which have overtaken the waking mind have been known to be *dreamed out*, and accurately remembered afterwards; of this many hard students will recall one or two personal experiences; new ideas are likewise originated, as Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" is said to have been.

But the dream is occasionally so vivid as to awaken the power of voluntary motion, and the dreamer enacts or speaks his dream. Hence arise gestures, muttering, talking, walking, and the performance of the most complex operations in sleep. We observe the

elements of these actions not only in man but in domestic animals; the dog will growl and move uneasily in his sleep, or start up suddenly and bark, evidently in obedience to his dreaming ideas. From these elementary actions, up to the most perfect state of sleep-vigil, we have every gradation, indicating the perfect identity of the phenomena, as to essential nature.

The observation of sleep-walking or somnambulism is of very ancient date: two varieties were noticed, one of which we shall pass over very briefly, as being unimportant, except as a collateral illustration; it is that where the subject of it is engaged in some occupation which he continues although sleep overtakes him. Thus Galen fell asleep whilst walking, and continued to do so until he struck his foot against a stone. Felix Plater relates that he himself often fell asleep whilst playing the lute, which he continued until the instrument fell and awoke him. He also states that a friend fell asleep whilst reading aloud, and read an entire page whilst sleeping. It is said to be not unusual for soldiers upon the march to fall asleep on a fatiguing journey, still keeping up with the rest; this was often noticed during the retreat from Moscow.

Hippocrates first notices the true somnambulism, the imitation of action in accordance with sleeping ideas: "*Quosdam in somno lugentes et vociferantes vidi, quosdam exsistentes et fugientes ac diripientes quoad excitarentur.*" Aristotle also notices it.

It is most ordinary to find that those acts which are habitual by day are most frequently re-enacted by night. Of these the simplest are those connected with visiting the usual scenes of labour. Some will descend the shafts of mines, others will ride on horseback, walk, pass dangerous places which they could not have accomplished when awake, and perform the most complex mechanical operations, such as watch-making, &c. Some will even swim during sleep; Dr. Franklin relates one such instance about himself; and Macnish, in his "*Philosophy of Sleep*," gives an account of a man who walked over a rough and dangerous road nearly two miles, and then plunged into the water, where he swam a mile and a-half before he was picked up, still fast asleep. In general terms the somnambulist may perform all the acts, however complex, of which he is capable during the day, and even execute purposes which would be quite beyond his power in his waking moments; he may enter into conversation with the bystanders, and manifest a certain modified activity of any or all of the senses, as in recognising persons and things, and avoiding obstacles; he may then return to bed, and when he awakes, have no consciousness of anything that has passed. Such is generally the case, but not invariably; occasionally the somnambulism is merely the action of a vivid dream, which is remembered (but only as a dream) on waking. Horstius relates the story of a boy who "dreamed that he got out of bed, and ascended to the summit of an enormous rock, where he found an eagle's nest, which he brought away with him and placed under his bed. Now the whole of these events actually took place, and what he conceived on waking to be a mere vision, was proved to

have had an actual existence, by the nest being found in the precise spot where he imagined he had put it, and by the evidence of spectators who had witnessed his perilous adventure. The precipice which he ascended was of a nature that must have baffled the most expert mountaineer, and such as at other times he could never have scaled.\* These adventures are not always unattended by danger. Schenkius relates an instance where the somnambulist, in attempting to get out of a window, fell and broke his thigh; a similar accident happened to a musician in Bath.

Although the events of the night are usually forgotten in the morning, or only remembered as a vivid dream, yet they are registered in that mysterious storehouse of ours, the memory; for on the next accession of night-wandering, all the events of the previous attack are remembered, the thread of this strange supplementary life is taken up where it was broken perhaps months before. We think it unnecessary to quote many instances of the lower forms of somnambulism, which consist merely of repetitions of the acts of the day; they are all very much of one character; but the phenomena become much more interesting and suggestive when the manifestations of activity are more especially intellectual, and when at the same time the condition of the senses can be investigated. There are a few well-observed and well-authenticated cases of this character, which we shall proceed to abstract as briefly as is consistent with the attainment of the full significance of the facts.

Henricus ab Heers relates an instance of a friend of his own, who, being unable to finish some verses to his satisfaction by day, arose in his sleep, finished them, sought out his friends, read them, and retired to rest again. It was with difficulty that he was made to believe all that had occurred when he awoke.

Two very instructive cases are quoted by Dr. Pritchard from Muratori. The first relates to a young Italian noble, Signor Augustin, who was accustomed to walk and perform a variety of acts in his sleep. The attacks were usually announced by a peculiar manner of sleeping on his back, with wide open, staring, unmoved eyes. Vigneul Marville, an eye-witness, gives the following account of one occasion. "About midnight, Signor Augustin drew aside the bedclothes with violence, arose and put on his clothes. I went up to him, and held the light under his eyes; he took no notice of it, although his eyes were open and staring." After performing a variety of movements about the house, and seeking for many things, appearing occasionally to hear noises that were made, and to be frightened by them, "he went into the stable, led out his horse, mounted it, and galloped to the house door, at which he knocked several times. Having taken back his horse, he heard a noise which the servants made in the kitchen, and went to the door, holding his ear to the key-hole, and appeared to listen attentively." He afterwards went to the billiard-room and enacted the

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\* Quoted by Macnish.

motions of a player. He then went to the harpsichord and played a few irregular airs. "After having moved about for two hours, he went to his room and threw himself upon his bed, clothed as he was, and the next morning we found him in the same state; for as often as his attack came on, he slept afterwards from eight to ten hours. The servants declared that they could only put an end to his paroxysms either by tickling the soles of his feet, or by blowing a trumpet in his ear."

The case of Negretti is related by the same author, and is valuable as having been separately watched by two physicians, Righellini and Pigatti. He was a servant, and had walked in his sleep from his eleventh year. He would often repeat in his sleep the accustomed duties of the day, and would carry trays and glasses about, and spread the table for dinner with great accuracy, though his eyes were always firmly closed. Indeed it was apparent that he could not see, as he frequently struck against doors, and objects placed in unaccustomed positions. He sometimes carried a candle; but a bottle substituted for it seemed to do as well. His sense of taste appeared to be very imperfect, as he would eat cabbage for salad, drink water for wine, and take coffee for snuff, without appearing in any case to detect the substitution.

In other cases the senses are more awake, and the intelligence more active. Castelli, whose case is related by Francesco Soave, was found one night asleep, in the act of translating from Italian into French, and looking out the words from a dictionary. When his candle was extinguished, he arose and went to seek another light. When any one conversed with him on any subject on which his mind was bent at the time, he gave rational answers; but he seemed to hear nothing that was said to him or near him on other subjects. His eyes also seemed to be only sensible to those objects about which he was immediately engaged, and were quite fixed; so much so, that in reading he turned the whole head from side to side, instead of the eyes.

One of the most remarkable cases on record, is related by the Archbishop of Bordeaux in the "*Encyclopédie Méthodique*." It was concerning a young priest at the Catholic seminary, who used to rise in his sleep and write sermons. Having written a page, he would read it aloud, and make corrections. "I have seen [says the archbishop], the beginning of one of his sermons which he had written when asleep; it was well composed, but one correction surprised me. Having written at first the words '*ce divin enfant*,' he had afterwards effaced the word *divin*, and written over it *adorable*. Then perceiving that *ce* could not stand before the last word, he had dexterously inserted a *t*, so as to make the word *cet*." He continued to write, although a card was held between his eyes and the paper. Did the history stop here, we should have a well-authenticated case of vision without the aid of the eyes. But the collateral circumstances show that this writing was accomplished, not by sight; but by a most accurate mental representation of the object to be attained, as will be further illustrated in our next case.

For after he had written a page requiring correction, a piece of blank paper of the exact size was substituted for his own manuscript, and on that he made the corrections in the precise situation which they would have occupied on the original page. A very astonishing part of this report is that which relates to his writing music in this sleeping state, which it is said he did with perfect precision. He asked for certain things, and saw and heard such things, but *only* such things, as bore directly upon the subject of his thoughts. He detected the deceit when water was given to him instead of brandy, which he had asked for. Finally, he knew nothing of all that had transpired when he awoke; but in his next paroxysm he remembered all accurately, and so lived a sort of double life, a phenomenon which we believe to be universal in all the cases of exalted somnambulism.

A report made to the Physical Society of Lausanne, on this subject, contains by far the most elaborate and apparently trustworthy account of any we have met with, concerning somnambulism. The observations were made upon a young gentleman named Devaud, aged thirteen and a-half, of a strong constitution; but with "a nervous system of peculiar delicacy, and of the greatest sensibility and irritability." We cannot give even an abstract of the entire report, which may be consulted at length in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, under the head of "Sleep-walkers;" but must content ourselves with such parts as may illustrate the condition of the special senses, and faculties in this state. On one occasion he was attempting, at the commencement of his attack, to dress in the dark: his clothes were mixed with others, and he could not find them; but on a light being brought, he dressed readily. He heard certain sounds, but was insensible to others. "When he wishes to see an object, he makes an effort to lift the eyelids; but they are so little under his command, that he can hardly raise them a line or two; the iris at that time appears fixed, and his eye dim. When anything is given to him, and he is told of it, he always half opens his eyes with a degree of difficulty, and then shuts them after he has taken what was offered to him. The phenomena of his writing and correcting, even with a card interposed between his eyes and the paper, are related in almost precisely similar terms to those in the last-mentioned instance. The Academicians who drew up this report came to the following conclusions as regards the state of his senses. 1st. That he is obliged to open his eyes (which are usually closed), in order to recognise objects which he wishes to see; but the impression once made, although rapidly, is vivid enough to supersede the necessity of his opening them again, to view the same objects anew; that is, the same objects are afterwards presented to his imagination with as much force and precision as if he actually saw them. 2nd. That his imagination thus warmed, represents to him objects, and such as he figures to himself, with as much vivacity as if he really saw them; and lastly, that all his senses, being subordinate to his imagination, seem concentrated in the object with which he is occupied, and have at that time no perception of any-

thing but what relates to that object. "These two causes united seem to them sufficient for explaining one of the most singular facts that occurred to their observation, to wit, how the young Devaud can write, although he has his eyes shut, and an obstacle before them. His paper is imprinted on his imagination, and every letter which he means to write, is also painted there, in the place in which it ought to stand on the paper, and without being confounded with the other letters; now it is clear that his hand, which is obedient to the will of his imagination, will trace them on the real paper, in the same order in which they are represented on that which is pictured in his head." This will only appear a satisfactory account of the matter, when we remember how much more accurately all muscular motions are performed in a state of somnambulism, than at other times: the mind is intent but upon one thing, and does that perfectly, undisturbed either by any influences from without, or by any confusion or complexity of ideas or endeavours within itself.

A great number of illustrations are given in the preceding cases of the performance of all kinds of acts during sleep, by the various authors from whom we have taken our instances; but no good purpose would be answered by further accumulation. In all the higher forms of somnambulism, the phenomena are very similar; there are the same doubtful indications as to the condition of the senses—the same consciousness with regard to the objects which form the basis of the particular train of thought,—the same insensibility to almost all others—the same forgetfulness of everything on awaking, and the same remembrance during the next attack. These two latter characteristics indicate clearly a transition to another rare, yet well-recognised condition of the nervous system, in which the subject of it lives an entirely double life, knowing nothing in one of what has passed in the other; but at the beginning of each alternating state, taking up the thread of life where it had been left off on the previous occasion. Into this we cannot enter at present. Those who may be interested in the details, will find some reports of a most interesting character in Macnish's "Philosophy of Sleep."

We will now retrace briefly, the phenomena which we have met with from profound sleep, up to the highest power of somnambulism.

1. *Profound sleep*.—Entire unconsciousness.
2. *Dreaming*.—Modified consciousness, memory, fancy, and imagination awake; but wild, and rarely controlled by judgment or comparison.
3. *Acted dreams*.—All the former faculties awake to some extent—added to these, voluntary motion.
4. *Somnambulism*.—Rising from bed, visiting accustomed or unaccustomed scenes, and performing various mechanical acts. In this state the individual will perform the most dangerous feats, and the command of the muscular system is perfect.
5. *True sleep-vigil*.—In this state, in addition to the foregoing phenomena, many other mental acts are performed, judgment, comparison, synthesis, analysis, &c. The senses, closed to ordinary influences, are yet alive to those objects which are in accord with the

predominant train of thought. Here begins also double consciousness: the events of the sleep-vigil are forgotten in the waking hours, but remembered perfectly during the next paroxysm.

Somnambulism does not always or necessarily *begin* during sleep. Its connection with what we may call the *normal morbid* conditions is indicated by the identity of its symptoms, with those of certain morbid conditions of the nerves, well known to physicians, supervening as crises upon hysterical and other states. A condition analogous to somnambulism may also be produced artificially upon certain excitable constitutions, by the manipulations called mesmeric, and by Braid's hypnotic process. Upon neither of these varieties do our limits permit us to dwell; we merely indicate them in passing, trusting to the possibility of returning to the subject at some future time.

We have now to inquire what is the nature of somnambulism, and what the rationale of the singular nervous phenomena which we have passed in review—certainly, not less worthy of attention than those of spirit-writing, or spirit-drawing—phenomena also, which if susceptible of a natural explanation, would leave no insoluble mystery attached to *any* of the modern spiritual manifestations.

We may first notice that somnambulism is *not*, as has been frequently asserted and supposed, an intermediate condition between sleep and waking. Even in the slighter forms of the affection, it is true that many of the faculties enjoy a sort of activity. In the higher forms of somno-vigil, all or nearly all are in such a state, as might make it difficult sometimes to distinguish between these and their waking manifestations. But inasmuch as in all respects unaffected by the particular object of intellectual activity at the time the sleep appears to be more sound than usual, judging from the insensibility to all other impressions, and the difficulty with which the subject is awakened; inasmuch as he never passes naturally from that state to the waking one, but falls into an unnaturally deep sleep afterwards; inasmuch as there is a danger attached to interrupting this condition, which does not exist in natural sleep:—from all this we are bound to consider somnambulism as something more than a partial awakening, as something indeed quite opposed to it, and at the same time distinct from an acted dream, however vivid. What then is it? A glance over the condition of the various functions may assist us in our analysis.

The muscular system is observed to be perfectly under the command of the will, often much more powerfully and accurately so than at other times. The senses are subject to great variety as to condition. The general sensibility or touch appears to be as much increased in energy and activity as the muscular system; probably much of the information usually obtained by the special senses is acquired through the increased sensibility of this, or some modification of it; not that we believe in any vision by the epigastrium, or other part of the surface; but that the general tact is as much developed as it is in blindness, and so supplies much information that would otherwise be derived from sight.



Most of the debateable phenomena are connected with vision. The eyes are sometimes closed, sometimes widely staring and fixed, sometimes agitated by a convulsive movement, the pupils widely dilated or extremely contracted, but in all conditions evidently unfit for ordinary vision—almost always insensible to any light experimentally thrown upon them. Yet objects are recognised without doubt; they are sought for and found, and errors are detected. Of the writing whilst an opaque object is held before the eyes we have already given some account. We find it partially confirmed by the testimony of almost the solitary recorded authority who could speak from personal experience. It is very rare that the somnambulist remembers what has occurred; but M. Willermay relates that when young he had some slight accessions of somnambulism, and that he seemed to perceive "*within his head*" that which he was writing without the help of his eyes.

The sense of hearing also presents singular anomalies. Some appear to hear the slightest noise, but misinterpret it; others are insensible to the loudest sounds that have no reference to their immediate pursuit, yet will hold rational conversation upon that. The smell and taste are also variable, but are not so easily experimented upon as to afford satisfactory results.

But what is the proximate cause of all these phenomena, of all this mimicry of waking life? What is the condition of the brain and mind during this state? We know but little of the *physical* differences between the brain active and the brain at rest; but we know that differences do *potentially* exist; and that whilst the brain at rest (as in perfect sleep) is in a state of *indifference* to stimuli, the brain active responds to them by virtue of a state which may not inaptly be termed *polarity*. By *polarity* in general is understood a state of preparedness to respond to certain special stimuli or influences, and of indifference to all other objects. A bar of soft iron in its natural state is indifferent to the presence of a needle, &c.; but, brought into a magnetic condition by the presence of another magnet, or by a blow, or by electricity, or other exciting cause, it becomes possessed of *polarity*, and has certain specific relations to other masses of iron, which it had not before, whilst it remains utterly indifferent to other metals. In like manner, the charged conductor of an electric apparatus is *polar* to conducting media, but indifferent to all that class of bodies called *electrics* or non-conductors. And be it remarked in this case, that when the two elements of polarity are brought in contact, the specific phenomena are evolved, and *for the moment* the polarity terminates, to be again speedily renewed. Polarity likewise involves the idea of the accumulation of power in one part of the polar body, and a corresponding want of such power—or, what is equivalent to this, the presence of a counteracting power—in another part.

The polarity of organic bodies differs but little in essential nature from these. The eye is *polar* as to light, but indifferent to other stimuli. The ear is only polar to vibrations of sound; the organs of taste or smell respectively are only polar to their special stimuli;

and the same is the case with regard to the general sensation of touch.

Now the brain in the performance of all its normal functions is in a state of polar tension, which tension is *resolved* for the moment by action, but is continually renewed by the organic processes perpetually in operation. And whilst thought or volition affects and disturbs these organic processes, these in their turn affect thought and volition. Duly considering these relations, we see a very natural explanation of the phenomena of dreaming and somnambulism.

An electric jar may, after charging, be perfectly discharged by the appropriate apparatus, and brought into a state of complete equilibrium or indifference; yet very shortly, without any recharge, it will be found in a partially polar or recharged state; and it may require repeated processes before it is brought into a state of rest. In like manner, the brain, polar during the waking moments, is, on the accession of sleep, reduced to an equilibrium or non-polar condition. But this does not last long—the organic processes which invariably accompany and renew polar tension are still in operation; and that tension is renewed, and hence ideas arise, and all the phenomena of dreaming.

But in the waking state any emotion of the mind has a tendency to produce some corresponding action of the body, though perhaps *slight*, being checked by reflection, or other causes. In those of irritable fibre, this is invariably the case, unless corrected by education. But in a powerfully abstracted state of the mind, when *all* external influences are cut off, the body *acts* the thought of the mind, with a certainty and precision which frequently enables the bystander to read the train of ideas accurately. And in dreaming, when the mind is absorbed utterly in one train of thought, it is but what we might expect to find the limbs dramatising the pictures presented to the mind—the polarity both of quasi-perception and volition being aroused. Then we have the phenomena more or less marked, of somnambulism, with activity of *some* faculties; but in strict accordance with the requirements of a polar condition, this activity is purchased at the expense of a deeper slumber of these not so aroused—hence the difficulty of awaking the somnambulist. Hence also arises, as we might expect, the very singular phenomenon of the utter indifference of the mind to all ideas and all influences from without, except such as are in strict relation with the particular class of ideas occupying the mind. In profound abstraction and reverie—conditions similar in nature to somnambulism, although arrived at by a converse process—we constantly observe this same indifference manifested; the student is absorbed in his problem, and hears nothing of the thunder, sees none of the lightning that plays around him; the most familiar voice, or the most unearthly sounds, fall alike unheeded upon his ear. No doubt these sights and sounds produce their usual physical impression upon the organs of sense; but the brain is not *polar* to them, and therefore perceives them not, any more than the somnambulist perceives any object which the limited range of awakened thought does not include.

With the somnambulist the mind awakes to one idea, and the pursuit of this is not impeded or disturbed by any others—all other faculties not necessary to the investigation of this are locked in a slumber more profound, in proportion to the lucidity of the awakened part of the intellect. It is not, therefore, surprising that under these conditions, the mind should be, *for its object*, more acute and vigorous than when awake, or that tasks should be completed of the most abstruse character, which had baffled the waking energies. All distracting thoughts, all extraneous sources of error are withdrawn, and the mind, fully awake to this subject, is enabled to devote its concentrated energies to the task.

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## X.

### THE COMING SESSION.

WE are on the eve of a busy, and in all likelihood an eventful session. The languor, which so long depressed the political mind of the country, is rapidly passing away. All classes and all parties are escaping from its agueish influence. Unprivileged industry and intellect look up and ask each other how it has happened that they have been passive and apathetic so long. Enfranchised affluence and comfort are awaking to a sense of their duty, and offer to unbar the jealous gates of the constitution. If rank and power have hitherto been silent, let us hope that it is not from any unwise or effeminate fear of peaceful progress, and that, in their own time and their own way, they are preparing to join in the general declaration, that all interests and all classes should henceforth be identified, in feeling as in fact, with the working of our venerated and beloved institutions. For precious they are in the main to all who love freedom in sincerity. Faults there are in them, for they are human; anomalies, because they are the composite work of various generations and various circumstances; deficiencies—for does not time leave the strand bare in one place, and push its innovating tide further than before in another? Reformation, therefore, is essential to preservation.

It was that illustrious conservative, because fearless destroyer of undermined prejudices and moth-eaten delusions, Lord Bacon, who said of the Swiss Commonwealth of his day, that theirs was a system which “lasted well in spite of the want of flags or pedigree, for utility was their bond and not respects.” And we who, as a nation, claim to be as inventive and adventurous, in this, resemble too, the wise children of the Alps,—that we

affectionately preserve "all of good we have inherited and proved;" and even when it needs extension or repair, we like to see it dealt with reverently.

There has been something very significant and instructive in the gradual way in which the community at large has, during the last few months, made up its mind to devote next session to the work of Representative Reform. When Mr. Osborne, like a disimprisoned falcon, alighted on Dover Cliff, one breezy day in August, and proceeded to flap his rhetoric wings, and utter the sharp notes peculiar to him, there was hardly a sound audible indicative of approaching change.

Strange to say, the first hint of impending Reform came from Conservative members, who began to mutter, at first unintelligibly, and then more plainly, about the need of adjusting our ancient system to modern wants and wishes. Every successive speaker who addressed his Tory constituents, went a little further in liberality than the last. The public began by being amused and ended by being amazed at the slow, but steady untwisting of the rope that once bound together the prejudices and fears of Conservatism. When their old rivals occasionally appeared, they seemed to be equally afraid of making a counter bidding, or of being outbidden. They hoped, if there was to be any electoral change, that it would not be such as would tend to impair the power of the middle classes: but the middle classes gave no responsive sign of their being at all alarmed. They hoped that the towns would not be disfranchised to create new county seats: but not a town in the United Kingdom met to protest or petition against the insinuated wrong. They hoped that England was not to be despoiled of seats to enrich Scotland or Ireland; but as nobody had ever heard it proposed that she should, our sober and sensible country gave her matronly mind no trouble about the matter, contenting herself with remembering that her sons already possessed five hundred votes in the existing House of Commons, while Ireland and Scotland together could muster no more than one hundred and fifty-eight. At length towards the end of October, Mr. Bright undertook, at Birmingham, to arouse public attention more fully than it had previously been, to the duty of being prepared for the impending discussion of Reform. We need not recall the stirring appeals which then and since have been made by him, or pause to note the accelerated speed with which the waters have ever since continued to rise. It was sufficiently clear, indeed, from the guarded but pregnant expressions let fall by Lord Derby at the Mansion-house dinner, that, far from deprecating popular sympathy or popular expectation, he and his colleagues had made up their minds, that their best chance of floating

their political bark over the rocks and shoals ahead, lay in the depth of the wave they already began to feel swelling beneath them. The Premier volunteered the announcement that ministers were then sedulously "engaged in preparing measures of social, financial, and political improvement," which they meant to bring forward as soon as Parliament met; and those who noted the frequent Cabinet Councils (sometimes as many as five in a single week), which took place during November and the first half of December, no longer deemed it possible to entertain any doubts as to the imminency of a great legislative struggle.

For, we should be wilfully blind, if we did not discern palpable symptoms that great and wide-spread means are gathering to resist popular demands. Surmise and conjecture are busy with high names, both Whig and Tory; and hints are darkly dropped of powerful influences to be brought to bear, for the purpose of frustrating all further Reform. For ourselves, we are habitually indisposed to believe in the power of covert machinations, to thwart the calm and clear will of a free people. The fate of Cabinets, or of party combinations, may depend on the alienation of this parliamentary potentate, or the defection of the other; but if the onward progress of representative freedom be the great truth and great reality we believe it to be, its triumph is inevitable; and the only remaining question is,—by whose hand shall the flag be waved in the hour of victory.

There is always a certain degree of curiosity felt, at the beginning of a session, as to the position which individuals of note and their adherents may take in either House of Parliament. In the Lords, the vacillating element generally gravitates towards its natural place on the cross benches, which are significantly open at both ends, as if to enable our modern Trimmers the more easily to slide alternatively into either of the opposite scales. Ex-ministers, who think they have not been sufficiently appreciated, or who have splintered off from their friends on some special question, think it dignified to sulk conspicuously on these equivocal cushions; and flatter themselves that at each recurring pinch, they are of more importance when they rise to pronounce their respective opinions. After the break-up of Sir Robert Peel's government, in 1846, the late Duke of Wellington always sat on the cross bench nearest to the table; wishing it to be understood, that though he retained the Command of the Army, he was ready to take his share as a peer in the work of legislation, though he had done with party politics. Here also sat the late Earl Grey, when on rare occasions he attended the House, after his retirement from office in 1834. And here may now be seen the liberally-disposed, but Whig-distrusting Duke

of Newcastle, who has had the ill luck to be sought and sacrificed by all parties in turn ; and who has, nevertheless, a very good chance of being one day or other Premier. The Court never disguised its feeling that he was hardly dealt with in 1855. Lord John Russell was quite right in thinking that he was not the best man for Minister of War ; but Lord Aberdeen erred lamentably in not deciding so in time : and the Peelites have hardly been yet thoroughly forgiven by his Grace, for remaining in office after he had been thrown overboard. There can be no doubt that the old Earl has felt he owed him some amends ; and if rumour be not wholly false, he was anxious last spring to use the influence he possesses in high quarters, to have him placed at the head of a new coalition. The attempt was premature, and the project failed. Meanwhile the Duke has agreed to accept the useful, though unpolitical post of President of the Commission of Enquiry into National Education, for the duties of which, his unwearied industry, and entire freedom from sectarian exclusiveness, eminently fit him. Lord Aberdeen sat last session a little apart from, but not very far off the Whig chiefs on the Opposition side. There also sat Lord Shaftesbury, and some few other members of the Carlton Club, who had supported the Palmerston Government, and who warmly resented its overthrow.

Lord Lyndhurst sticks to his party more steadily than most of his forensic and political contemporaries have done. Every afternoon that the House sat last session he might be seen, creeping steadily to his place behind the Ministers, as the dial pointed to five ; and there he would sit watching paternally over their proceedings, and occasionally interchanging observations with more than one of them. Never were such speeches delivered on such a variety of topics, and delivered so impressively by a man in his eighty-fifth year. Other old men of genius seem to be now and then rekindled by some exciting occasion into a transient blaze of the light we believed we had lost ; but when the resuscitating breath of the passing emotion subsides, the eye grows dim and the hand falls, and the tones of the eloquent voice grow faint and inarticulate once more. It is not so with Lord Lyndhurst. All the impulse and sustaining power with him seem to come from within. Instead of growing fitful or dull with age, his political judgment seems, like choice wine, only to ripen more and more perfectly as it grows old. His grasp of facts, whether familiar or strange, is as easy and firm as it was half a century ago ; and his power of arrangement and exposition remains, what it always was, unrivalled. A reply of Lord Clarendon's to one of his searching and suggestive speeches on foreign affairs used to remind one of the tuning of

the orchestra after a symphony of Beethoven's. We hear that the illustrious octogenarian has worn well this winter, and that he is ready to resume his post of Nestor in the Conservative host when Parliament meets. Lord Brougham, who likes to spend December and January at his seat near Cannes, will probably be there too, eager to press on the Chancellor the propriety of taking early in hand some of the various measures of Law Amendment which Sir Fitzroy Kelly has been preparing during the recess. And there will undoubtedly be Lord Granville, with a smile and a shake of the hand for everybody; and the Duke of Argyll with his tiresome though tart commonplaces for all who will lend an ear. Nor is it likely that Lord Grey, acrid and arrogant but always able, will be absent. Haughty and independent as he whose name he bears, and inheriting much of his talent and all his tenacity of opinion, the present Earl Grey is a man to whom may be applied the memorable words in which Chatham described a distinguished opponent, as "one whose early errors had not ceased with his youth, and who had remained uninstructed in spite of experience." By his wayward and petulant conduct in 1839, when he quitted the Melbourne Cabinet sooner than tolerate the Ballot being made an open question, he contributed essentially to the final fall of the Liberal Administration. Excluded from the Coalition in 1853, he endeavoured to deter Parliament from lending its sanction to the Russian War; and he consoled himself by periodically carping at the policy of the Palmerston Cabinet, criticising its measures and contributing, as far as in him lay, to precipitate its fall. Since that event Lord Grey has probably felt less unhappy within himself; and he has certainly displayed more sense of vigour. He is beyond comparison the best debater and the best-read politician that the Whigs have among them in the Upper House. He may well aspire, therefore, to be their future Leader there; and his thorough-going advocacy of what are generally understood to be the Palace views of foreign affairs, may render him possibly not unacceptable as a future minister. But it must be understood, whenever Lord Grey is summoned to the Royal closet, that it will be to aid in the formation of a government of resistance, not one of progress.

In the Commons there are no cross benches, though there have been of late no lack of persons who might appropriately occupy them. After so many political fusions and severances, coalitions for sake of office, and piebald combinations to achieve objects common to various parties in opposition, it could not well be otherwise. After each Cabinet wreck there have always been an additional number of spars cast loose on the waters, and observable for some time floating about, uncertain apparently

whither they were drifting. After the last general election the case of more than one individual of note was ludicrously distressing. It took some time for the irresolute who had survived their faith in old party leaders, to make up their minds on what particular cushion they could sit most independently, and at the same time preserve the greatest ostensible show of personal consistency. The large infusion of new members rendered this in many respects more difficult, and when at the beginning of last year the "only possible government" was summarily cashiered, and the overwhelming majority it boasted of was broken up, the perplexity of parliamentary egotisms, each in search of a knoll where it might raise a conspicuous flag of its own, became wholly indescribable. We could name more than one politician of note who literally could not make up his mind where to sit, or even on which side of the House to settle for many days, if not weeks, after the Derby administration assumed the reins of power, and the story is told of a well-known personage who frequented the lobbies and galleries for the first fortnight before he could bring his right honourable courage up to the mark of plunging into the body of the House, conscious that however straight he might dive, he must commit himself by coming up on one side or other. It was strange to see Sir James Graham holding on to his previous anchor just below the gangway on the ministerial side, after every occupant of the Treasury Bench had been changed, in consequence of the vote of censure of the 19th February. The reason he assigned was, we believe, the genuine one—that utterly severed although he might be from the new government, he felt less objection to sit on the same side with them than to cross the House with Lord Palmerston, whom of all political men he regards with antipathy and distrust. Sir James has, of late years, got back by degrees to most of his early opinions, and we have a sort of conviction that he will take the first opportunity to declare himself strongly in favour of thorough-going reform. When pressed last year to take the lead by coming out decisively for the ballot, he intimated his belief that it must come, and that he did not intend to vote any longer against it: but after so many changes as he had made of party ties and connections, he did not like to seem eager to run ahead of other men to win popularity. If anything, however, can be deemed certain in a future like that now before us, it is that the veteran member for Carlisle must occupy a place in whatever administration succeeds that of Lord Derby. Under Lord Palmerston he could hardly with honour consent, indeed, to act, and he would hardly be asked to do so. The chances, however, are too small to be worth counting of his lordship being called on again to *de-form* a government.



Near to Sir James Graham last year sat, strange to say, Mr. Stuart Wortley, whom Lord Palmerston had chosen to put over the heads of all the Liberal bar, and to make Solicitor General; and between him and Sir James Graham throughout last session he was to be seen, who by general consent is now acknowledged as the first orator of the senate, the Member for the University of Oxford.

Will Mr. Gladstone's place be vacant when the House meets in February, or will he have returned from his Ionian adventure in quest of administrative fame? When asked to undertake the thankless and irksome duty of inquiring into the grievances of the Septinsular Confederation, he is believed to have at first declined; and his subsequent acceptance of the Commissionership Extraordinary is said to have been the result of a communication made through the Duke of Newcastle, expressive of wishes higher than ministerial. However this may be, it cannot be denied that in consenting to relieve the Colonial Department *pro hac vice*, and the Government generally, from the responsibility of deciding on the best means of dealing with the Greek difficulty, Mr. Gladstone has acted a disinterested and patriotic part. If it was his intention and that of his Peelite friends who remain on the *ci-devant* Tory side, to join the administration before Easter, that were all the stronger reason why he should not have risked the loss of previous reputation by undertaking a task in whose performance he was far more likely to lose than to gain popularity at home. To one so femininely susceptible to ridicule, the proposed plunge into modern Greek politics must have had little temptation. He could hardly have been unaware that his recent volumes on the poetry and mythology of the Homeric age had formed the staple of witty, as of witless sneers in the society of those who envy and hate the versatility of his genius.\* Possibly this may account for the pains taken to keep the matter a secret until the very eve of his departure. Whether he would have consented to go at all, had any little bird warned him, that by the time he had got as far as Vienna, such a grenade as that flung by Mr. Guernsey, would come phizzing over his head, threatening to blind him, and to bewilder those to whom he was sent, by its explosion,—we do not undertake to say. But it may well be imagined, that to a fastidious and fanciful mind like his, the strangely infelicitous despatch of Sir Bulwer Lytton, announcing his mission to the Senate of Corfu, must have been infinitely more distasteful. A more unwise or unsuitable com-

\* When somebody asked, not long ago, why one had heard so little of Mr. Gladstone during the autumn, a lady of distinction is said to have replied,—“Oh! he has not had a moment to himself; he has been so busy trying to persuade Mrs. Gladstone to make the acquaintance of Helen.”

position it has seldom been our lot to read. Platitudes are bad things at best; but if we must have them, we have a right to their being smooth outside and empty within. The Colonial Secretary's in this case were neither; but seemed to consist of exaggerated puffery of the Envoy, which a man like Mr. Gladstone did not need, and of inordinate humility on the part of the Government, which no Government, however generously minded towards a disaffected dependency, can ever afford to assume. It is not the custom—certainly it is not wise, to herald the approach of a well-known statesman by fulsome panegyrics on his University reputation, literary fame, or style of speaking in Parliament; and it is still more foolish in those who are intrusted with the keeping of an empire like ours, to dismount in the midst of a turbulent mob, and by foppish genuflections, and abject deprecations, to try and coax or cozen the crowd into good humour. We think the Corfiotes and Cephalonians have been sadly aggrieved; we believe their enforced submission to our authority is a loss unbalanced to us by any gain; and we regard their oppression by England as a European blunder and a national shame. But "if oppression maketh even the wise man mad," we know that it renders the ignorant and superstitious more than ordinarily unruly, suspicious, and perverse. And just because this is true, greater folly no man can commit who is intrusted with the guidance of Imperial affairs, and who seeks safely to ameliorate the condition of a people who have had cause to complain of misrule, than to lower the tone of authority prematurely, or to tempt, by affected terms of equality, unemancipated dependents into taking beforehand the airs of freedom. The weak love of fine writing, palpably led the author of "*Rienzi*" to forget all this; and by a sort of poetic justice, it appears that the immediate penalty of his official fault followed its commission in the universal agreement, that even as a prize composition the despatch was an egregious failure.

If we have been severe in our censure of the accomplished and distinguished Secretary for the Colonies, it is because we are thoroughly vexed to see a man whom we regard as, in a certain sense, a representative of political men of letters, beguiled by the intellectual coxcombry he ought to have long since outgrown, into attempts at cutting a figure in flashy paragraph-weaving. Though widely differing from Sir Bulwer Lytton in many of the opinions by whose advocacy as a writer he is known, we confess that we were glad of his elevation to the post he now fills, because we regarded it as a tribute paid to self-asserting talent, unassociated with oligarchic wealth or birth; and as an assertion of the great principle of Intellectual Equality in the eligibility of men for office, as opposed to the insolent usurpation of family and

fortune. It is therefore we are angry, and being angry, we think it much better to say out what we feel, and have done with it, than to compromise consistency and the hope of a great cause, in a short-sighted endeavour to gloss over what is manifestly wrong. Since the right honourable baronet has been installed in the Colonial Office he has surprised (perhaps disappointed) many by his patient and unceasing devotion to the business of his department, and by the unassuming urbanity of his demeanour towards all with whom he has come into contact. In the dispensation of patronage he has not yet been seriously tried, none of the great posts in our wide-spread dominion having fallen vacant during the past year. What he has had to give away, however, he has apparently bestowed with a single eye to merit and a sense of what was due to the public interest. He will, no doubt, have to face many searching interrogations, when the season for the lawful Parliamentary sport of cracking pop-gun shots, and winging or missing political opponents on the plateau of St. Stephen's returns; but in our judgment he has little to apprehend from hostility either in Parliament or the Press, if he will but give heed to the well-known counsel of a deep thinker, addressed to a young aspirant to rhetorical renown,—“Whenever you have written down an elaborate sentence which you think particularly fine, be sure you do not hesitate to fling it into the fire.”

Whoever else may be menaced, among the occupants of the Treasury Bench, with a rallying or a rating, by the critics of the opposition, it is pretty certain that Lord Stanley will not excite violent criticism against himself or his department. Amid political troubles, our new minister for India will be a tolerably safe man,—he is a man without passions, strong faith, or impulse, a man who entered himself at starting in public life for one great stake—the premiership; and who not only never has said or done anything which he believed had a tendency to retard his progress towards that goal, but who probably never felt the slightest temptation to commit such an imprudence. Ignorant people are accustomed to talk of Lord Stanley as a singularly clever young man. There cannot be a greater mistake. He is mentally a very old man, and an exceedingly prudent one. As for youth, he never was young. His father—who seems to have given him all he had in the way of experience, sobriety and judgment, and to have kept all the buoyancy, fun and waywardness of youth for himself—never tires of trying to decoy his absorbed and ambitious heir into amusement and geniality. But as well might he try to bring the light laugh of the cymbal out of a piece of India rubber. No harsh or rigid resistance is made to the attempt. No amount of pressure leaves permanent wrinkle or frown. No strain seems too much for that marvel-

lously adaptive nature. But when the pressure is removed and the tension relaxed, all resumes its calm and serious aspect. There is something ineffably sad about the look of premature ambition, when it exerts an engrossing influence over the energies and susceptibilities of youth, and tends to dry up the wayside springs of sympathy and enjoyment. All who sincerely wish Lord Stanley well would gladly see about him more evidence of social geniality, and a wiser appreciation of the little things of life. And yet more would they like to see in him the kindling earnestness and the generous courage which are born of clear faith in some truth which is grander than himself or his highest ambition. This amenity of manner, and unselfish enthusiasm, Lord Stanley must attain ere he become the statesman he hopes to be ; he must leave his books and political lore to be himself a man, ere he can become an ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν, a king of men. A statesman cannot live by books alone. Were there six-and-thirty hours in the day they would not suffice to enable the most diligent and retentive student to acquire therefrom the knowledge whereby men are to be governed. That which no ancient or modern history, statistics, or the reports of committees, mountains of evidence in print, or files of analysis in manuscript can teach, is the one thing needful to him who aspires to sway mankind. Hitherto Lord Stanley's discretion and persistent policy have not been warped or disturbed by either party bias or personal attachment. Nobody thinks of asking a man to job for him, who is not even suspected of caring a rush for the opinion of clubs or coteries, and who is understood to feel that he has individually nothing to gain by the propitiation even of the whole party he acts with, compared with the reputation he seeks to earn with the nation at large. His ties with that party are obviously fragile, and may be severed finally any day. It is no secret that he is neither liked or trusted by the racing and fox-hunting interest, who since the death of Lord George Bentinck have had no leader in the Commons whom they acknowledged as their legitimate chief. To Mr. Disraeli they only submit perforce.

Lord Palmerston has long been the incarnation of their *beau ideal* of parliamentary statesmanship. Their hearts were won by him on that memorable night when he refused to aid Mr. Villiers in forcing down their throats a supererogatory confession of the truth of Free Trade, assigning as his reason that "the country gentlemen of England must not be humiliated." They cheered him then as they had cheered no man since Sir Robert Peel's apostacy ; and they cheered him on until he became Premier. It was their cordial aid, on which he knew that he could count whenever he thought fit to snub the Radicals or assail the Peclites, or sever himself from Lord John Russell ;

that enabled him to carry on the government for three years; and it is now a very doubtful question whether the irresistible tendency of things will not place him avowedly at their head. A congenial section of retrograde Whigs still faithfully adhere to him, and would probably follow whithersoever he led, rather than reunite again with the Advanced Liberals. The Conspiracy Bill revealed how deep was the gulf fixed between him and them. They had long been trying not to see or believe in it; and even after the chasm yawned, there were some amongst them who hugged the hope in their hearts of getting back to the flesh-pots of Egypt, if the master whose thrall they had broken would but contrive a bridge. This hope died within them when, in reply to a question from one of their number, the ex-Prime Minister jauntily stated that during the three years he had held office he had not thought of redeeming his pledge respecting Reform, by preparing a Bill. It is hard to believe that a declaration like this was wantonly or unwittingly made. As final notice to quit to the gentlemen below the gangway, by whose desertion of him and return to their old principles he had been driven from power, it is intelligible enough: and as notice to all whom it might concern in the Conservative interest, whether belonging to Brookes' or the Carlton, that here was a leader in whom they could trust, in want of a party if they would follow him, the meaning is equally clear. Evidently Lord Grey, Mr. Sydney Herbert, and not a few more of the territorial class accepted the intimation in this sense. Past estrangements were forgotten, old slights condoned, and Cambridge House was full of supercilious joy at its anticipated triumph and restoration by means of Mr. Cardwell's motion. Since the signal failure of that reactionary measure, Lord Palmerston has done nothing to alter his position with relation to parties; and his unwonted silence during the recess has not tended to make people believe that his future reliance will be placed on liberal support. He will, for a time no doubt, continue to be surrounded by those whom Lord Brougham is said to have termed "his staff of eleventh-rate men." Some few indeed who held office under him have tried, during the autumn, to doff their official uniform, and have offered to take service once more in the ranks of ungagged reformers. But the majority of Lord Palmerston's colleagues have given forth worse than uncertain sounds on the vital question of the day: while the reckless incentives to thwart all real reform held out by the former Vice-President of the Board of Trade have brought the most credulous dreamers of a "patch up between Palmerston and Lord John" to see at last the delusions of such expectations.

Much will, no doubt, depend on the course which the noble

member for London may take at the commencement of the session. Will he yield to the solicitations of the Woods and Greys, the Lewises and the Vernon Smiths, to come once more amongst them, and take his seat opposite the table? Or will he continue to maintain the attitude of reserve which he has hitherto adopted, and continue to sit on the front bench of the independent Liberals immediately below the gangway? While we own that we should prefer to recognise him on the first night of next session in the place he has hitherto occupied, we are confident, from whatever place Lord John Russell chooses to address the House, that his utterance will be clear, honest, and sound. We hardly venture to expect that on the question of the Franchise he will go quite as far as we could wish; but we thoroughly credit the profession he has so often made of his desire to see a fair share of representative rights conceded to the working classes. Feeling, as he does, that this is necessary before the country can have permanent repose, or the constitution, whose integrity he so jealously guards, can be made impregnable to democratic assault, he owes to himself as the first of our statesmen, to the party he has led so long, and to the nation in the book of whose laws his name is oftener to be found than that of any legislator of our time, to take an early, a prominent, and decisive part in the approaching controversy. Let the recusant and the factious lurch if they will for opportunities to outbid their rivals in office, or to double back upon them if that should happen to be the game whereby they may snatch a majority in a division. The fate of reform and the possession of power no longer depend on chance victories of this kind. Lord Derby and his colleagues have fairly earned a right, whenever beaten in a House packed by their adversaries, to appeal to the sense of the country. What will their forthcoming measure be? Here we are lost in conjecture and surmise grounded upon the knowing looks and oracular hints given by men who would seem to know what the Ministry are concocting, but really know as little as ourselves. Into this limbo of hypotheses, therefore, we will not drag our readers. In another article we have distinctly articulated the several points of the new Charter of Reform which we demand. That Charter, we believe, is moderate, just, and imperatively needed; and resistance to it will be miserably foiled. The country has been too long tantalized with the question of Representative Reform, and will endure no more the fribble excuses with which it has been slighted and postponed. The question must now be settled and done with. Men like Mr. Bright, Mr. Roebuck, and Mr. Milner Gibson can contribute most usefully to the result. Still more it may be promoted by the firmness, promptitude, and courage of Lord John Russell.

## XI.

## OUR THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES.

## WHAT OUGHT THEY TO DO FOR THE CHURCHES?

ONLY a very few years ago it was almost universally taken for granted that the ancient power of the Pulpit had passed over to the Press. We were continually being told, both by the friends of the Christian faith and by its foes, that the editors of daily newspapers and monthly magazines, and the brilliant reviewers in our great Quarterlies, had succeeded to the rank, honour, and public influence which, for centuries, had belonged to the Christian ministry. How this wonderful event had been brought about was not explained. It implied a total reconstruction of human nature, that the living voice should be feebler than the printed book; it implied the cancelling of Divine promises, the repeal of Divine precepts, the withdrawal of gifts which had been bestowed on the Church, as her noblest and wealthiest endowment, that the mysterious power of the ministry over the hearts and consciences of mankind, should cease or in any way decline. The strongest evidence ought to have been demanded of the reality of the amazing revolution; but no clear proof was given. A requiem was sung over the old dynasty; hallelujahs hailed the inauguration of the new; and men accepted the change in the seat of regal power over all that is grandest and holiest and most awful in our nature, as an inevitable and by no means extraordinary necessity.

It is very evident, however, that during the last ten years, public opinion in reference to the power of the pulpit, has undergone a great transformation. Penny newspapers, weekly journals, monthly magazines, have failed to regenerate the country. Men are beginning once more to recognise the pulpit as a real and living power. It is our conviction that, before long, the change in public feeling will reveal itself, in the consecration to the sacred functions of the ministry, of a far nobler order of men than have occupied the pulpit for many a long year. Let it once be clearly seen that preaching has not become obsolete, that the mightiest sceptre out of heaven is swayed by a divinely-sent and divinely-qualified Christian minister, and the moral force, the eloquence, the genius of the Church, which of late have been devoted to literature, will again passionately yearn for the labours and the glories of the ministry. For our own part, we believe that there was never a time in the history of this land, or of any other, when a preacher of vigorous intellect and glowing heart, having a clear understanding of divine truth, and possessed and penetrated with the power of the Holy Spirit, could do a greater work than he may do here in England at this hour.

It is, therefore, of immense importance that our theological colleges should do their true work, and do it wisely and efficiently. It is but too evident that, in some quarters, there is a rising

antagonism against thorough and protracted ministerial training. That antagonism will become deeper, broader, and intenser, unless it is demonstrated that the cultivated men are more mighty than their irregular allies, in their mastery over the human intellect and heart. It would be a sad and portentous revolution, if the pulpits of Nonconformity came to be filled with a race of ministers who had never been disciplined by a severe and elaborate college education; but if that catastrophe should ever be consummated,—we see indications of its commencement,—the councils, committees and professors of our theological colleges, or rather, the educated members of our churches who are their constituents and real conductors, will have to sustain a large share of the reproach. We say this not in the spirit of hostility to any existing institutions. We are profoundly convinced of the value and importance of an educated and accomplished ministry. We love and honour the men who occupy the professorial chairs of the two great sections of Nonconformity, and are earnestly solicitous for the influence and prosperity of the institutions over which they preside.

We take it for granted that the principal object of our theological colleges is to train men for the pulpit and the pastorate. The shelves of their libraries, loaded with the wisdom and the folly, the truth and the error, the eloquence and the dulness, the recorded crimes and the recorded heroisms of all ages and of all lands, their lecture-rooms, their long rows of quiet studies consecrated to austere but glorious labours, are all intended not to prepare the students to occupy the editorial chair, or to discourse learnedly to audiences fit though few on the philosophies and religions of ancient and modern times, on schools of art, or schools of exegesis, but to educate preachers. It is enough if our colleges produce a few great scholars and a few great writers in half a century. It should be their aim and ambition to discipline to athletic strength the powers which are brought into play in the pulpit, and then to fire the heart with apostolic fervour. These views are held by all the most earnest and hearty supporters of our collegiate institutions, and by the men who sustain the honours and responsibilities of the professoriate. In advancing them we only give expression to convictions held in common by all who are interested in these grave matters.

But that these principles may be thoroughly and honestly carried out, two great changes are necessary in nearly all the colleges with which we have any acquaintance. In the first place, the study of Theology must be rescued from its present neglect, and invested with an authority and fascination which it appears to have lost. Strange as it may seem, we believe that there is scarcely any study which, during the last five-and-twenty years, has been pursued with less earnestness in our Theological colleges than that from which they derive their name. Medicine has been studied in the Hospitals, and Law in the Inns of Court, but Theology has been grievously neglected in the very institutions erected to teach it. The assertion will scarcely be denied by any persons who have



had opportunities of forming a trustworthy opinion on the question; but if proof be asked for, we beg to point to the great difficulty in the way of filling up theological professorships, whenever they fall vacant. A score of men can be found at any moment among nonconformist ministers competent to teach the Greek and Latin languages, geometry, algebra, and the natural sciences, logic and rhetoric, or philosophy, to one competent to occupy the chair of systematic theology. Committees sit in silent despair when the discussion comes on about the fittest person to occupy the vacant post; or the names of a few well-known men are suggested, whom it would be in vain to attempt to remove from their churches. One would have imagined that a theological professorship could have been filled more easily than any other by men whose very business it is to expound the Scriptures and to preach its truths; but no; the ministers who could fill a classical, mathematical, or philosophical chair, are, we repeat, twenty times more numerous than the ministers who are competent to deliver professorial lectures on their own proper science. It is as though lawyers were learned in everything but law, and physicians perfect masters of every science but medicine.

We might give another proof derived from experience in our own craft as reviewers. There are twenty men, ay twenty ministers, in whose hands an editor can trust a great book on any scientific, literary, or political subject, to one to whom he can look with confidence for a thoroughly good article in any difficult and intricate question of dogmatic theology.

These facts, and many others like them which it would be very easy to produce, demonstrate that the neglect of theological science is not to be charged upon the students who are now in the colleges, as though they were guilty of a strange, original, and hitherto unknown crime; the men who have been out of college fifteen or twenty years are equally in fault.

The explanation is not far to seek. Thirty or forty years ago a great change silently began to work in the very heart of evangelical nonconformity. The agitation for the repeal of unjust ecclesiastical distinctions, and for the political enfranchisement of the middle and trading classes, among which dissenters have always been strong, led not unnaturally to the determination, on the part of Nonconformists, to secure for their ministry a secular education which should make them the dangerous rivals, even in classical learning and philosophical culture, of the clergy who ministered in the church of the aristocracy. It was remembered that in old times some of the greatest English scholars had refused allegiance to the Establishment, and that nonconformity had been able fearlessly to challenge comparison in respect to scholarly equipment with the noblest, most venerated, and most dignified sons of the Church of England. The resolution was formed to rull away the shame of being taught and guided by an uneducated ministry. The great cry about the progress of popular enlightenment, and the sudden creation of a superior popular literature, assisted the movement. The old system of training theological students under the roof of

some well-read and devout minister quite died out. Our academies became colleges. A more numerous staff of professors was appointed. General literature and the classics were cultivated with enthusiasm, and theology sunk into almost universal neglect. This tendency was strengthened by another set of influences. Systematic theology was losing favour with the churches generally; creeds which were justly protested against when invested with the authority derived from legal pains and penalties, or made the terms of church communion, became unpopular altogether, and all formal, exact statement of doctrinal truth was opposed by many as hostile to true spiritual freedom. Doctrinal catechisms gradually ceased to be used in the education of children, and an acquaintance with the historical parts of the Bible, and even with the mere drapery of Scripture history, such as the geography of Palestine, and the manners and customs of the Jews, displaced that systematic knowledge of the outlines of theological truth which had previously been the principal aim of Sunday-school and household instruction. The spirit which wrought these changes outside college walls penetrated within, and made the theological class-room unpopular, and theological work a drudgery.

The establishment of the University of London, and the vigour which its examinations infused into the secular studies of the affiliated colleges consummated the mischief. Let us not be misunderstood. We cordially acknowledge that Nonconformist colleges have derived great advantages from their connection with the University. The prospect of the ordeal at Somerset House and in Piccadilly has stimulated many of our students to more exact and diligent study; the ambition of becoming a first-class B.A. and of winning the Master's Gold Medal has saved many a young man from habits of indolence and desultoriness, and inaugurated an epoch of strenuous and successful labour. And we believe in the inestimable advantage of having a learned ministry; for the perfect discipline of mental strength, and for the highest success in the investigation of theological science, thorough scholarship is indispensable; our hold on general society will be lost if our pulpits are filled with uneducated men; and we trust, therefore, that the time will never come when the highest honours the University can confer will no longer be sought and won by the students of Dissenting colleges.

But we are simply stating an indisputable fact when we affirm that, in the case of a large number of the young men who are admitted to college, it is impossible to secure adequate theological training if they are encouraged to graduate; and in the case of very many the attempt to graduate, even if successful, is likely to ruin their efficiency as preachers and pastors. If all our students when they entered college brought with them the results of a good grammar-school education, it would be very easy for them to spend, on an average, three hours every day on theology, after the first year or two of their course, and to secure a good position at the University as well; but the majority are so ill-prepared when they enter college that nearly all their time and quite all their vigour must be given to secular studies to render success at the University possible.

It may be urged that the mental habits, favoured by these disciplinary labours, are abundantly more valuable than any amount of mere knowledge, even of theological science. We admit, that there is much force in the reply; and although it would be thought very odd if medical schools instead of teaching medicine, military schools instead of teaching the art of war, gave merely a general education, qualifying their pupils for the subsequent study of their particular pursuit, a tolerable defence of theological colleges in which theology is neglected might be made, if by the end of the four, five, or six years' residence, the students became thoroughly good scholars. It would be much better even then to keep them two or three years longer, and give them an opportunity of laboriously investigating the science which must lie at the foundation of their public teaching; but yet the colleges would do a great work if all or even the majority of their men entered the ministry enriched with the wealth of solid secular learning, and strong with the strength developed in acquiring it. Unquestionably there are some to whom tutors and committees may point with pride as proofs that this measure and kind of success has actually been accomplished; but can twenty-five or thirty per cent of such men be found among the students that are dismissed every year with honourable credentials from their colleges, and wearing the bachelor's degree conferred by the University? A very moderate acquaintance with the collegiate institutions of the two denominations will convince every man capable of forming an opinion that the percentage is lower than we have fixed it.

And how can it be otherwise? After all the attempts to make the college matriculation examination a reality instead of a sham, it is very well known that if a young man possesses moral and spiritual qualifications for the ministry, and has given proof that he is likely to be a good speaker, he may be tolerably confident of passing its council or its board, though he has never crossed the *pons*, confounds algebraical symbols with astrological mysteries, knows hardly more about Greek than about Chinese or Sanscrit. Nor do we think that the authorities would do wisely if they resolutely barred their doors against all who could not meet the educational requirements of their statutes. God often kindles a divine fire on altars very roughly hewn, and on regions remote from human culture often lavishes a divine beauty.

But the attempt to make such persons scholars is most commonly an utter failure; their mental habits are too firmly set, the faculties exercised in the mastery of languages are too shrunk and shrivelled through long disuse, for it to be possible, except in a few extraordinary cases, to enable them even in a five or six years' course, to approach the scholarship which any ordinary lad acquires by ordinary industry at a good public school for the six or seven years between the day he is breeched, and the time when he begins to long for collars and whiskers. The University course was never intended for young men who, up to the time they commenced it, were ignorant of every language but their own, and spoke that

imperfectly; it implies at least four or five years' good previous schooling. The history of a student who, having entered college without this earlier training, attempts to graduate (there are, of course, some splendid and many honourable exceptions,) may be very easily imagined, even by those who are not among the initiated.

He enters, let us suppose, in September, and is ambitious of matriculating at the University the following July. His time between September and Christmas is almost wholly taken up in tedious, sickening labour over the elements of Greek and Latin, in plodding through the first book of Euclid, and working the simplest algebraical problems; at odd hours he reads a little English history, using some book written specially for the purpose of "cramming," and, of course, utterly destitute of all those brilliant and thoughtful qualities, which place the works of our great historians among the most valuable instruments of intellectual culture. All genial books, books which fill the imagination with splendour and melt the heart with pathos; all thoughtful books, written by the great masters of the noblest wisdom, giving vigour to the intellect by their severe logic, and seriousness to the heart by their profound discoveries of the unchanging realities which underlie the shifting phenomena of the world's confused and tumultuous history, and elevating the whole nature of man by their lofty contemplations of the invisible, eternal, and divine,—all such books are loaded with dust on the library shelves; and day after day is spent in the lowest kind of intellectual labour,—labour by which the natural fervour of youth is chilled, passion drained dry, the glory of imagination quenched, the power (if it was ever possessed) of writing and speaking picturesque and racy English quite paralysed.

No sooner is the Christmas vacation over than these dull, dreary, mechanical toils recommence. With declensions and conjugations continually slipping from his grasp, the unhappy student "grinds" away at Virgil, Horace, or Livy, Homer, Herodotus, or Xenophon; Liddell and Scott incessantly in motion at his right hand and Valpy or Buttman at his left. He gets through not more than ten or twelve lines a-day for the first fortnight or three weeks, and inwardly marvels when he hears his tutor talk of the gliding gracefulness, the finished elegance, and the simple beauty of a phrase over which for an hour the previous evening, he had ground his teeth, and the suggestiveness of a thought which had seemed to him not by any means worth the long and laborious digging by which he had dug it out of an unknown tongue. The afternoons and scraps of time during morning and evening are occupied with half-a-dozen different subjects, on which the examining powers expect him to know something; he lays down his French grammar to take up a popular description of the air-pump, and by way of relief passes from Latham's "English Language," which seems to him, poor fellow, the driest of all dry books, to a short sketch of the elements of hydraulics. By dint of hard cramming, and through a kind Providence sending him just such "papers" as he longed for, he

finds himself in the first class in the matriculation list; and begins to think he really knows something about Greek, Latin, and French, and the physical sciences, and he glorifies himself through the long vacation on his triumph. A few weeks of comparative idleness succeed, for the B.A. is not yet in sight, and work which does not tell on the degree is little cared for. But very soon the drudgery commences again; everything gives place to it; dogmatic theology, exegesis, homiletics, ecclesiastical history, receive just that amount of attention which the tutor is able to enforce; earnestness and vigour are all absorbed in other directions. He scrambles through his examination, and rejoices in his laurels; but, while he has a smattering of six or eight branches of knowledge, he is master of none, he is not only ignorant of theological science, which ought to have received his chief attention, but has a very untrustworthy acquaintance with the subjects which have usurped its place. His mind has been enfeebled rather than strengthened by his very miscellaneous labours; he has been in too much of a hurry all through his course, to give fair play to those faculties, which make men profound and accurate thinkers and effective orators; he leaves college with scarcely anything but his degree to show for his work; he is neither scholar, preacher, nor divine.

Now, if instead of attempting to travel over ground which it was quite impossible he should ever become thoroughly familiar with, this young man had been kept to his Greek Testament, a few first-class English authors—theologians, philosophers, historians and orators, such as Owen, Baxter, Bacon, Burke, Macaulay, Fox, and Erskine; and conducted through a regular course of dogmatic and pastoral theology and homiletics, he might have turned out a sensible vigorous thinker, and a powerful preacher.

Our conviction, therefore, is that our colleges should make distinct provision for two distinct classes of students. Let those, who in consequence of their early advantages, or their passion for learning, and power of acquiring it, promise to become good scholars, as well as good preachers, receive a six or seven years' course. Let them be liberated from the drag on their progress, and the sedative to their ambition, under which they suffer now, in consequence of being yoked in class with men whose utmost industry cannot achieve great success. Let them all take their master's degree as well as their bachelor's, and after taking it, give for two or three years their whole strength to theology. They will neither forget nor abandon their studies when their college life is over, and we shall soon have a race of men in our ministry, equal in general erudition to the recluses of Oxford and Cambridge, and immeasurably their superiors in theological acquirement, and in all practical qualifications for pastoral and pulpit work.

For the men who seek admission to college, and give proof of possessing powers, which, when suitably trained, will make them useful pastors and good preachers, but are quite destitute of scholarship, and have no special genius for acquiring it, let a "short course" be provided, such as we sketched roughly in a preceding paragraph;

a course intended simply to make a man a good practical theologian, to form habits of sound thinking, and to develop the faculties which make a popular orator.

In other words, instead of educating our ministry by a mere mechanical process, and under the influence of prevailing traditions, let us adapt our methods to our materials and our ends; endeavour to make scholars of those who promise to reward our labour; give the rest a training planned from a consideration of their present condition and their future work; polish the marble, leave the granite rough hewn; make some of them classics, others philosophers, but all, theologians and preachers.

We have partly and almost unavoidably anticipated in our statement of the first important change which we believe is required to make our theological colleges more efficient, much that ought more properly have been reserved to sustain and illustrate our second proposition,—that much more time and thought should be devoted to those departments which are especially intended to create not mere theologians, but good preachers. All secular studies should be made subordinate to theology; but theology itself should be made subordinate to the pulpit. We sorely need men who have meditated profoundly on the great truths of revelation; but even such men will be almost useless, unless they have learnt how to teach what they know, and how to impress and stir the hearts of the people.

It is one thing to have a deep and accurate knowledge of Christian truth, and another to be able to light it up with the splendour of imagination, to wreath round it the graceful ornaments of fancy, to make it dazzlingly clear to popular apprehension, by illustrations at once homely and beautiful, to compel the conscience to feel its mighty presence, and to enthrone it over the heart and will. Many a man has strength to hew rough blocks of stone out of the solid rock, who is quite unable to carve a statue; and many a student has worked at the quarry of theological truth till the sweat came on his brow, and every muscle was strained to exhaustion, to whom the huge masses of precious marble were useless for all the purposes of his ministry. It is one thing to be a strong quarryman, another to have the genius and the skill of a great artist. Genius, of course, no college can create, the highest achievements of sacred eloquence demand not only a divine baptism but natural endowments of the noblest order.

But much more could be done and ought to be done to develop and cultivate whatever measure of native power the students may possess for the work of the pulpit. Not even the strengthening and mellowing of the voice, the improvement of the articulation, the correction of a false cadence, and of ungraceful and ludicrous gestures should be neglected. Trifling as these things may be in themselves, they are by no means unimportant in their influence on a public speaker's success. There are higher matters, however, which are strangely neglected.

While not at all disposed to pronounce an indiscriminate censure

on the practice of reading sermons, it is our strong conviction that an exceedingly small proportion of our preachers can put metal enough in their sermons to compensate for the loss of the freedom and directness of extempore speech. The indispensable conditions of effectiveness in a read sermon, are, that the thinking be of the highest order, and the writing most accurate, vigorous, and beautiful. Nor is there any necessity in the great majority of cases that the manuscript should be resorted to. Honest labour and anxiety to do good rather than to win a reputation, will enable most men to speak more impressively than they can read. But the faculty should be cultivated at college. If there must be a choice made between acquiring a very imperfect knowledge of Greek and Latin, and an earnest, intelligent, pains-taking study of such writers as Burke, Goldsmith, Paley, Robert Hall, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and Henry Rogers, in order to gain a more perfect mastery of free English speech, we should not hesitate for a moment. It is eminently desirable that the captain of a ship should understand astronomy as well as practical navigation; but, if a choice must be made, we would rather go to sea with a man who has spent ten or a dozen years in learning how to handle his ship, and only knows how to take his observations without having much idea of the theory on which the rules rest, than with last year's senior wrangler who could explain to us while we were drifting unconsciously on to the rocks, the latest theory about the precession of the equinoxes, and give the exact formula that would represent the curve of an ocean wave. Other things being equal, we would rather listen to a preacher who was a good Greek and Latin scholar; but in preaching an English sermon, the mastery of the language of Shakspeare and Burke is even of greater importance than the ordinary measure of knowledge possessed by our ministers of Horace and Æschylus. And we maintain that with laborious reading, and wisely contrived exercises, the power of speaking English with a fair amount of accuracy and power is within the reach of most men.

At some other time we may refer to the mode in which we think that the thought and structure of the discourses and speeches of our great English preachers and orators should be studied by those who aspire to the honour of being the public instructors of their countrymen; we must conclude this paper by referring very briefly to two other points of still graver importance in the training of an effective ministry.

After the first few months of his official life have passed by, and he begins to feel pressing upon his heart the tremendous responsibilities he has to sustain, what young minister has not been confounded by his ignorance of the particular aspects of truth by which he may be able to console the sorrows of some, to rebuke the sins of others, to awaken some to anxiety, and to guide others to peace? He knows little enough of theology as a science of the schools, he knows still less of it, in its practical applications. The professorial lectures on the atonement, the elaborate and learned treatise on justification, the metaphysical discussion of the nature of saving

faith, with which he may have some acquaintance, are very different from the sermons which he knows he ought to preach on these same topics, if his congregation is to derive any religious benefit from his preaching. He cannot, at any rate he ought not, to give a metaphysical lecture to the poor girl whom he meets once or twice a week, whose wasted form and hectic flush and hollow cough warn him that her time for securing God's pardon, and his for teaching her how to secure it, must be reckoned by weeks, and days, and hours, rather than by months and years; and yet he knows not how to call her thoughts away from incessant activity about her own religious emotions, and the processes of her own spiritual life, without inflicting on her an abstract and shadowy account of the difference between believing a history and trusting a person. He has not learnt that apostles awakened faith in Christ not by analysing it, but by giving such representations of man's awful necessities and of Christ's great power to help, that men clung to his feet as drowning sailors cling to a friendly rope from the shore.

Ought there not to be in theological colleges, a far larger amount of attention paid to the practical duties of the ministry? Should there not be lectures and conversations on the particular classes of truths by which the preacher may hope to raise the morality of his people, or to win them from too absorbing a devotion to secular pursuits, or to stimulate them to religious activity, or to make them more gentle and generous; on the best method of treating the "anxious inquirer," according to the various types which his anxiety may assume?

There is needed in our theological colleges something analogous to the *clinical* lectures of medical schools. There is much which, after all, can only be learnt by experience, but surely there is no reason for not trying to teach what can be taught, before the time comes when ignorance and mistake inflict such appalling mischief.

Nor do we think that the colleges do their duty unless they endeavour to train the hearts of their students as well as their intellects for their great vocation. Students often begin their course with an ardent passion for evangelistic work, strong convictions of the certainty of having the special help of God's Spirit, if they faithfully preach Christ, and unfaltering faith in the Gospel as the very power of God. This early ardour is nearly always lost within a few months after college life has begun. The grandeur which once seemed to invest the office of the preacher invests it no longer; the passion for saving men is quenched; other ambitions rise up in the heart and divide its energies; and even in anticipating ministerial duties, the merely intellectual qualifications for discharging them come to occupy by far the largest share of thought and solicitude, and the nobler elements of spiritual power are sadly forgotten. We hold that no scholarship can compensate for the quenching of early enthusiasm; and that there is no need that the severest study should quench it. It should be the aim and purpose of college authorities, to maintain, not by formal addresses at the commencement of session, but by all their intercourse with the



students those glowing conceptions—how true and noble!—of the illustrious honour of winning a solitary soul from its follies and sins and leading it to Christ, which first inspired the desire and hope of entering the ministry. Let our young men find in college seclusion that which shall intensify their early zeal, and transform fitful enthusiasm into a quenchless flame. They should come out to their work not with faltering step, with hearts hesitating between science, art, literature, or business, and their own calling, but with every affection bound to it, and with every energy eager to be consecrated to its duties.. They should come out to their work, possessed not indeed with notions of priestly authority and lordship, but with a steady and calm conviction, resulting from all the habits of thought and speech with which they have been familiar within the walls of their colleges, that God is always and everywhere by the side of the men who are in sympathy with the heart of Christ, and in whom impulse and principle, the impetuous tides of a holy passion, and the calm strength of reason and of conscience, all unite to make the preaching of the Gospel the duty, and joy, and glory of their life. We believe it is possible for tutors and committees to do very much to secure these great results, and earnestly long for the time when they shall be more generally and more perfectly achieved.

## Brief Notices.

CECIL AND MARY; or, Phases of Life and Love. By Joseph Edward Jackson. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand, 1858.

THIS poem deserves special and emphatic notice. It is not one of the ephemere of the month; but will live. We shake monthly the tree of song; but, alas! young-tinted blossoms or withered leaves are all that fall. How seldom have we the rounded ruddy fruit to present our readers; such, however, we find this poem to be. There is a delicate, musical, though varying rhythm in its versification. Its imagery is rare and splendid. Indeed, did we carp at all, it would be at the exuberance of illustration, though it is always novel and lustrous. Let our author remember—

“Then doubt because they stand so thick  
i' the sky,  
If those be stars which paint the galaxy.”

But, above all other excellence, the poem is religious and grandly true. He tricks out none of the world's falsehoods with the gleaming pearls of his fancy. He has not raised a beautiful sepulchre to enshrine the rottenness of death; but a temple full of strength and beauty, and alit with the light of Heaven. The form of the poem lends but little value to its worth—so far the author has yet to acquire the ingenuity of his craft, by which the very plot, combinations, and contrasts of his poem, may enhance its interest, and give, by virtue of the setting, a new and higher effect to its sentiments. The facets worked upon the diamond show its heart of golden light, send out its keen sparkles of fire again; our author *overlabours* some of his passages. His metaphors sometimes freckle the divine face of a truth, which, unadorned had been lovelier far. But a truce to criticism,

His meaning is never obscure—his lines flow along in a liquid melody ; and there is a quiet pencilled grace in his pictures—which, combined with the pure and earnest strain of his thought, make *this* poem a most welcome gift, and a sure pledge of yet nobler achievements by its author. We quote these delicately beautiful lines, so tender and true. The mother speaks of her dead boy :—

And then his winning ways! How he would come

And lean upon one knee, and bend his head  
A little sideways, like some graceful flower  
Bent by a soft breeze, as he peeped to see  
If you were in the humour for his play ;  
I feel his little arms going round my neck,  
And his soft cheek pressed lovingly to mine.  
Ah, how he had twined round me ! and to bear

This fairy creeper has almost brought  
The prop along with it.

And thus the aged mother advises  
her son on marriage :—

Sun her with your smile  
When she is joyful ; and whenc'er she  
stands  
Within the shade of grief, stand you there  
too,  
Pray with, read to her, lead her gently on  
Up the ascent of life, until you reach  
The spot whence one of you shall be caught  
up,  
And landed in the golden steps of heaven.

THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE.  
By the Author of "Tom Brown's School  
Days." London and Cambridge: Mac-  
millan and Co.

ALL who have read "Tom Brown," and who has not? will remember "The White Horse," not far from the Blawin' Steen, and will be able to conjecture something of the meaning of this queer title; by which this racy Englishman, or rather Wessex-man, has introduced his second volume to the world. Yet it is no catch-title. The sturdy Saxon spirit, which told the plucky but honest story of "Tom Brown," hates all clap-traps and puffs. Honestly, therefore, this book gives us the history of the Scouring of the White Horse; a festival held at intervals in the White

Horse Hill, in Berkshire, to commemorate the glorious battle of Ashdown, in which the Wessex king Alfred beat the Danes—of which victory the curious figure is supposed to be the memorial. The horse is a great sprawling, comic creation cut out in lines, consisting of deep trenches on the side of the hill—which show a great way off. The Berkshire men are mightily proud of this national monument, and every few years they clear out these trenches—cutting deep down into the white chalky rock—when the great horse gleams out quite white and lustrous again over all the country-side. This is the Scouring; and when the horse is scoured, they have a great feast, with its usual English concomitants of menageries, shows of monsters, play-actors, gingerbread, and ginger-beer stalls, and all the hurly-burly noise of gongs, bugles, rifle-shots, and shouting stage-men; but with higher and special attractions in the Wessex games of backsword-play and jingling, which Tom Brown was taken to see, when quite a little urchin, mounted on the shoulders of Old Benjy.

The battle of Ashdown is described in this book in a vein, which, for lusty, simple truth, without any smack of conceit or gimcrackery of sentiment, might have been written by the Saxon chronicler himself. Then the history of the festival is given; a decoction from all the fireside traditions that have been talked over the ingles of the Berkshire yeomen for centuries; and lastly, the story is told of the last Scouring, and all that was done and said by clodpoles and squires and London gentry on those memorable two days—when Berkshire and its visitors flocked to their darling White Horse Hill, and made itself wildly happy, with games and picnics, dinners, and youthful jollity, as only Saxons can. With all this is interwoven a thread of more personal interest, in the character of a young London clerk, who goes down to see a Berkshire farmer—an old chum at school—during this festival. This

London clerk is the mouthpiece of nearly all that is told us. But he pays his penalty for the pleasure he enjoyed, by tumbling in love with Lucy—his old cronyn's sister. She is a fair Wessex girl, and not a little do her lithe figure, her blooming face, and her merry saucy eyes, contribute to the fascination of these pages. Others beside the London clerk will think kindly of her—though not, perhaps, toss so restlessly in bed; or shout such monologues to the moon, as did the crazed youth in Lamb's Conduit Street.

Though this book will not have the immense popularity of "Tom Brown," because the subject is not so worthy; yet it will be popular and deservedly. The style has a rustic relish about it, quite inimitable—tersely, strongly Saxon as was "Tom Brown." It has a smack about it, like a flitch of West country bacon, and we welcome into our literature a writer whose spirit, whose sentiments, whose style are homely, healthful, honest and happy. His next book we trust will command a higher theme; may he treat it with the wisdom-loving sympathy and manly earnestness of his two former books, for which we can only thank him.

THE CHRISTIAN HARP; designed as a Companion to the Foreign Sacred Lyre. By John Sheppard, Author of "Thoughts on Devotion," &c. London: Jackson & Walford. 1859.

MR. SHEPPARD appears with his occasional verses of a devotional character, to continue that succession of minstrels of the Sanctuary, which includes in its ranks since the beginning of this century, the sainted names of Cowper, James Montgomery, and Conder,—a race which we venture to predict will never die out. As long as religion is fed by the poetry of the Bible, nay, as long as religion itself exists in any vital form, so long will its poetical expression continue music to the ear, and consolation to the heart. But Mr. Sheppard has a strain of Rogers in his poetry, no less than of our more gifted writers of hymns, as his many de-

scriptive pieces prove, those especially which, like the poet of "Italy," have reference to foreign scenes. Nor has he forgotten amid the highest human sympathies, the brute creation, with their fine affections, gentle instincts, and unconquerable attachments; nor feared to assign them, for their intelligence and utility to man, a place in some *limbus animarum*, not yet mapped out to us in the confines of the invisible world. This lower immortality, for instance, he bestows on his faithful old horse, "Sober," in a grave epitaph on page 136, and again on a Mont St. Bernard dog, "Barry," slain by the last traveller whom he rescued, under the misapprehension that he was a wolf; a fate that affects one with some portion of the pathos awakened by the ever-memorable "Gelert's dying yell."

"Heroic Barry! how much more thy claim  
To embalming and a sumptuous py-  
ramid,

Than his, whose host the Red Sea's billows  
hid—

Israel's fell taskmaster and Egypt's shame.

Thy tasks compassions were; thy toil to  
save;

Thy perils braved to rescue, not destroy;  
Yes, noble fellow-creature, thy best joy,  
Was to snatch wanderers from an icy grave.

\* \* \*

No, Barry, no! thou canst not *all* be dead!

Thy earnest kindness, sure, must yet be  
warm;

The brave quick impulses that mov'd thy  
form,

Were not dull clay, nor of mere vapours  
bred."

But while we reviewers do not yield even to our poet in attachment to the animal creation, our sympathies more cordially embrace those devotional compositions in the volume before us, which breathe an experimental spirit, and open glimpses into the bard's religious history. Commemorating "the solemn simple feast," of love, there is just such an indication as we refer to, and in its closing stanza, a wailful reflection on personal shortcomings, which must find an echo in every renewed heart.

‘What dark relapses aggravate my need!  
 What storms of doubt my faltering hopes  
 o’erbear!  
 Yet contrite sighs th’ eternal Ransom plead,  
 Shine—O redeeming Brightness—shine  
 on self despair!’

This volume, which will probably be the author's last adventure in print, is marked by the chasteness and correctness of the same fastidious taste which presided over his previous publications. Nor do we see any falling off in the *vivida vis animi*, usually confined to the compositions of earlier years. We see traces of vigour, beauty, fancy, refinement, and the love of the highest truth everywhere. "The Sunset Hymn in Paradise" is a very striking composition, and a great ornament to the volume. We regret that an unscrupulous use of it in any quarter, should have rendered it imperative on the author, expressly to lay claim to it as his own work.

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PHANTASTES; a Faerie Romance for Men and Women. By George Macdonald, Author of "Within and Without." London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

A WORK of rare promise. We had thought that the power of writing fairy tales had long since gone out. The only romances of the sort which are written now-a-days, are what Mr. Tennyson has called "The fairy tales of science, and the long results of time." Very fine, no doubt, and very useful; but we do miss the sweet humanities, and the delightful mysteries of the genuine folklore, and right gladly welcome the curious story of *Phantastes*. It is at once a fairy tale and an allegory. As a tale, it is written with the most perfect faith, and recalls to us the

"Prevailing poet whose undoubting mind  
 Believed the magic wonders that he sung."

There is something very skilful in the art with which the author passes from this nineteenth century, with all its comforts and contrivances, into the heart of a great forest which is the realm of faerie. As for the adventures of the hero in that enchanted land, they are of the right sort, and those of us who still like to preserve somewhat of the dreamy light of boyhood, will recur again and again to these beautiful legends, which, it must be confessed, however, have the fault, easily corrected, of being spun out a little too much. But although it is to the tale that most persons will be attracted, and as such it will be enjoyed by the veriest children, the title informs us that this *Faerie Romance* is intended for men and women. It is in fact an allegory. There is no use in our attempting an interpretation of it. Few allegories go on all fours. They limp occasionally, and we dare say that this one limps a good deal. Yet no thoughtful mind can glance through the volume without feeling that more is meant than meets the eye, that the strange adventures of *Phantastes* tell with the moral experience of most earnest and highly educated men in this self-conscious age, that in a word the description is full of rich thoughts as well as fine fancies. No motto could be more happily selected than the very modest one which we find on the title-page. "In good sooth, my masters, this is no door, yet is it a little window, that looketh upon a great world." Let us add, that though this window opens out upon the great world, it must be opened by each reader for himself. To many it will appear but as a casement full of beautiful stained glass, through which it was never intended that we should look to anything beyond.

# THE ECLECTIC.

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FEBRUARY, 1859.

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## I.

### STANLEY ON THE EPISTLES TO THE CORINTHIANS.

*The Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians. With Critical Notes and Dissertations.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A. Second Edition. London: John Murray. 1858.

MR. STANLEY challenges a reconsideration of his merits as an exegetical scholar, theologian, and ecclesiastical historian. Not that he has abandoned or even materially modified any of his former views; the changes introduced into his second edition are too slight seriously to affect the value of the book. Some of the notes have been transformed into dissertations; the translation, which has been considerably altered, and not always for the better, runs side by side with the Greek text instead of being placed in the Appendix. Here and there Mr. Stanley has changed the structure of an awkward sentence, or cancelled an unnecessary epithet. In one or two instances he has added several new paragraphs, in order to define his theological position more fully and accurately; but on the whole, the new edition deserves the same praise and the same censure as the old.

There are many reasons, however, why Mr. Stanley's claims should be carefully re-examined. When his commentary first appeared, it received far less attention than it had a right to demand. The excitement and controversy produced by the almost simultaneous publication of Mr. Jowett's very remarkable volumes, in which some of the very highest exegetical excellences were united with the most fatal and monstrous theological errors, almost destroyed Mr. Stanley's chance of a fair hearing; the atmosphere is calmer now, and whatever sentence competent authorities may now deliver, must be accepted as final. Nor should it be forgotten that since the publication of the first edition, the party represented by Mr. Stanley has greatly increased, not only in numbers, but in all the elements which command public confidence. Mr. Stanley himself is invested with new ecclesiastical honours, speaks from a higher platform, and exercises a more powerful influence.

It was a happy day for his readers, though, perhaps, not for himself, that when Mr. Stanley determined to write a commentary he selected the two Epistles to the Corinthians. The selection afforded him the opportunity of using very freely and efficiently his rich and varied knowledge of the political, social, and religious condition of the ancient world, of the scenery of the countries over which Paul travelled, and the architecture of the cities in which he preached; but in these epistles there was so much to stimulate and exercise Mr. Stanley's historical and descriptive genius, that he has made the deeper and infinitely more important subjects on which it was his chief duty to speak too subordinate to the mere drapery of the exposition. The theologian is lost in the artist and historian. In the exegesis of no other epistle would he have been able to exhibit so much power, or been betrayed into so much weakness.

Mr. Stanley has practically adopted, though perhaps unconsciously, a very extraordinary exegetical principle; namely, that in order honestly and successfully to expound St. Paul's Epistles, it is necessary constantly to remember every detail in the external life, and every influence which gave form and colour to the internal character of the people to whom they were addressed; the brightness of the skies which were stretched above their heads, and the loveliness of the earth which lay beneath their feet; the palaces, temples, and ruins among which they walked; the philosophers by whom they were taught, and the governors by whom they were ruled; their domestic habits, their dress, their food; and that it is equally necessary as constantly to forget those glorious and awful truths which were never absent from Paul's mind, and never relaxed their mighty grasp of all the faculties and passions of his nature. We do not remember any particular sentence in which this principle is distinctly avowed; but the whole book is written under its guidance. We should like to know, however, which had the greatest influence on the matter and form of these epistles, the civilization of Corinth, and the geography of Greece, or the theology of St. Paul. If an expositor ought to have a profound knowledge of the people to whom an epistle is written, and we cordially acknowledge that he ought, it is surely still more imperative that he should have a profound knowledge of the writer.

We are quite aware that our convictions on this matter are antagonistic to those of a numerous and respectable school of modern commentators; and we acknowledge that the error we are opposing is a very natural re-action against the ridiculous method of exposition, which was too common amongst the best divines a century or two ago. It was certainly very absurd to find the doctrine of imputed righteousness in the skins with which God clothed Adam and Eve after their fall, and in

the deceit by which Jacob imposed on old Isaac, when he got Esau's blessing by wearing Esau's garment. Nor was it less preposterous that the doctrine of the atonement should be discovered in the dipping of Joseph's coat in the blood of the kid, in order to suggest to broken-hearted Jacob that his darling son had died a cruel death. These are instances—extreme instances we admit—of the lengths of folly to which it was possible to go, if instead of looking for the plain honest meaning of the Scriptures, the expositor was resolved to find on every page the doctrines which were dearest to him. We are not anxious to see this very savoury style of exposition revived: it covered with disgrace and contempt the truths which it sought to honour; weakened the force of the sound arguments on which the doctrines of orthodoxy may securely rest, by overwhelming them with a chaotic accumulation of ludicrous, irrational, and puerile conceits; insulted the Spirit of God by declining in many passages to receive the instruction he intended to communicate, and thrusting into them what was supposed to be a worthier meaning.

But the opposite error is scarcely less absurd and far more fatal. It is worse to forget the highest truths where they ought to be remembered, than to profess to find them where the inspired writers never dreamt of hinting at them. Just as the source of an illustration, the peculiarity of an epithet, the very structure of a sentence, are often suggested, and sometimes unconsciously, by the characteristics of the people for whom an epistle is written, so its minutest fibre will be instinct with the life of the principles and affections which rule the heart of the writer. Mr. Stanley exhibits great ingenuity in illustrating the constant influence of all that Paul knew about Corinth and Corinthian life on these two epistles. Why is there not equal anxiety to show that in nearly every page there are indications of Paul's intense and profound affection for the central truths of the Christian faith? It is not merely in the passages which may be adduced to demonstrate a doctrine against opponents that a thoughtful and loyal-hearted expositor will recognise and point it out. The throbings of the heart are suggested by the feeblest pulse at the extremities as well as by the stronger movements at the centre of our physical system. But Mr. Stanley appears to think that he is not to see a theological truth anywhere except where it is impossible to pass it by. He approaches the text as though he were ignorant of Paul's general teaching and had now to receive his first lessons in the system of Christian truth. All secular learning may fairly be brought to the illustration of the epistle, but all sacred learning must not be forgotten.

What would be thought of a commentator on Aristotle's Ethics, who should refuse to permit his judgment to be assisted or con-

trolled in his illustration of his author's meaning, by what he knew to be the general scope and the fundamental principles of his philosophy? And yet this is precisely what is done by those expositors of the New Testament who decline the aid, and strenuously resist the influence of dogmatic theology. A deep and comprehensive acquaintance with the system of truth which Paul taught, is, we believe, as indispensable to the commentator on any one of his Epistles, as a deep and comprehensive acquaintance with Plato's philosophy to the commentator on any of his Dialogues.

There is some danger, we frankly allow, lest our anxiety to discover proofs of what we believe to be divinely authenticated doctrine, should lead us to pervert and strain the text into harmony with our dogmatic system. But after all, exegesis is but the servant of systematic theology; and the present tendency of biblical students is to woo the handmaiden and neglect the mistress. It is far better, we think, to miss the precise peculiarity of meaning which particular passages derive from the character and habits of the persons to whom they are addressed, while the great doctrines which the author's entire writings are intended to maintain are firmly grasped, than to catch the accidental peculiarities and miss the substantial truth.

It was said of the elder Turretin that he employed an inaccurate critical scholarship to sustain a true theology; and of his son, that he defended a false theology with critical and scholarly accuracy. We prefer to stand by the father. We would rather live in a house well built, spite of unscientific scaffolding, than in a house badly built, no matter how scientifically constructed the scaffolding may have been.

We must give an instance, however, from Mr. Stanley's book, of the error with which we charge him. In a Dissertation (pp. 49—53) on the Cross of Christ, based upon 1 Cor. i. 23, ("But *we* preach Christ crucified,") there is not a sentence, not a syllable, (if we except the quotation, "I delivered unto you first of all, how that Christ died for our sins,") to suggest the great truth which Paul was most certainly thinking of, when he wrote the passage which the dissertation is intended to illustrate. The text is declared to be important as containing a statement of the main subject of the Apostle's preaching; and when taken in connection with other statements in the same epistle, and in the nearly contemporary epistle to the Galatians, proves "that the subject, though here capable of a peculiar application to the intellectual pride of the Corinthians, was *habitual to St. Paul during this period of his life.*" Two points are described as specially commending it to him at Corinth; "(1) its simplicity, and (2) its humiliation. A third point appears more prominently in the other epistles—its sufferings."



"It was," as he says, "characteristic of 'Jews' to demand 'signs,' or 'portents.' The especial 'sign' which they sought was that of some manifestation of the 'Shekinah,' or divine glory, in the heavens to encompass the Messiah. But the tendency was more general. It was that craving for the marvellous and miraculous, which still characterizes Oriental nations,—which appears in the licence of Arabian invention and credulity,—and which, in the Jewish nation, reached its highest pitch in the extravagant fictions of the Rabbinical writers. The proverb, 'Credat Judæus,' shows the character which they had obtained amongst the Romans for readiness to accept the wildest absurdities; and this disposition to seek for signs is expressly commended in the Mishna. To a certain extent this tendency is met by the Gospel-miracles. 'This was the beginning of "signs (*σημείων*) which Jesus did:" Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles, and wonders, and signs.' Yet, on the whole, it is discouraged: 'A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given unto it but the sign of the prophet Jonas.' 'Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.' And what is thus intimated in the Gospels is here followed out by the apostle. In answer to this demand for 'signs,' he produced the least dazzling, the least miraculous, part of the whole of the career of our Lord—the simple fact of His crucifixion. The more ample we suppose the evidence for the Gospel-miracles, or the more portentous their nature, so much the more striking is the testimony of Christ and his apostles to the truth that it is not on them that the main structure of Christian faith is to be built up. The tendency in human nature, especially in Oriental nature, is acknowledged, and, to a certain extent, satisfied. But it is discountenanced as unworthy of the highest and best form of Christian revelation.

"This simplicity of teaching, which was a rebuke to the superstitious cravings of the Oriental and the Jew, was also a rebuke to the intellectual demands of the European Greek. The charm which the former found in outward miracles, the latter sought in theories of philosophy. The subtlety of discussion, which had appeared already in numerous schools of Greek speculation, and which appeared afterwards in the theological divisions of the fourth and fifth centuries, needed not now, as in the time of Socrates, to be put down by a true philosophy, but by something which should give them fact instead of speculation, flesh and blood instead of words and theories.

"Such a new starting-point was provided by the apostles' constant representation of the homely, yet strange, event which had taken place within their own generation in Judea—the crucifixion of his Master. Its outward form was familiar to them wherever the Roman law had been carried out against the slaves and insurgents of the East. It was for them now to discover its inward application to themselves.

"And this brings us to the second point of view, from which the crucifixion is here regarded, namely, its humiliation.

"In order to enter into the force of this, we must picture to our-

selves a state of feeling which (in part from the effect produced on the world by this passage, and the spirit which it describes) is entirely removed from our present experience. Not only is the outward symbol of the cross glorified in our eyes by the truth of the religion which it represents, but the very fact of the connection between Christianity and humiliation, is to us one of the proofs of its divine excellence. But at its first propagation, as is the case even to this day in parts of the world external to Christendom, it was far otherwise. The crucifixion was, and is, a 'scandal' to the Jewish nation, as a dishonour to the Messiah. Christ has been called by them, in derision, 'Toldi, the man who was hanged,' and Christians, 'the servants of him who was hanged.' And in the Mahometan religion, both as now professed and as set forth in the Koran, the supposed ignominy of the Crucifixion is evaded by the story that the Jews, in a judicial blindness, seized and crucified Judas instead of Christ, who ascended from their hands into heaven. 'You do not think that those brute Jews nailed the Lord Isa (Jesus) to a cross?' was the indignant question of an intelligent Mussulman to an English traveller. 'Oh, no! they never nailed him, he lives for ever in heaven.' The objection thus felt by Jews and Mahometans to the crucifixion as a degradation of the Messiah, was felt by the educated classes of Greek and Roman society as a degradation of the religion itself—encumbered as it thus was, in their eyes, with associations so low, and addressed, as they would say, to classes so contemptible as the beggars and slaves of the Roman empire.

"Nothing shows the confidence of the apostle more strongly than the prominence he gives to an aspect of his teaching so unpopular."

Does Mr. Stanley really imagine that what Paul meant by preaching Christ and him crucified, can be fairly described as the "apostles' constant representation of the homely, yet strange, event which had taken place within their own generation in Judea,—the crucifixion of his Master," or that he simply reiterated the narrative of the external and humiliating facts of the awful history, and left his hearers "to discover its inward application to themselves?"

Of course, if this passage stood alone in the New Testament, we could not infer from it anything more than Mr. Stanley has suggested; but we know that to Paul's mind the Cross of Christ was the symbol of all the truths by which the human heart can be most profoundly stirred; that to him the Cross was the most tremendous expression of God's hatred of sin, of God's love for man, of our utter loss and ruin, if we are Christ's enemies—our absolute and everlasting safety, if we are his friends. By preaching Christ crucified he meant, as we may learn from other parts of his writings, the exhibition in a concrete rather than abstract form of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith. The

fact, apart from the doctrines, is without spiritual significance ; as the doctrines, apart from the fact, are without spiritual power.

There were better reasons than those which Mr. Stanley has suggested for Paul's determination to know nothing at Corinth save Jesus Christ and him crucified. The Gentile inhabitants of that great city were distinguished for their intellectual activity ; like all the Greeks, they delighted in the refinements and subtleties of philosophical discussion ; the contests of the wrestler at the Isthmian games were not more exciting or attractive to them than the strifes of rival sophists. Paul knew that if he invested his teaching with a scientific form, he would excite so deep an interest in his Method, that his Truth would be forgotten. He determined, not as Mr. Stanley seems to imply, to say nothing about Christian doctrine, but to teach it historically rather than philosophically.

He was never weary of declaring that we need redemption, that Christ was made a curse for us, and that we can obtain forgiveness only through Him. He did not trouble himself at Corinth with the kind of argument by which he demonstrates in the Epistle to the Romans the certainty of our eternal destruction, unless the law of works is repealed by some divine intervention, and a new system of moral government introduced in its place. He acted on the principle, the soundness of which is being constantly illustrated in our own day, that the most philosophical minds are least benefited by philosophical preaching ; wherever there is a tendency to excessive intellectual activity, the preacher, to be successful, must avoid in his statement of truth whatever is likely to stimulate the understanding, and must make a direct appeal to the central forces of man's nature.

At Athens Paul had philosophised, perhaps with little success. On his journey from Athens to Corinth we can imagine him reflecting on his discussions with the scholars and philosophers of the Areopagus, the elaboration of his argument and the gracefulness of his illustrations, if not with regret yet with something like disappointment. He had gathered about him for the time his early erudition, and had become a Christian philosopher rather than a Christian apostle ; but he determines that at Corinth the faith of his converts shall "not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." He resolves to borrow no jewels from the Egyptians, but to trust everything to the truths which the least accomplished of his apostolic brethren were as perfectly acquainted with as himself. His mind is made up to appear in Corinth, not as the learned and philosophical expounder of the Christian faith, but as the fervent evangelist ; the poets he might quote shall be forgotten, the metaphysical arguments he might employ shall be unused ; he will "know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified."

As the intellectual activity of the Gentile population of Corinth made Paul determine to avoid in his preaching what might so occupy the intellect as to impede its progress to the conscience and the heart, so their degradation and pollutions would impress him with the utter hopelessness of producing any moral impression except by the mightiest truths of the Gospel presented in their intensest form. "The philosophy of the plan of salvation" would do nothing to convert such an idolatrous, licentious race as he was about to preach to; the divine message itself, in its simplest and strongest form, was alone equal to the work.

Nor was the "craving for the marvellous and miraculous," which in all countries characterised the Jew, discouraged by the preaching of "the *simple fact* of the crucifixion," but by the appeal to the conscience springing from the doctrines explanatory of the fact.

While, however, the Dissertation on 1 Cor. i. 23 is a fair example of Mr. Stanley's general tendency to decline the aid of his general theological system in his exposition of particular passages—for he has profounder views of the significance of the Cross of Christ than are suggested by the paragraphs we have quoted—it is but too probable that he has failed to discover the most essential truth in reference to Christ's sufferings. The Essay on the Reconciliation of the World by Christ's Death, contains, we suppose, the complete expression of his conviction on the central question of Christian theology, and we regret to be obliged to say that there is an obvious shrinking from the acceptance of what we cannot but regard as the most essential element of the doctrine of the atonement. It is not our object in this paper to enter fully into the discussion of Mr. Stanley's theological opinions; at present we are chiefly anxious to point out his defects and excellences as an expositor, and intend some other time to analyse the theories of the atonement professed by the modern theologians with whom Mr. Stanley has more or less of sympathy; but theology and exegesis interact upon each other too powerfully for it to be possible altogether to dissociate them. We must be content, however, in the present article, with this simple reference to Mr. Stanley's theology, and pass on to what is just now our more immediate business.

A second illustration of the result of refusing the assistance of the apostle's general system in the exposition of particular passages is afforded in the commentary on 1 Cor. xv. 24—29, the most difficult paragraph, perhaps, to be found in either epistle. We are not prepared confidently to affirm the accuracy of any interpretation that we have yet seen, but while the passage itself obviously admits of two or three meanings, it is surely our duty to adopt that which is most in harmony with the acknow-

ledged teaching of other parts of the New Testament and of Paul's own epistles.

In Mr. Stanley's exposition there are two points to which we take special exception: first, that the apostle intended to affirm that there is a definite time beyond which the reign of Christ will not extend: secondly, that when the reign of Christ ceases he will become, in some sense in which he is not now, subordinate to the Father.

Neither of these two dogmas can be regarded as insignificant parts of a theological system. Whether the Lord Jesus Christ is to continue for ever to be King of kings and Lord of lords, or his kingdom to be resigned, and He himself to cease to be the medium of divine communication and government, are questions which affect the entire structure of our views on the relation of Christ to ourselves and the universe. Nor are these questions on which the inspired interpreters of God's will have been silent elsewhere, or have spoken in doubtful and obscure language. St. Peter speaks of "the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, whom we believe to have been Paul, addresses to Christ the words "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever."

In the Epistle to the Ephesians, Paul teaches us that the Lord Jesus Christ is to constitute the bond of unity, the centre of fellowship to all moral beings, the key-stone in the arch of the moral universe; for it is God's purpose to "gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in him." While there are almost innumerable passages which speak of the wealth, splendour, and power of Christ's kingdom, not a few which distinctly affirm that it is never to pass away, and many which unmistakably imply its permanence, this passage, if its meaning be what Mr. Stanley supposes, not only stands alone in the New Testament, but is antagonistic to the whole current of its teaching. Now, if in the writings of any uninspired author, we came across a sentence which appeared at first sight to be opposed to the fundamental principles of his general system, we should certainly hesitate before we accepted what had seemed to be its obvious meaning. If we found Dr. Paley denying that it is the utility of any moral rule alone which constitutes the obligation of it, or affirming the existence of innate moral principles; if we met with a sentence in Locke, which seemed to maintain that sensation and reflection are not the only sources of our ideas; or in Adam Smith denying the advantages arising from the division of labour; we should unquestionably adopt any possible meaning of the words, rather than the one which they had at first suggested. And we contend for the application of the same exegetical principle to the writers of the New Testament.

But, it will be objected, that we have had enough of the twisting and torturing of passages into agreement with the creed of the expositor; and that we should open the Bible to have our own thinking moulded by its teaching, not to mould its teaching by our thinking. True: but in getting at the teaching of the Bible, we should act on very nearly the same principles which guide us in interpreting other books; and we never imagine that a human author intends to recant in a solitary sentence a truth which permeates all his writings. What we contend for is, not that an expositor should compel the text to harmonize with his own creed; but that he should hesitate very long, and meditate very carefully before he gives it an interpretation out of harmony with the known creed of the writer.

The phrases which, in the passage under consideration, are invested with the greatest difficulty, as affecting the truth taught so clearly elsewhere, that Christ's kingdom is never to pass away, are: "He must reign *till* (*ἄχρις οὗ*) he hath put all his enemies under his feet;" "when he shall deliver up (*ἔρξεν παραδίδοι*) \* the kingdom to God and the Father." The statement in ver. 28, "Then shall the Son himself be subject to (or put under) Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all," more immediately affects the consequent subordination of the Son to the Father.

But do the first two phrases necessarily teach that Christ is to lay down his royalty and cease to be King? Mr. Stanley himself suggests that the meaning of *ἄχρις οὗ* is determined by the context: taken alone, it certainly need not imply that the reign of Christ is to cease when all his enemies are subdued; it affirms that the regal power of Christ will last till it achieves this glorious consummation, but neither affirms nor implies, that then he is to be suddenly stripped of it.†

It would be more natural to think, that not till all his enemies are subdued will his reign begin in the fulness of its glory.

The word *παραδίδοι*, we frankly acknowledge, presents considerable difficulty. Its uniform meaning elsewhere would lead us to suppose that Paul intended to foretell the actual transfer

\* We quote Lachmann's text, as given by Mr. Stanley.

† For proof that *ἄχρις οὗ* may be fairly interpreted in this way, see *Romans* v. 13. "For until the law (*ἄχρι γὰρ νόμου*) sin was in the world;" not implying surely that when the law came, the existence of sin terminated. *2 Cor.* iii. 14. "For until this day (*ἄχρι γὰρ τῆς σήμερον ἡμέρας*) remaineth the same vail untaken away;" nor did Paul mean to say that now it was happily removed. *Rom.* viii. 22. "The whole world groaneth and travaileth in pain together *until now*" (*ἄχρι τοῦ νῦν*), and it groans still, though eighteen centuries have passed since then. See also *1 Cor.* iv. 11; *Acts* ii. 29.

of Christ's kingdom to the Father. But, apart from a whole sea of difficulties of another kind, into which this interpretation would plunge us, it would make this passage, as we have already shown, quite irreconcilable with St. Paul's general scheme of doctrine. We are bound, therefore, to inquire whether there is any fair mode of interpreting *παράδοι*, which will remove the discordance. We believe there is.

To our mind this text appears to be intended to disclose to us the glorious vision of the final establishment of moral unity in the universe through, and in the Lord Jesus Christ. He will ultimately restore all worlds to the Father; not by resigning his own crown but by subduing all to himself, and reigning over all in the Father's name. God has come into closer fellowship with all his creatures through the incarnation and atonement of the Lord Jesus. Whatever may have been the original strength of the influences by which the unfallen were preserved in their loyalty, these influences are now greatly intensified; while we who had violated our allegiance, are enabled through Christ to return to it; and the completion of the great work of reconciliation is signalised by the apostle as the restoration of all things to God. Heaven and earth will be more truly God's when Christ shall have destroyed all hostile powers, than they ever were before; and Christ is exhibited in the prophecy as approaching God with the perfected conquest, and presenting it in the fulness of its splendour to Him. But the truth is, that as province after province is subdued to Christ, it really becomes the Father's, and what is spoken of as a solitary act is but a forcible and pictorial representation of a prolonged process. We belong to God through belonging to Christ; we are not to become the Father's by ceasing to be the Son's. "Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

The second point, namely, the final subordination of the Son himself to the Father, may be more briefly elucidated. The interpretation of "*τότε καὶ αὐτὸς ὁ υἱὸς ὑποταγέσεται τῷ ὑποτάξαντι αὐτῷ τὰ πάντα*" which Mr. Stanley adopts, in common with most interpreters, supposes that at present the Lord Jesus Christ is not subject to the Godhead, but exercises a supreme and independent sway. Now we believe that the teaching of inspiration contradicts this. Christ is now, though in his divine nature equal to the Father, yet in his complex nature subordinate to him, ("He is excepted that did put all things under him") and the passage is intended to declare that even when the victories of the God-man shall extend from shore to shore of the moral universe, and all rule, authority, and power shall be under his feet; he will continue (*τότε καὶ* "then even") to be subject to the Father.

The final clause *ἵνα ἡ ὁ Θεὸς τὰ πάντα ἐν πᾶσιν* may be taken either as the summing up of the entire paragraph, the

statement of the final result of all that had gone before, or as explaining the reason of the continued subjection of the Son, even when his triumphs shall be perfected. There is nothing here to favour Pantheism in any, even the mildest form. It is a prophecy of the complete fellowship of the universe with God, through its complete union with the Lord Jesus Christ.\*

In the exposition of the two passages we have now examined, (1 Cor. i. 23; xv. 24, *seq.*) we have illustrations of the two chief forms assumed by the exegetical principle which exercises too much influence in other and sounder books; but which almost throughout Mr. Stanley's is supreme. In the one case he has impoverished the meaning of the text by refusing to see in it anything but what it would have conveyed had it happened to come down to us as the solitary remaining fragment of the New Testament. In the other case he is perfectly indifferent that his interpretation of a particular passage makes the apostle contradict the whole current of New Testament teaching.

In the discussion of the other crucial passages in these epistles, Mr. Stanley has had varying success. He has, we think, rightly caught the spirit and substance of Paul's teaching about marriage, and interpreted accurately the passages in which the Apostle distinguishes between "the commandment of the Lord," and the advice or precept which he delivers on his own authority. To suppose that Paul was sometimes not quite sure whether he was writing under the guidance of the Spirit, or according to the movements of his own unassisted reason, and that occasionally the flow of supernatural illumination was interrupted, and that he interwove his own opinions with the authoritative declarations of the Most High, are strange and perilous blunders. Mr. Stanley has quite avoided them.

We should utterly fail, however, to convey an accurate idea of an estimate of the value of Mr. Stanley's book, if we did not express our cordial admiration of the manner in which the richest knowledge of the external circumstances of the apostolic age, the most vivid historical imagination; an English style, singularly beautiful and picturesque, have been employed in the

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\* The students of one of the Independent Colleges will recognise in the above exposition the full development of hints which occasionally fell from the lips of a gentleman who for some time occupied the Chair of Exegetical and Dogmatic Theology in their *Alma Mater*. The writer of this article cannot now discriminate between the suggestions of his tutor and the results of subsequent reflection of his own, or he would indicate more distinctly to whom he is indebted for the hints which he has expanded in the above paragraphs. It is his impression, however, that the learned and accomplished gentleman referred to, gave to *παρὰ* the meaning of "present," availing himself of the ambiguity of the English verb, and supposing it possible that a similar ambiguity *might* belong to the Greek.



illustration of the apostle's writings. Did our space permit, we should have been glad to quote several paragraphs which would more than justify the highest eulogy of Mr. Stanley's ability for dealing with the vesture of these inspired books; he knows every hue and every fold in their outer garment; and no thorough earnest student of the Scriptures will be ungrateful for his help. And sometimes, too, he shows a fine taste for the æsthetic beauty which is not unfrequently associated with the sinewy strength of the apostle's thought. We know of scarcely anything of the kind more admirable than the description of Paul's wonderful account of charity, in 1 Cor. xiii.

It is hard to condense into a single paragraph our judgment of a book in which good and evil qualities are almost inextricably intermingled; but perhaps we may sum up all that we have to say in the one sentence—that in all questions which concern the form and colour of the apostle's thought this commentary will afford most valuable aid; but that those who turn to it for assistance in appreciating more perfectly the mighty and glorious truths which alone explain his evangelistic labours, and his marvellous success, are destined to disappointment.

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## II.

### THE QUEEN'S GOVERNMENT AND THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA.

1. *England and India: an Essay on the Duty of Englishmen towards the Hindoos.* By the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothoesley Noel, M.A. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1859.
2. *Despatches of Sir John Lawrence, G.C.B., Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, on the Elimination of all Unchristian Principle from the Government of British India.* Sheffield: G. Ridge. 1858.

NONE can have contemplated and duly weighed the great events which have occurred in India, without feeling a strong conviction that special lessons were to be taught by them to the English people, respecting their position in that country. Prepared beyond all other nations, by their Protestant faith and their political liberty, to govern idolaters on the soundest principles, they had willingly accepted a trust which brought such vast benefits to themselves: but had considerably failed to discharge the responsible duties which it involved. But the King of kings, in his own marvellous way, stretched forth the avenging arm of chastisement, arrested their progress in evil, and startled the most thoughtless into reflection. The fearful atrocities of the Sepoy outbreak; the destruction by violence of more than

fifteen hundred English lives; the plunder of the public treasuries, to the amount of a million and a half sterling; the loss of two millions of revenue; of arsenals, public buildings, and public property to the value of six millions more; the death of hundreds of brave officers and gallant men, by sun-stroke, warfare, and the diseases of an ungenial clime; the successful resistance, for a time, to English authority; the rebellion, protracted through many months, of great cities and districts; the chaotic disorder that swept like a deluge over the fairest provinces of Upper India;—were main elements in a crisis unparalleled in the history of the British Empire. The chastisement was bitter, but was tempered with abundant mercy: the rage of the rebel enemy was wonderfully held in check; no leaders, qualified by skill and judgment, arose to head them; unity was wanting to their plans, and courage to their arms; patience, wisdom, fortitude, and almost miraculous deliverance were given to hundreds who stood in peril of their lives; until at length the tide of revolt was rolled back, and peace once more returned to the disordered provinces. These things have produced a profound impression upon the English nation; and we believe that throughout the country there exists a settled determination that, as far as English resources can avail, full justice shall be done to India in the future.

Both the writers named at the head of this article have come forward to speak with decision on these important topics. Mr. Noel has given to the public a valuable book, full of sound principles, enforced with the calm, thoughtful earnestness for which he is distinguished. Taking in the whole range of moral and religious principles involved in the singular connection formed between England and India, he points out the duties which belong respectively to the government and to the Christian church. He exposes the errors of the past, and enumerates the evils to be avoided, with the good to be aimed at in the future; and powerfully argues the claims of the country, now fresh subdued, to receive every benefit which politicians and philanthropists are able to bestow. Unnecessarily diffuse on some topics, very deficient upon others, and greatly wanting in pointed recommendations of the exact measures specially required at the present time, the work will, we fear, fail to secure the attention deserved by the information and the sound reasonings of its better portions. The Despatches of Sir John Lawrence are two of the noblest documents which ever emanated from an Indian officer in his high position. Though comparatively brief, they are systematic, and clear: they hardly touch the history of the various questions of which they treat, and enter but partially into their details; but they point out the principles upon which these questions should be settled, lay a decided

finger upon the evils to be removed, and show the precise measures which constitute, in that able officer's judgment, the proper remedy. Mr. Noel's book, while recording numerous facts of great value, dwells chiefly on theoretical views of what ought to be done, so far as right principle seems to require; and fails to recognise the many difficulties, by which the delicate questions that arise in the performance of duty are surrounded. These difficulties Sir John Lawrence appreciates; and possessing the fullest practical acquaintance with things as they are, he indicates, in few words, existing errors, and suggests the measures required to remove them. The details of his Despatches apply specially to the Punjab, and do not fully represent the condition of things in other parts of India; his measures, however, could easily be adapted to all the Presidencies. It is strange that, though Mr. Noel's work is only just published, it makes no mention of these admirable Despatches: they arrived in England three months ago, and would have formed a better appendix to the book than almost anything which the present Notes contain.

None of the numerous pamphlets called forth by the Indian crisis, upon the religious aspects of the government connection with India, present in our judgment a sufficiently clear, yet brief view of the work now requiring to be done. Dealing chiefly with the spirit of the former government, and not distinguishing, with anything like accuracy, those errors which have been remedied from evils which yet remain, or dwelling only upon single topics, they fail to give the English public a precise idea of the point which we have reached, and the full range of measures which are now called for. By the help of the authorities mentioned above, and others of various kinds, we propose to attempt this somewhat difficult task.

In the following passage Mr. Noel states, in clear and forcible terms, the great object of British rule in India:—

“ A population six times as large as that of Great Britain has been given to us by the skill of our statesmen and the valour of our troops, to be saved and blessed. Rescued by British dominion from the barbarities of such rulers as the family of Delhi or Nana Sahib, they should now receive from us complete protection in person and property; we ought to save the weak from the oppression of the strong; and we ought to raise the working-classes from the debasement to which centuries of misrule, a polluting superstition, and the cruel fictions of caste have reduced them. As they have neither the intelligence nor the moral principle to govern themselves, we must place them under a despotism; but we ought to make it the most paternal and beneficent despotism which the world has ever seen—a despotism becoming a free nation to impose, and for which populations, long corrupted by superstition and political slavery, may be hereafter thankful. We ought to improve to the utmost their agri-

culture, their operations in mining, their manufactures, and their commerce; we ought to intersect the valley of the Ganges with railroads, such as those of Lancashire, and the West Riding, and, generally, to impart to them the arts, the science, and the literature of Europe. We ought, further, to train them for national self-government, by a universal popular education, by admitting them to all civil employments for which they may be prepared, by the pure and public administration of the laws, by such local self-government as they can bear, and by as much freedom of the press as circumstances will admit; above all, by sending out many missionaries, by training native preachers, by multiplying Christian schools, and by circulating Christian books, we have to convert them to Christ. Thus we have to make India the equal of England in all material and moral prosperity; to blend these rival creeds and nations, if possible, into one great nation, pervaded by one literature, governed by one law, formed by one education, and animated by one spirit; to make that great nation peaceable, orderly, prosperous, moral, religious, and free; the greatest monument of British power, wisdom, and benevolence, the civiliser of the populous East, the counterpart to the United States of America in energetic religion, and one of the most glorious products on earth of the doctrine of Jesus Christ."

During the rebellion many of the Indian officers have greatly distinguished themselves, not only by courage and warlike skill, but by the promptitude and wisdom of their measures in meeting the calamities around them. The following extract, however, shows how much remains to be accomplished, in the army, and in English society at large, before fit instruments can be obtained to secure these mighty ends; and before we can expect, from the English population in India, that Christian example and practical kindness, which will commend to the heathen natives the Divine religion which we profess to obey. Great as the improvement in modern times has been, how much requires to be amended still!

"Colonel Wheler seems to have no more endangered the stability of the empire, or shaken the fidelity of the sepoy, than any of the many who have debauched and destroyed the caste of the nearest female relations of these same sepoy; who have been drunkards, gamblers, fraudulent debtors, and have otherwise disgraced the commissions they were unworthy to bear; and from this category I do not except commanders-in-chief and general officers. I could even show, that a man, who has imputed to Lord Canning that it is an official crime for him to have subscribed to a missionary society, could spend his private fortune in importing to India, not the Christianity, but an unhappy embodiment of the vice and profligacy which pollute our own country.

"Few men can long retain nice sentiments of honour under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, brought on by their own extravagance; and as it is too notorious to be denied, that Indian regimental

officers are very generally in debt, it is not surprising that the general conduct of so many of them there is most disreputable. It is obviously impossible for me to set down names, or to record the misconduct of many blackguards I have met; but I can appeal to every officer in the service to say, whether he has any difficulty in recalling many such names, and whether he has not known instances of such persons pursuing, with perfect impunity, for many years, a course of unblushing rascality and falsehood."—pp. 89, 90.

The *traditional policy* of the East India Government occupies, of course, the foremost place in a discussion like the present. That policy should be studied, not so much in Acts of Parliament, East India Charters, or Government Proclamations, as in the actual deeds of the Company: there is a terrible contrast between the principles which have been professed, and the policy which has been practically pursued. Recognising their peculiar position, as governors of Hindus and Mahommedans, Sikhs and Jews, Parsees and Devil-worshippers; of people and nations revering religions that are mutually hostile, the Directors of the East India Company, from the outset, apparently, desired to stand neutral between them, and to leave the native religions to the attachment and support of their various worshippers. They avowed it to be their aim "to protect the natives in the undisturbed enjoyment of their religious opinions; and neither to interfere with them themselves, nor to suffer them to be molested by others; but to act upon the principle of neutrality." Such words look well: a real honest neutrality, between opposing and contradictory creeds; a neutrality which should exhibit a steady non-interference with religious beliefs and ceremonies by the arm of political power, was just the course which the case required, and the only one which could be right and safe. But from the first, the interpretation given to such words by the acts of government, showed that they felt afraid of their position as Christians, few in number, amongst millions of idolators; and that it was their wish to conciliate the natives by favouring the Indian religions, and discountenancing their own. From the day when the policy assumed a definite shape, down to a few years ago, this was the compromising course pursued. On the one hand, requested by natives to do something on behalf of decaying temples and plundered endowments, they permitted their officers to receive them under their charge: they also punctiliously respected the caste of their Bengal Sepoys, and framed their rules of service accordingly. On the other, they endeavoured steadily to resist the entrance of missionaries into the country. The Serampore missionaries took refuge in a Danish settlement, and were threatened with imprisonment if they entered the Company's territory: the Judsons fled from

persecuting Englishmen to the Buddhist king of Burmah: Gordon Hall and his colleague were stopped and confined by Sir Evan Nepean at Bombay; and Mr. Thompson was only saved by premature death, from being summarily sent back to England. The policy of that day was pithily expressed in the words of a heathen Director, who said "he would rather see a band of devils in India, than a band of missionaries." Meanwhile, not the slightest check was ever imposed upon the efforts of natives to extend their own religion. Mussulmans have continued to make converts from Hindus; and the Sikhs have drawn disciples from both: it was only the progress of Christianity that was feared. The same spirit strenuously resisted Mr. Wilberforce's efforts to improve the Charter of 1813; prophesied that the landing of Bishop Middleton would set the country in a blaze; wondered at the boldness of Mr. Fisher in baptizing a sepoy, without permission from his colonel, and to allay excitement, removed the man from his regiment. Though corrected, controlled, and improved by Acts of Parliament, and by the spirit of the age, this policy has appeared again and again even in late years. In 1847, a Despatch drawn up by Sir James W. Hogg, was sent to India, forbidding government officers to assist and share in missionary labours. Even Mr. Macaulay inserted in the proposed penal code, clauses respecting the dealings of one set of religionists with the creed of another, which, by the stringency of their language, would render missionaries and native preachers continually liable to imprisonment and fine. This policy reappeared several times during the mutiny. Hindu and Mahomedan addresses presented to the Governor-General, when it first broke out, expressing the loyalty of these classes, and their sympathy with the government, were graciously received; but when a body of Christian natives prepared a similar address, they were requested to withdraw it. When the Christians in the Krishnaghur districts sent up their memorial, acknowledging the benefits they had enjoyed under English rule, and offering themselves and their carts to transport English troops to the Upper Provinces, their offer was not even acknowledged. While Tewaree Naik and Shaikh Phultoo, with other Sepoys and police in the service of government, were promoted for their zeal in times of danger, the police-inspector at Belgaum, who by his activity and intelligence prevented an outbreak and saved the station, received nothing for his conduct, because he was a Christian, and to reward him "would look invidious." The same fear respecting the gospel called forth Lord Ellenborough's speech, against the liberal donations which Lord Canning had *not* given to missionary societies; gave rise to numerous anti-missionary discussions at the India House and in

the *Times*; and produced the bitter minute of Sir George Clerk. While feeling ran strong respecting the greased cartridges, the Brigadier at Sealkote forbade the Christian officers to hold a prayer-meeting, lest the Sepoys should take offence. And with the view of conciliating the good will of their men, in the midst of the mutiny, two officers of the 69th N. I. stationed at Moulton, joined them in celebrating the Dusserah festival, and rode in the procession, covered with garlands of flowers. On more than one occasion, with the same compromising spirit, the government officials in the Burmese provinces have joined together in regilding the tower of some Buddhist pagoda, to which special veneration is attached.

What a shame all this is! How unprincipled are these efforts to encourage the natives of India in maintaining religions which the government must believe to be false! How cowardly the attempt to hide from them the religion which the government has, in official documents, acknowledged to be its own! How insulting to the God of heaven and earth, that they should disavow the glorious truths to which England owes all its greatness, and truckle to false religions which rob Him of his honour! How could the government hope to prosper; how with such a spirit could it do otherwise than look for the heavy chastisements which have wellnigh brought the empire to ruin?

While this policy was unprincipled, it was at the same time useless. Natives know perfectly well that the English government is Christian; and when they see it ashamed to show its religion, anxious to conciliate caste, and ready to keep under its fostering care the temples of idolatry and the mosques of the Mussulman, they reckon it a deceiver, and cease to trust its promises. Again and again has the government declared it will preserve a strict neutrality; that it will not interfere with the religions of its subjects; but the reforms it has been compelled to effect, the antagonism into which it has been forced to the grosser forms of iniquity which had been commanded and sanctified by the foul and cruel superstitions of the Hindu, have been interpreted by the people as acts of treachery. While legislating, with the best intentions for the people's good, in the laws against Dherna; in the abolition of suttee, of infanticide and slavery; in altering the laws of inheritance; in requiring general service from their Sepoys; in enforcing the messing system in jails; and finally in permitting Hindu widows to remarry;—excellent and necessary as these measures are, in our opinion, natives generally have considered the government promises broken, and during the last few years have been exceedingly suspicious as to what its intentions really are. In

1856, after the circulation of a number of special tracts, by the Calcutta missionaries, among the educated classes in Bengal, tracts which the people believed to have come from the government, the Lieut.-Governor thought it his duty to issue a special proclamation, disclaiming all connection between the government and the missionaries, and speaking of the latter in rather slighting terms. So far from quieting the people, especially the Mahomedans, the paper had just the opposite effect. On visiting Ghazee-pore shortly after, Mr. Halliday was surprised to find the town in commotion; the people believed that he had come thither purposely to destroy their caste, and compel them to become Christians! Nothing has more completely failed in India than the temporising system of hiding Christianity, treating it as an element of weakness instead of strength, and counting the native religions as worthy of respect. Well aware that the government does not believe their religions true, while they seem so anxious to conciliate them, the people are prepared to believe the government treacherous, and to find in bone-dust and greased cartridges hidden expedients for covertly taking their religion away.

An honest, manly avowal of our faith has never failed to inspire confidence. Mr. Thomason and Mr. Colvin, when Lieut.-Governors of the North West Provinces, the principal Punjab officers, judges and commissioners like Mr. Raikes, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Tucker of Benares, Mr. Muir and Mr. Robert Tucker of Futtehpore, with many officers in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies, have been well known to the natives as supporters of missions, yet none were ever afraid of them; none ever suspected them of seducing men clandestinely from their religion. Open, frank and outspoken themselves, they inspired confidence in every one around them. The address presented to Mr. H. Carre Tucker, on quitting Benares for England, furnishes striking evidence of the capability of natives thoroughly to appreciate both official and Christian zeal; all the principal inhabitants of the Division, of both religions, came forward to acknowledge him as their friend, and to thank him for "his labours for their welfare *here and hereafter*."

What, then, is to be done in the future—by what spirit and in obedience to what laws shall the rule of our gracious Queen, just established in British India, be guided? The Royal Proclamation has gone forth, and has been read in every village and town in the empire. It has been received with an attention and a confidence never accorded to the manifestoes of John Company, who, according to native belief, has been deservedly hanged, or lost his contract, because of his many delinquencies. Uttered amid the last embers of rebel-fires, spoken over plains that have



been deluged alike with English and native blood, its gentle words of forgiveness and peace will pour the balm of comfort into many a wounded heart. Coming from the lips of a loving Christian woman, and containing the first comprehensive and honest amnesty ever issued upon Indian soil, it was meet that it should be calculated to inspire even rebels with confidence in our mercy as well as awe for our power; and should seek, by its generosity and equity, to restore a well-assured peace to the provinces and districts long swept by raging war. But in regard to the relation to be maintained with the native religions it is too general to be quite satisfactory; though we cordially acknowledge that on some important points the Proclamation deserves the greatest commendation. The old pledges of perfect neutrality, impossible to maintain, have been wisely omitted. The government no longer promises to respect the usages of caste; and in administering the law, its measures are "*generally*" to be framed with only a "*due*" regard to the ancient rights, usages and customs of the country." Nothing can be more proper than to respect, as far as possible, these ancient customs; but considering that many of those customs are cruel and unjust, nothing can be more necessary than a clear understanding of the limits within which this "respect" is to be confined.

Acknowledging the strong attachment of the natives to their lands, security in their enjoyment is guaranteed, "subject to the equitable demands of the state." Nothing is added here, as in the old Acts, respecting the maintenance of the Hindu and Mahommedan codes of law. Employment is promised without favour to all classes of the community "of whatever rate or creed," as they may "be qualified by education, ability and integrity duly to discharge its duties." These promises, clearly expressed and wisely limited, are excellent. The religious paragraph however, is not all that we could wish. It was more anxiously looked for than any other, owing to the strong feeling existing against the traditional policy of the Company; but it is written ambiguously, and is capable of more than one interpretation. It may be well to quote the sentences which are certain to give rise to much debate hereafter.

"Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. We declare it to be our royal will and pleasure, that none be in anywise favoured, none molested or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith or observances; but that all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law. And we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us, that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief, or worship, of any of our subjects on pain of our severest displeasure."

While it is gratifying to find the Queen boldly avowing, before all the inhabitants of India, what the East India Company were ever so afraid to confess—her belief in the truth of Christianity, and her grateful enjoyment of the solace of religion; yet one would have liked to see a clearer acknowledgment of the truth of Christianity as the only revelation from heaven; and of the solace as derived, not from some indefinite religious belief, but from the doctrines and promises of the Bible specially named. Well too might the Queen have added what Queen Adelaide expressed so emphatically to the Malagasy ambassadors—her conviction that the Bible was the basis of her own happiness and of her people's prosperity. Expressions so indefinite as those of the Proclamation convey no sound impression to a native's mind; because it is the common belief of a Hindu that Christianity is as true for English people as Hinduism is to the Hindus; and that all kinds of religious acts, being meritorious, bring reward and consolation in the end.

The most ambiguous sentence is the last. Does the "interference" mean the violent or fraudulent putting down of the worship, the animal sacrifices, the feasts, or the pilgrimages of the native religions? It can scarcely be so intended, for no one would desire any such method of treating ceremonies which are not inhuman or cruel. Does it refer only to the official acts of the government officers, or include their private philanthropic efforts as well? Examined by the light of the Despatch of 1847, and of Sir George Clerk's Minute, there is reason to fear that it may be intended to prevent all private efforts of the Queen's officers to benefit the idolatrous people of India. If so, it indirectly condemns the efforts already made by many of the most eminent servants of the government in years gone by; of men who are universally acknowledged to have been the saviours of the empire in its recent troubles. It interferes with their Christian liberty, their personal duty, appointed and enforced by a higher Master than any human government; and amidst opportunities of usefulness greater than any that are enjoyed in England, it puts a gag upon their tongue, and a handcuff on their arm. Hoping to save the native, it really persecutes the Christian.

Excellent therefore in some respects, carefully guarded in promising only what it is right to perform, the Queen's Proclamation must still be regarded as unsatisfactory, or at any rate ambiguous on the most vital point of the connection existing between England and its Indian empire; that of the spirit and policy in reference to religious matters by which the royal rule is to be animated. If it was intended by this studied ambiguity to prevent controversy as to the intentions of the government, the authors of the paragraph have wretchedly failed; no passage

has given rise to so much doubt, is so much watched, and so completely appreciated in the many phases of meaning that its words may assume. It is surely too late to think that the policy of 1847 can be renewed in the present year. The Despatch of 1847, unknown to all but the inner official circles of Calcutta and Madras, was powerless in the presence of men who, like Mr. Millett, Mr. Hawkins, and Sir Frederick Currie, threatened to resign if it were enforced; and to throw up their appointments under the Company rather than violate their duty to God. Known, laid bare, and discussed openly in England, what chance has such a policy of obtaining the shadow of success?

Forewarned is forearmed. It becomes the Christian people of England to watch well this spirit of cowardice and dissimulation; and to insist that the traditional policy of placing Christianity under disabilities shall be set aside at once and for ever. No true Protestant, and especially no true Nonconformist, can for a moment desire that in any way whatsoever the law should be employed to injure or destroy the native religions as such. Where their ceremonies are cruel, or where their tenets injure human beings in property, life or limb, the government must step in; for to guard these is its peculiar sphere. But in all that concerns the idols they reverence, their modes of worship, and the laws by which it is directed, let them be left perfectly alone. Hitherto, to the dishonour of God and the injury of man, the native systems have been patronised and upheld; it is only Christianity which has been frowned upon. Missionaries ask not the aid of secular power in bringing Hindus to the Gospel. Hundreds of them have never applied for the educational grants-in-aid offered for their acceptance, but have preferred complete freedom and the support solely of the Church of Christ. They wish to draw converts only by those calm and sound discussions which, under higher teaching than their own, shall produce conviction, a change of doctrine and a change of life. The Proclamation has justly promised, to all Indian subjects, security, the full enjoyment of all human rights, and the unmolested practice of their religions. Let the government fulfil these promises to the last degree; and let it interfere with Christians no more than with heathens while they obey their conscientious convictions in serving God and enlightening men.

What has the government to do with *caste*? It is scarcely possible for those who have never been in India, correctly to appreciate the tenacity with which the Hindus cleave to their caste system. It has come down to them from almost the very earliest days of their religion, and is mixed up with every notion and with every practice of their religious, public, private, and social life. It divides man from man, family from family, by

barriers that are impassable : it cuts society into distinct sections, and forbids all interchange of benevolence and kindness between them. Different castes must not intermarry, must not eat with each other, and must not smoke together ; must not even give each other water to drink. The religious belief and the caste practice of the Hindu mutually co-operate ; the commonest acts of daily life receive religious sanctions, and departure from caste routine carries with it the fearful consequences involved in apostasy from the received faith. Caste professes to be based upon a divine origin ; but while adhering to its essential elements, respecting food, drink, and intermarriage, its minor applications have changed with the current of years. It is in the present day far more a system of habits than of revealed rules ; yet all Hindus accept it, revere it, and obey it as of divine origin, and as having the sanction of their most ancient and honoured books. As a matter of argument, its divine origin may be denied ; its authority may be questioned as doubtful ; its history may be shown to be confused and self-contradictory ; its rules have varied at different periods ; its own followers have at times opposed its tyrannical claims ; it is a scheme intended to make the Sudra the slave of the Brahmin ; it is cruel, unjust, inhuman. All these things may be fully proved. Yet will not the Hindu disbelieve in it. Silenced in argument, his whole heart reveres still the system in which he has been trained from a child, and though you prove that its effects are ever injurious, he will consider you his enemy if you forcibly take it away. So engrained is it in the Hindu constitution, that though the altered circumstances of the present age affect it in many ways, the people permit the mode of its application to be shifted, but preserve the spirit still.

The English in India see a great deal of caste ; it compels them to keep a troop of servants where two or three would suffice ; and it subjects them to many great inconveniences. Formerly, for instance, the Hindu servants would not pull a punka over beef, nor touch soap or tallow candles. But many innovations have been admitted, secured by kind treatment, and the remonstrances of common sense ; especially where only the outworks of the system are concerned. In all the schools, both government and missionary, at first Brahmin boys objected to sit with Sudras ; but they were assured all would be treated and taught alike, and all objection on the subject has long since been silenced. In the medical colleges, students at first objected to touch the bones and muscles of dead subjects, and the secretions of living ones ; but the Professors showed that such things were to be looked at professionally, not socially ; that they were a part of regular medical duty, and were not degrading in them-

selves; and the students ere long took their full share in anatomical and clinical studies. Formerly, from leather being the skin of a dead animal, natives universally wore shoes down at heel, that they might put them off without touching them with the hand. Now-a-days hundreds of clerks prefer the English shoe, from its neatness and comfort in walking. But these things are regarded also as professional; they are only worn at office, and on returning to the inner life of home, every Hindu puts on both dress and slippers that have never been defiled by contact with the mixed world outside.

In government matters also, the caste question has made itself prominent, and it has ever been treated as one of peculiar delicacy. It has frequently been alluded to in proclamations and circulars; and every exhibition of the government fear, has only made the people more sensitive. It appeared above all other places in the Bengal army. Great deference was paid to its requirements; the higher castes of Brahmins and Rajpoots were preferred as soldiers; enlistment was so limited as not to require service beyond sea; and trench-digging and other military duties were not enforced, on caste grounds. The result was, that the Bengal army became an immense brotherhood, bound together more strongly by caste ties than any other portion of the population; more sensitive than any other respecting caste privileges; less affected by practical innovations; and determined to stand by each other in its defence. We know the end of all this now.

In civil matters caste had less influence. The police were generally chosen from various classes, not from the blue blood of Oude and Gwalior; and Mahommedans to a great extent sought the office. In all the public offices in Bengal and Upper India, the Writer caste, who are the equals of the Brahmins in education, have obtained very great influence. In the former province all castes among the Sudras that learn English, manage to maintain a footing in public employments. Nevertheless the caste system is so engrained in the native mind, as to appear continually when least expected. In these offices, in the interior of the country especially, particular castes holding by each other, strive to monopolise the desks and chairs. In some of the government schools it quietly endeavours to exclude the lower castes from the benefits of education, even when they seek to obtain them. In the courts of justice it has frequently prevented proper access to native magistrates and judges; the lower castes have been obliged to present their petitions or give their evidence through doors and windows, remaining outside the room where the pure officials were sitting. On this point the Tinnevely Christians in 1853 presented a memorial to Parliament, complaining in strong

terms of the haughtiness of the Brahmin and Sudra officials; and the evil has been frequently pointed out in the Madras Presidency, where the lower castes are so numerous, and the higher castes especially anxious to maintain their purity. By the English officials of course such distinctions are not allowed to hinder justice, and the lower castes look to them as their best friends.

The government has not entirely given way to the system; it has felt the inconveniences to which it gives rise, and has in certain respects endeavoured to remedy them. Several years ago it introduced the messing system into jails, appointing a Brahmin to cook for each mess of twenty-four prisoners, instead of allowing each man to cook for himself. In the army, also, Lord Dalhousie introduced the general-service order, which binds all Sepoys, enlisted after a certain date, to march wherever they are commanded. Enlistments since that order have been as numerous as before, though the older Sepoys were dissatisfied at the innovation, and still recognise it as a ground of complaint. But nothing is clearer than the fact, that where the essentials of the caste system are not touched, innovations introduced on public grounds, and with good reason, are assented to by the people, and by the force of public opinion are placed beyond the range of caste principles. In public schools, it is now thought no injury to caste, that a Brahmin boy sits beside the son of a potter. In the Bombay army the Brahmin stands in the ranks with the Bheel, and cooks his food with his belt on; because it is *muluk ka dostur*, "the custom of the country." Natives are really without principle on the subject: the question is not ruled by stern uncompromising rules of right; but by the opinion of the community. Two branches of a caste recently quarrelled in Calcutta, and when one side asked the other why they allowed some of their young men to indulge in steaks and champagne at the English hotels without excommunicating them; the answer given was, that such things were no scandal, "*because they were done on the sly*." Innovations therefore, ought to be made on such applications of the caste system as interfere with social rights, and the interests of public justice. Englishmen ought never to allow that there are any essential differences between one set of men and another; differences established at the creation, making one race always masters, another always slaves; differences so vital, that never by any amount of intelligence, wealth, or virtue, can the lower rank be raised to the higher. Social differences do exist, they are natural, and serve important ends; but all natives of India of all ranks are *men*; they are made of the same blood as other nations of the earth, and the same human duties, the same human rights belong to them as to others.

For the future then in dealing with the caste system, not in its religious but social aspects, the government should steadily look at two or three things. It should carefully *watch* the system as an evil to be guarded against, preventing its influence in the army, the courts, the public offices and jails, where it may compromise the interests of individuals, or injure the community and the government itself. It should refuse to *defer* to any of those applications of the system, which injure the rights of the lower classes; especially insisting that in the courts of justice all classes can claim an attentive hearing. It should carry out fully the promise of the Royal Proclamation, that admission to public offices shall be impartially granted to all, *not for their caste or their religion*; but according to their *special fitness* of intelligence, experience, and integrity, for the posts which it has in its gift. It should *never permit caste-purity* and caste-position to be pleaded as a *valid excuse* for not performing any public duties required by the service of the state. In all these ways, by refusing to acknowledge and submit to the influence of this tyrannical system, the government and the English community in India may do much to secure the rights of the oppressed classes; to testify to the real position which all men occupy towards each other; and assist the natives in appreciating the faults of a system which has crushed the country for hundreds of years.

Respecting the government *patronage of idolatry* in India, a great deal of misapprehension exists, both in that country and in England. In former days the connection between the government and the two chief religions of India was of the closest and most dishonourable kind. At the end of last century the pagodas of the Madras Presidency, owing to the speculations of the priests, were falling into decay; the festivals were ill-attended, and enthusiasm for the system had disappeared. Urged on by irreligious men, like Mr. Place, the government, in order to remedy this state of things, instead of referring the matter to the civil courts, where all breaches of trust might be punished, took the temples, mosques, and lands under its own direct charge. About the same time on the conquest of the Mahratta empire, the endowments presented to the shrines of Poonah by the conquered Peishwah, were adopted by the East India Company. Juggernaut fell into the hands of Lord Wellesley, and pilgrim taxes were established at Gaya, Puri, and Allahabad. The system soon spread, and at last in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies attained a depth of infamy which few in England have ever imagined. Hundreds of officials submitted to it without scruple, helped to extend it, and reaped large gains from their share in temple management. Nine thousand temples and shrines, with all their lands and endow-

ments were taken under the direct charge of these officers; and in the Bombay Presidency deductions were made from the village revenues in favour of twenty thousand more. All appointments of priests and painters, cooks and dancing girls, were made by the collector, and by him all salaries were paid; all offerings were received into his custody, and all jewels and vessels were registered in his court. At his command prayers were offered for rain to the idol Varuna; Brahmins were feasted, special talismans were employed against public calamities; and thousands of poor villagers were compelled to drag the idol cars. Many of the civil officers thought it no shame to assist at the festivals, and even to make offerings themselves. One bold renegade from truth, for several years was accustomed to mount the idol's elephant at Puri, march in the forefront of the procession, and waving his hat in air, cry, with his loudest voice, "Victory to Juggernaut!" Salutes were fired in honour of heathen festivals, even on the Christian sabbath. English soldiers and officers joined in the processions; and the native servants of the courts attended with their official dress and badges. At one festival the degradation of common sense was so great, that in the public offices themselves, the account-books and records were placed in a row upon the desks, and all the native clerks bowed down and worshipped them.

In all the Presidencies large remissions of revenue were made in favour both of temples and priests. These grants were in most cases a continuance of gifts made by the princes whom the English had conquered. They were considered public obligations, and have been continued, in the Punjab as well as other districts, down to the present time. The Legislative Council added its share to that of the Executive, and passed strong regulations both in Madras and Bengal, charging, not on the Civil Judges, but on the Collectors of Revenue, the duty of attending to all the endowments of the Hindu and Mahommedan religions, and seeing that "the pious and beneficial purposes" for which they were given were completely accomplished, "according to the real intent and will of the granter." The government even allowed its own prosperity to be mixed up with these systems. Money was paid to Brahmins to perform worship in the salt-stores, in order to make them lucky: and a special offering and worship were presented by Brahmins at Patna, when the opium fleet took its departure for the Calcutta market.

There can be no doubt that all these disgraceful transactions, carried on without hesitation, without remission, for more than forty years, did much to revive both systems, but especially the idolatry of Hinduism in Madras, from the decay which had been falling upon them. The officers of a Christian government,



devoted their skill, their experience, their honesty, their wisdom, their zeal, to the maintenance of a wicked system of idolatry, which injures man, and insults the only true God; a system which, of its own strength and enthusiasm, can never secure the efficiency which those gentlemen gave it. The temples were kept in repair; the tanks clean and free from weeds; the festivals celebrated with splendour; the cars painted and neat; the offices filled; all salaries paid with punctuality; the Brahmins revelled in prosperity and fatness; the roads were maintained in good order; pilgrimages were rendered safe; the priests flocked everywhere proclaiming the glories of the idol, and inviting worshippers to their shrines: and who can wonder that the notion was most extensively propagated, that the East India Company was the great friend of their gods, and desired to secure the prosperity of their worship?

We are appalled by the horrors of that guilty time! we stand amazed at the awful degradation to which the government descended, and the crime they committed before men and before God. Themselves possessing the revelation of his truth, and warned therein of the danger of robbing him of his due honour, they dared to throw their strength into the cause of idolatry, to expel his servants from their territories, to mislead millions of their subjects, and confirm them in those mighty errors which have been the bane of India since the Brahmins entered the land. Long and earnestly did they resist all interference with their ungodly work: even till lately they have always been impatient of reproof: but the punishment has come at last; has come from the hand of that idolatrous army, whose caste they fostered, whose religion they cared for, while frowning on their own.

This fearful state of things no longer continues. The great despatch of Lord Glenelg, in 1833, was the first thing that called the attention of the Indian authorities to their position, and insisted that they should retire from it. Both the Court at home and the officers in India declined to listen. The resignation of Sir Peregrine Maitland at Madras, in 1838, because he was compelled to order salutes on days of festival, called forth a second and more stringent despatch, which the authorities dared not disobey. From that day things began to change; and it must be acknowledged that the Directors at home, having at once accepted the decision of the public in England as final, continued far more steady in carrying it out than the various governments abroad. After various measures had been adopted, the change which resulted was this. All open and direct connection with the temples, mosques, and tombs was given up: all the direct management of their affairs was brought to an

end. Various individuals, or committees, were selected in different localities, possessing the confidence of the community, and all idol property was handed over to their custody; they were regarded as trustees; lands and buildings were placed under their sole direction, and they appointed the establishments. All sums of money claimable from the government are still paid into their hands for the temple uses: but the government neither asks nor receives any account of its expenditure. These sums amount at the present time to 170,000*l.* a-year. They are not, however, gifts of benevolence from the English government: the majority of them are the continuance of grants bestowed by former kings; or the annual income of Pagoda lands, resumed by government, and never restored to the temples: in some cases they are paid simply from custom, nobody knows why or how. They have been much misunderstood in England; they are still more misunderstood in India; the natives have on hundreds of occasions represented them as gifts of good will; and have argued with missionaries, "If these idols are false, why does the government give them money?" Unsound as their argument is, it shows the impression made upon their minds, and the scandal produced even by such connection as exists at the present time. Nothing can be more righteous in principle, therefore, or wise in regard to these native errors, than that the government should get rid of the last remains of the old evil. *First:* in preparation for such a step, it would be well to order throughout the Indian empire, a complete, searching, and fundamental inquiry into every sum of money paid by the government, to temples, mosques, and tombs; to Brahmins and maulavis, under whatever name or designation; stating the *amount* paid; *why* it is paid, and when it began. If rigidly carried out, we should then learn the exact position in which the government is now placed. A return of this kind was asked for in the House of Commons last session, but has not yet been made. *Secondly.* Fully carrying out the principle of non-interference, and leaving the natives to manage their systems for themselves, let the government determine to get rid of the payments altogether, commuting annual payments by single ones; giving land, where land was resumed; and doing anything else that the claims of justice demand. The Bombay missionaries, in their recent memorial, prayed that these payments might be taken from the temples and priests, and being thrown into a common fund, might be employed in educating the people, and other works of usefulness. Considering the present attachment to idolatry, and the extent to which it is still received, we fear that this proposal looks too much like confiscation, to be considered right. The money, or the lands

it represents, was given by heathens themselves for temple uses; and to take it from the temples would be a wrong. Hereafter, when the people become Christians, they will themselves desire to see idolatrous endowments appropriated to better uses: but so long as they remain unconvinced, such appropriation would be public robbery. Sir John Lawrence in his despatch argues that the grants, alienated from the public revenue in the Punjab and elsewhere, are many of them ancient, have become a species of property, and were regarded both by the government and the people solely in that light. He has endeavoured, where practicable, to reduce them; but to abolish them altogether would be a breach of faith, and be nothing short of persecution. These are questions which require careful examination; and under the advice of experienced Christian officers, it will not be difficult thoroughly to satisfy the claims of justice. In the case of the temple of Juggernaut, the missionaries always acknowledged the right of the temple to the sum it received, and only asked that, to get rid of the scandal, it might be fairly commuted. When Lord Dalhousie took up the question, believing that the money was a gift of good will, and that the Court in requesting him to get rid of it by one payment, were really endowing it for ever, he stated in the most noble terms, that he would rather resign his office than consent to such an arrangement. Perceiving, however, on deeper inquiry, that the money represented the rights of the temple, he sanctioned and directed the adoption of a plan, by which an estate near Puri, having an equal annual value, should be given over to the temple instead. The "deed" by which the transaction was carried into effect, recites the history of the question; exhibits the claim of the temple; hands over the estate, and declares that henceforth the government has no connection whatever with the temple's affairs. We look on this arrangement as just, and as furnishing an excellent precedent for settling similar cases.

Throughout the Indian empire the government offices are annually closed on certain *Hindu and Mahomedan holidays*. These holidays fall on the days of the principal festivals; the natives offer special worship to the gods after whom they are named, and frequently hold entertainments, with dances in the houses of the most wealthy. The number of these holidays in each year, given by the government in addition to the Sabbath, amounts to thirty-five. It must strike all thinking men, that to give holiday from public duties on days of heathen festivals, gives honour to the festivals, and associates with them notions of rest and enjoyment; their observance therefore tends to honour the idols celebrated as the days return. Ought we not therefore to get rid of them? Sir John Lawrence argues

that we cannot do so, because compelling a native to attend office, when his religion requires him to worship at the temple, is equivalent to making him abandon his religion. He would, however, restrict the holidays to those days on which Hindus or Mussulmans are obliged to attend to the ordinances of their religions. We think that here Sir John assumes the very point to be proved. The Hindus never avow that on their festival-days rest is enjoined from the ordinary business of life. It is of course convenient; all like rest, some take it; but generally the bazaars are most busy; the shops are all open, and a brisker trade is driven on those holidays than on other days. Rest for the sake of worship, conscientiously observed as sacred, is a Christian idea. It is not authoritatively commanded among the Hindus. It would be by no means difficult to set aside these holidays altogether. In many merchants' offices none are given; among attorneys and barristers the clerks rarely get them. Some missionary institutions give none at all; others give a half-holiday, and would give nothing, did not many of the lads come to school without food. There is a great purpose to serve in relation to idolatry by the course we recommend; and while we allow that holidays are needed in India far more than in England, we only advocate that they should not be given on festival days. Let the whole community enjoy holidays by all means, but let them do so without involving the government in acts which dishonour the Gospel, and without encouraging the heathen in their idolatry.

Another matter in which the East India Company started and maintained to the last a most pernicious and immoral agency, is the great *opium monopoly*. Their real position in relation to the traffic in China itself has been somewhat misunderstood, and yet may easily be defined. The government has not of late years had anything to do with China directly; they have no ships of their own, and they neither force the opium on the Chinese, nor smuggle it into their coast villages. The traffic is entirely in private hands; and many mercantile houses, English and American, Hindostani and Arab, have invested in it immense capital, and convey it in their own steamers and clippers. Nor does the government force the market in Bombay or Calcutta, where the drug is obtained. It is sold by public auction, without any trouble to the government, the demand being so extensive as readily to take off their hands whatever amount they can supply. The real position of the East India government in relation to the opium is this. They have kept the growth of the drug entirely in their own hands; they permit no one else to grow or manufacture it. So far it might be supposed they keep the supply in check, and prevent the immorality attendant

on unlimited cultivation. Assuming such a position, they might have exercised a powerful control over a pernicious habit, and prevented both the Chinese and the natives of India from obtaining a poison which might do them some good when required as medicine, but has actually been abused to their most frightful injury. This useful control the government has utterly failed to exercise. The increase of the evil habit of smoking it among the Chinese gradually produced such a demand for opium, and such a consequent increase in its value, that the profits of the monopolist became enormous. The cost of manufacture was comparatively low, the price in open market high; and the difference was so much pure gain on every chest that could be sold. As the supply enlarged, the revenue increased; and it was too much to expect that a government, which saw no immorality in rendering idolatry efficient, should see any evil in drugging a nation with opium, when they were willing to buy, and to give the seller immense profit. Possessing the power of keeping the evil under control, they surrendered that control for the sake of money; and for the sake of money flooded the coasts of China with a poison which they knew would bring ruin into thousands of Chinese families. The Indian government is therefore justly chargeable with a large share of the evil consequences which have sprung from the opium traffic. Several of their officers, and some of the Directors have at times cried out against this surrender of their control, and against the increase permitted by the authorities in the annual supply. But in spite of their remonstrances, the annual supply has gradually risen from two thousand chests to more than seventy thousand; and the net revenue amounts to above four millions sterling.

What is now to be done with this fearful evil? It is far easier to produce vices than to repress them. Our Indian Faustus has raised his demon; the government and the merchants have greatly increased his power. But nothing will cast him out but the Gospel; human efforts, though directed by sound principle, can only lay checks upon his power, and the problem now to be solved is, what check will be most efficient. Some call for the total and violent suppression of the traffic, the growth, the revenue, and the pernicious habit all at once. We simply reckon this impossible. No government that has made a people vicious during half a century, can compel them by law to become virtuous in a day. When a Maine law is adopted, the people themselves must sustain and enforce it by their willing obedience and earnest co-operation. It would be impossible to make a Maine law in England, and get unwilling officials, merchants, and opium-smokers, in China to obey it. A second and milder course is for the Indian government steadily and

scarcely to reduce the supply; bringing it down by degrees from the present fearful amount, to ultimate suppression. A third plan recommended by Sir John Lawrence, is that of putting the manufacture of opium in India in a position similar to that of intoxicating liquors in England. The government may let the production fall entirely into private hands, and put an excise duty on local consumption, an export duty on all sent abroad. The latter position is already that of the Malwa opium, grown in the native states of Rajpootana: the production of opium in Benares and Behar might be placed on the same foundation. With the view of keeping the evil under the strongest admissible checks, the duties might be raised as nearly as possible to the point when even a hazardous smuggling becomes profitable. We hope that this last plan will be adopted, and the new government separated from all participation in existing evils.

The last point requiring consideration in this review, is that of the *Government System of Education*. We are anxious to discuss the Indian question on the broadest-possible principles, and we propose to consider it quite apart from the general views, in reference to the true relations between government and public education, to which it is well known that the "Eclectic" is committed. The government educational system in India occupies a considerable space in Mr. Neill's work, and is ably discussed by Sir John Lawrence. The government has done little or nothing for the education of the masses in their own tongues; its efforts have been almost entirely confined to a few English colleges and schools. Here the traditional policy was conspicuous from the first, and the system descends from the first of moral as well as of political elements, produced most unsatisfactory, if not pernicious, results. The men in India have been practically more irregular and more exposed to indulgence in vapouring against the government than some of the students in these colleges. Bengal, though they were, and institute of grievances, they actually kept it as a secret. Chatterjee and Banerjeeburn. Improvements have been introduced into the system: the masters and professors are now allowed out of school-hours to talk with their scholars about their souls, even during lessons they may give all sorts of explanations respecting additions to Bible truth in the school, and answer questions directly put to them by the scholars. If the government continue these institutions, they will do them, and ought to be done, without turning them into a party of religious instruction, as the missionary institutions of the country will be acknowledged as a large and important part of the English history and in English literature. These schools should be honestly and fully taught, without a single attempt to make them stand or fall. Moral lessons

should be given, from the highest to the lowest range of their principles, and should form an important element of instruction in every school. All such teaching should be based upon Christian principles, even though the Bible be not directly introduced.

Many would go beyond this, and ask that the Bible should be taught daily, as a voluntary lesson in all the schools, just as is done in Ceylon. To this proposal weighty objections must be made, which Sir John Lawrence, though he assents to the plan, has clearly discerned. Even were Ceylon a parallel case, which strictly it is not, the great question arises, who is to teach the Bible when the plan is allowed? There are a few excellent men among the professors and masters of the colleges and schools; but many of them make no decided profession of religion. The majority of the teachers are Hindus and Mahommedans. The whole plan must depend for any success upon fit teachers being secured: and nowhere ought it to be adopted unless they be obtained. Besides, in the presence of idolaters, the Bible is a controversial book: it is opposed to idolatry from the beginning to the end, and it would seem impossible for any good man to begin teaching its truths and stories to Hindus without insensibly becoming a missionary.

Some have advocated strongly the increase of the grants-in-aid, hoping that missionary labours may thereby be greatly assisted: it is in opposition to this scheme that a large portion of Sir George Clerk's bitter minute is written. But how stand the facts? In the province of Bengal, in the year preceding the mutiny, out of a sum of 2,500*l.* expended on such grants, only six missionaries accepted them, to the contemptible amount of 240*l.* The grants have since been increased to 5,000*l.* in each of the five divisions of the Empire; but by far the greater portion goes to the assistance of native schools, which are considerably less beneficial in their tendency than those of the government. All these schools would be doing considerable harm, with some amount of good, were not their tendencies much kept in check by the influence indirectly exerted by the teaching of missionaries on all parts of the population amongst whom they dwell. Dr. Duff recommends that the government should retire from its English teaching altogether, and confine itself solely to grants-in-aid. If anything is to be done by government for education, we fully concur in the former suggestion; but we want to see better results from the latter, and a better application of grants, before we could heartily approve of the extension of the system. The question is a difficult one; it has in India peculiar aspects of its own; even wise men differ on it. For ourselves, even apart from our general convictions on this matter, we think

that with the stimulus already given to education, the best thing would be for the government to leave the matter alone ; and for Christian men heartily to step forward, and devote more time, money, and men, than they have ever done to the Christian training of the young people of the country. Beyond a certain amount of simple knowledge, we doubt the value of all but thoroughly Christian teaching for a people just emerging from the darkness in which ages of heathenism have enveloped them.

The more deeply we consider the events of India, the more clearly does it appear that there is but one balm for all its woes, one remedy for all its wrongs. It is an increase in our missionary agencies that will best promote its lasting welfare. Let the government, upright in its purpose, just in its dealings, act a manly part, desirous to please the King of all kings, and, pure in its integrity, strive to do its best, fearing the face of no man. Let the Church of Christ carry out in earnestness its special mission of love : and India, long "scattered and peeled," the prey of the marauder, the victim of the priest, protected, enlightened, saved, shall rest in peace, and shall sit at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in its right mind.

### III.

## BAD WEATHER ON THE MOUNTAINS :

### AN INCIDENT OF ALPINE ADVENTURE.

*By* ALFRED WILLS, Esq., *Author of "Wanderings among the High Alps."*

MOST of us have, at some time or other in our lives, experienced the miseries which exposure to wind and weather is capable of inflicting. To ride half the night in drenching rain, or in a steady drizzle on an "outside car," in the wilds of Connemara, or over a pass amongst the English lakes, to buffet with the storm across a desolate Highland moor, to struggle in blinding snow through a strange and thinly inhabited country, are among the occasional necessities of most travellers—never free from abundant discomfort, not always from actual danger. Storm and wind have a specific effect of their own in lowering the vital powers and destroying the elements of resistance to their attacks. The case of the two gentlemen who perished on the well-marked path between King's House and Fort William, positively killed by bad weather on an August day,\* though a striking, is far from being a solitary, instance of

\* In 1847. See Quarterly Review, Vol. CI. p. 299.



the death-dealing power which the elements can exert. But it is difficult, from the widest experience of bad weather at ordinary elevations, to form any conception of the terrible aspect it assumes on lofty mountains; where the fury of the blast is increased tenfold,—where rain gives place to snow,—where, perhaps, the very mist is frozen,—where the soil and rock are replaced by substances incapable of absorbing and of radiating heat, so that the instant the sun's rays are withdrawn, every source of warmth is extinguished,—and where the scanty produce of caloric in the body is more than exhausted in raising the thin and frosty air you breathe to a temperature which the lungs can endure.

It has been my lot, among the many chances of an inveterate climber, to learn what bad weather means in a spot as lofty, and as remote from external assistance, as any in which I am likely, in Europe, at all events, again to incur the anger of the elements, namely, on the summit of Mont Blanc; and it was an experience such as the most reckless traveller would hardly soon forget, or willingly brave, a second time. The circumstances of the expedition were peculiar. During the summer of 1857, Dr. Tyndall, one of our most acute and persevering scientific investigators, was engaged during some weeks in a series of researches on the Mer de Glace. A well-known guide of Chamouni, Auguste Balmat,—of whom it is sufficient, on the present occasion, to say that had he had the advantages of a liberal education, he would probably have been one of the first scientific men of the day,—mentioned to Dr. Tyndall that he thought of placing some self-registering thermometers on and near the summit of Mont Blanc, for the purpose of ascertaining the minimum of external temperature attained in that elevated region, and the depth to which such cold penetrates beneath the surface of the ice. Circumstances prevented Balmat from carrying out this experiment during the autumn of 1857; and, before the next campaign, Dr. Tyndall, believing that the result would be a valuable addition to our knowledge of the real phenomena and condition of the ice-world, procured from the Royal Society a small grant for the purpose of assisting so praiseworthy an undertaking. Proper thermometers were taken out from England; and, about the beginning of September, Dr. Tyndall repaired to Chamouni and proposed to Balmat to make the ascent and plant the thermometers. Balmat was at the time engaged as my guide, and I gladly accepted Dr. Tyndall's welcome invitation to be of the party. The weather, however, broke up, and, for some days, it seemed hopeless to think of any long or difficult expedition; and, despairing of Mont Blanc, we made a compromise by burying one thermometer in the ice and planting another beneath some rocks, above the summit of the Jardin. The depth of snow we encountered here appeared to afford satisfactory proof that it would be in vain to attempt Mont Blanc. The day, however, was one of singular magnificence, and the following day proving equally fine, we could none of us resist a longing desire to be once more amongst the grandest scenes of the ice-world, and to gain that glorious summit which

rose so temptingly before our eyes. Balmat had another thermometer which, though not particularly suitable, would yet answer the purpose sufficiently well in default of a better. The expedition was therefore determined upon—Balmat to be at its head, as the projector of the experiment—Dr. Tyndall the scientific director, and prepared to make some interesting observations on other matters—I to “make myself generally useful” as far as I could. We were met, however, by a not altogether unexpected difficulty. The chief guide, a man of rare stupidity and ignorance, declared that without the regulation number of guides, which means the regulation expense of about 25*l.* a-piece, we should not go. We had each of us ample knowledge of Alpine climbing, had each of us ascended Mont Blanc before,\* and were resolved that nothing should induce us to submit to this enormous imposition. We appealed to the superior authorities, to the Syndic, and through him to the Intendant of the province, a gentleman of great accomplishments and singular administrative capacity, and readily obtained from him an official countenance for our proceedings, the result of which was that the chief guide's threats of prosecutions and *procès-verbals* were unheeded; and, instead of our having any difficulty in procuring the porters we required, we might have had a hundred if we had wanted them. Precious time, however—two or three days of glorious weather—had been lost in these negotiations, and when we started it was not altogether without a misgiving for the morrow.

The matchless grandeur of the scenery of Mont Blanc is neither generally known nor adequately appreciated; and, despite the great wasting of the glaciers, which was observable in most parts of the Alps last year, the wonders of the ice-world of Mont Blanc were certainly greater than in 1857. The difficulty of reaching the Grands Mulets was considerable, owing to the enormous magnitude of the crevasses beneath their base. One prodigious chasm stretched right across the glacier de Tacconnay, from the foot of the Grands Mulets to the summit of the Montagne de la Côte, and it was only after repeated trials and great delay that we found a practicable, though far from an easy, passage. A wonderful but unpromising sunset closed the day, the sun sinking to rest amidst a chaos of gorgeous clouds, some piled and banked one upon another till they looked as solid as the rock on which we lay, others whirled in wild eddies by the rising west wind, or torn to rags and scattered piecemeal in space by some furious and transient blast, others floating calmly in loftier regions, looking down in quiet unconcern on the seething masses below, all lighted up in a thousand different tints by the glowing rays of the descending luminary; some crimson, some gold, some dark violet, some purple, some of the richest

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\* In 1857, Dr. Tyndall had performed the rare, and not very cautious, feat of ascending with one guide only; and had, a few weeks before the time of the present expedition, climbed alone to the summit of Monte Rosa; in my judgment, however, a much less arduous undertaking than his ascent of Mont Blanc.

mixture of yellow and brown, some but faintly *blushing*, some scarcely differing in hue from the *pale, cold blue* of the *zenith sky*, some even tinged with *green*. I thought of Heber's beautiful lines:—

"I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled  
On wheels of amber and of gold;"

when lo! the central mass, behind which the sun was now nearly hidden, suddenly grew *semitransparent*, presenting an immeasurable depth of *amber mist*, itself apparently one vast reservoir of illuminating power. Quick as thought, disclosing still vaster deeps of space behind, a kind of tunnel opened through its very heart, out of which shot across the clear space in front a bright cone of *ruddy light*, which turned its own *amber channel* to a cylinder of melting gold, and lit up the dark forms of the mountains in the west with a strange unearthly glow. These gorgeous dioramas of celestial scenery seldom indicate settled weather; and it was not without misgivings that I watched a sunset scene, which has been without a parallel in my recollection. The evening had not well closed in before a light fall of snow took place, followed by a storm of wind so furious that it seemed at times resolved to annihilate the little cabin which formed our shelter. The upper part of Mont Blanc was covered, through a great part of the night, with a dark misty cap, which experience taught us was but the whirlwind of dry snow that was eddying about the summit.

However, about one o'clock, things looked better—the stars began to shine, and by half-past one we had started on our icy pilgrimage. The comet, which Dr. Tyndall and I had discovered the night before at the same instant—I, certainly, without having heard of it before—was now blazing over the Col de Balme, and a considerable portion of the heaven was clear. The sky looked more and more promising as the night wore on; and when, half an hour before sunrise, we were on the Grand Plateau, and the air was cold and crisp and dry, we congratulated each other on the fair prospect of glorious weather at the top. A very great difficulty successfully overcome on the ascent of the Corridor raised our enthusiasm still higher; and it was only when we reached the summit of the Corridor, and exchanged the still and dry atmosphere of the northern side for a cold, misty, driving wind, charged with the moisture of a million clouds that lay in dense immovable masses over the whole sea of mountains to the south, through which but three solitary peaks—Monte Rosa, the Grand Combin, and the Matterhorn—were able to pierce, that we gave up our exalted hopes, and felt that we should be fortunate if we reached the summit without accident.

There was no time to be lost: we were already somewhat wearied with the deep snow, and a most fatiguing ascent still lay before us; so we stayed only to effect a more equitable division among our party of our one bottle of champagne than was practicable so long as the cork remained undrawn, and addressed ourselves

seriously to the Mur de la Côte. We had not gone many hundred yards before a light drift of transparent mist, scarce enough to dim the rays of the sun, came dancing by us. It was but the precursor of many others; and, from the time we reached the top of the Mur, we never saw the summit till we stood upon it. Still it was so clear upon the Chamouni side, the mist so often grew lighter and thinner, and the wind was so strong, that we could not help hoping it might partially, at any rate, clear off. When we were about half way up the Calotte we caught our last glimpse of Chamouni, and our friends below had their last peep at us. We saw no sight or sign of the living world again till some four hours afterwards, when we emerged once more into sunshine and daylight on the Grand Plateau.

And now, as we fought our way up the steep Calotte, with beating hearts and panting lungs, the boiling mist eddied round us in denser and denser folds, the struggling beams of the watery sun grew fainter and fainter, the drifts of powdery snow, gathered by the south wind from the surface of the glacier, were swept more swiftly past us, though we purposely kept as much to the north and as far from the actual ridge as possible for the sake of all the little shelter we could get. Suddenly, about half-past nine o'clock, we found the steep incline at an end, and were welcomed by a sharp and eager blast as we stood once again on the summit of Mont Blanc. A site for the thermometer was soon selected, and, with the ice-hatchets and a long iron bar we had brought to mark the spot, our three stout young porters set vigorously to work to dig a hole three or four feet deep—a cell in which the instrument should be immured till the genial suns of July or August shall enable us to release the captive and extort the secrets of the icy prison-house. A mackintosh was thrown down on the snow, and a shelter against the wind constructed by stretching a plaid over some alpenstocks, where, two feet from the summit, Dr. Tyndall might boil some water and ascertain its temperature. A momentary lift in the fog was taken advantage of by Balmat and myself to creep some distance along the narrow ridge which forms the summit, to investigate the possibility of an ascent from the Grand Plateau by the Bosse de Dromédaire, a favourite project with Alpine explorers which remains yet to be achieved. While we did so the thick mist swooped down again upon us, and we seemed indeed alone, for we could neither see nor hear our companions.

Digging holes in the ice is not nearly so easy a task as it might be thought, and Balmat joined the efforts of his vigorous arm and determined will to those of our porters, who were all young men—from twenty to three-and-twenty years of age—and most of whom were making their first ascent. After watching Dr. Tyndall's fruitless efforts to get his lamp to light, in which most of our matches were already consumed, some of the drifting snow having got into the wick, I flung myself on a corner of his mackintosh and endeavoured to reconcile myself to the misery of our situation. The thermometer, sheltered from the wind, stood at  $12\cdot3^{\circ}$  Centigrade, or

twenty-two degrees of Fahrenheit below the freezing-point. What it was in the wind I had not the energy to determine, but it must have been considerably lower. Our party presented an odd aspect. Every man had tied his handkerchief over his hat to keep his ears from freezing; and Balmat and myself had linen masks covering the whole of the face below the eyes except the mouth and nostrils. Dr. Tyndall was more efficiently protected by a most useful beard and moustache. We were all blue in the face, and every hair was converted into a fine thread of ice.

It is commonly supposed that the summit of Mont Blanc presents a face of tremendous precipices towards the south. The extensive prevalence of this notion amongst even well-informed men, is a striking proof of what I have elsewhere ventured to assert, that, despite the number of ascents, and the multitude of accounts of them that have been given to the world, the exact character of the scenery and the topography of the mountain have been but imperfectly made known. Instead of the ridge of Mont Blanc ending abruptly in the precipices which overhang the Allée Blanche, it is separated from them by a broad stretch of undulating glacier, not less than a quarter of a mile wide. This was not an unimportant item in the forces arrayed against us; for, from the whole area of this snow-field, the dry and frozen snow on the surface was hurled in clouds against the summit, adding greatly to our difficulties and discomforts. At last, when we had endured for nearly a whole hour the combined attack of wind and mist and snow-drift, I began to get uneasy as to consequences. My hands and feet were almost without feeling, and one of Dr. Tyndall's feet was quite senseless, and on getting up from the snow, where a bursting headache had made me glad to lie as still as I could, I was so alarmed at the aspect of our party that I called Dr. Tyndall's attention to it, and, abandoning all further attempts to boil water, we resolved instantly to depart. Our men looked like animated corpses; the livid hue of their faces had deepened almost into black; they were shrivelled and shrunk, and their features wore an expression of suffering and anxiety. Every hair, not only on our faces, but on the cloth or flannel of our coats, gaiters, or plaids, was an icicle. Dr. Tyndall's beard and moustache were white, scarcely a vestige of their proper colour being observable. He told me my eyelashes even were all coated with ice. The wind was howling round us, as if in an unholy triumph over our wretchedness. Balmat, I thought, looked particularly ill; but, with indefatigable zeal, he was still busy trampling down the snow into the hole where the thermometer now lay nearly four feet below the surface. The iron bar was sunk seven feet deep, leaving about three feet above the ice to guide those who may seek it next autumn to the spot. I asked the men some questions, but every one seemed unwilling to open his mouth, and answered only with a gesture. "Let us be off at once," I exclaimed, "or we shall have some serious accident." The words were hardly out of my mouth when Balmat came up to me and said quietly, "*Je crains beaucoup que les mains me sont gélées,*" and on

inquiry I then learned, for the first time, that an iron ladle, which I had provided for the purpose, had been forgotten at the Grand Mulets, and that he had actually scooped out the ice and snow from the hole with his hands! No wonder that a single pair of woollen gloves were not stout enough to resist the protracted action of such fearful cold. We gathered our traps together with all the haste we could, and in two minutes were out of sight of the summit, hurrying down the trackless waste of ice which forms the Calotte. We could not see thirty yards before us, and every trace of our ascending footsteps was completely obliterated; but, guided by the unerring sagacity of Balmat, we had no fear of losing the direction, even in that dreary mist. We had not gone many hundred yards, however, before Balmat again turned to me and said, "I feel a *something*. I think I shall look at my hands." And pulling off his gloves he found, to our horror, that, from the ends of the fingers to the knuckles, they were perfectly black. He said quietly, "There is no time to lose;" and casting down his traps, began to rub his hands violently with the snow—then, as no trace of sensation appeared, he began to get alarmed, and begged us to beat his hands. "Frappez," he said, "*frappez fortement; n'ayez pas peur; fortement, fortement!*" So Dr. Tyndall took one hand and I the other, and taking off our thick, heavy, fingerless gloves, used them to beat the black and senseless hands with all our might. In that thin atmosphere any exertion is severely felt, and at length I actually fell back upon the snow exhausted with the work, and was obliged to call upon one of our porters, all of whom seemed quite stupefied at the catastrophe, to relieve me. Then we rubbed him with brandy and gave him some rich cordial—a sort of liqueur that Dr. Tyndall had in his flask. All the while we were standing in the driving mist and pitiless wind, not a quarter of a mile from the summit of Mont Blanc. At last, after about half an hour's incessant and violent labour, sensation began to return. I have witnessed some forms of acute suffering in my time, but such an exhibition of human agony I have never beheld, and I devoutly trust I never may again. He was at times quite unable to speak, and kept rubbing his hands in the snow and stamping about in a kind of frantic way, his quivering lips, bent brow, and dilated nostrils alone visible beneath the mask, and telling us what he was suffering. Then he would exclaim passionately, "*Hélas, je souffre, je souffre.*" Then he would turn to us, and, with that generous devotion to others which marks a noble character, implore us not to expose ourselves on his account, and give us some directions as to the route. The painful excitement of the scene may be more easily imagined than described, and it was increased by our utter inability to do anything to help him. Every now and then he bit one or other of his fingers, and finding that, notwithstanding the torture which the rest caused him, these were still senseless, set to work again with redoubled energy to rub and beat the hand.

No less than three quarters of an hour were spent in this dreadful way, when he said it was not safe for us to stay longer and we

**must** move on. The porters took up the things he had dropped, and I carried his alpenstock, so that both hands were free to continue the rubbing, which he did with great energy. The descent of the Mur de la Côte was anxious work; for the mist was thick and the wind furious; and some of the loose snow, which had helped us greatly in the ascent, had been swept off, leaving us the hard and glassy ice beneath, on which to make our slippery way. However, it was safely accomplished; and a short distance down the Corridor we got out of the worst of the wind and the snow-drift, and found our foot-prints showing faintly on the otherwise trackless surface. It was at the top of the Corridor that I felt more than anywhere else the bewildering effect of the mist and the drift. There is a wide, undulating snow-field, of very gentle inclination, and little to indicate the proper direction to be taken, and I saw how very easy it would be to go wrong. Our foot-prints once regained, we had of course no difficulty about the route. One tremendous chasm had to be passed on the middle of the corridor, approached by a descent of thirty or forty feet down a bank of ice, whose inclination could not be less than  $60^{\circ}$ .\* It was touching to observe that Balmat was not one whit less thoughtful for the safety and comfort of every one else than when he was in the height of health and personal enjoyment. One of the porters, a young man of the name of Bellin, who, if he lives, will be one of the most daring guides of Chamouni, could hardly keep the tears out of his eyes as he spoke to me of "Monsieur Balmat," whom he said he loved as much as his own father. Nor was it less touching to observe the eager anxiety of all these young men to spare him every sort of trouble or fatigue. From the Grands Mulets a great deal of baggage had to be carried, and our porters were over-weighted, but not one ounce would they let Balmat carry, and not one word of complaint or remark did we hear, at any time during the day, at the really severe labour imposed upon them. One remarkably handsome and intelligent young man, Favret, the son of the Syndic, not only carried an immense load, but afterwards encumbered himself with a heavy ladder we had left at the widest crevasse of the glacier de Taconnay, and carried it a great distance to facilitate the descent of his comrades.

While we were descending the lower part of the Corridor it began to snow, and we made up our minds for bad weather. A very few minutes later, however, on reaching the level of the Grand Plateau, we experienced one of those marvellous, though not uncommon, vicissitudes of weather so characteristic of a mountain climate, and passed suddenly from an arctic to an almost tropical temperature. Mist and storm had passed away, as if by magic, and

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\* I am perfectly aware how much steeper than is generally imagined a slope of  $60^{\circ}$  is; but the inclination of the Mur de la Côte is nearly  $45^{\circ}$ , and this was far steeper than the Mur. I remember that in places, without leaning back, I planted my hand in the snow behind me to keep myself from slipping, and that the feet of the person who followed me seemed just above my head.

though the thick vapours were still circling round the higher parts of the mountain, a bright sun was shining upon us out of a blue and cloudless sky, and the broiling rays poured down upon our heads were shot back from the dazzling snow with such fierceness that the heat was almost unendurable. We learned afterwards that, from below, the Grand Plateau and the lower half of the Corridor had been visible most of the day; and persons unfamiliar with the climate of the higher Alps had supposed it impossible that the light vapour they had seen hovering over the summit could cause us any serious inconvenience. Goldsmith's well-known simile is as destitute of physical truth as it is full of poetical beauty :—

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

We had not done with bad weather: when we left the Grands Mulets, a little before three o'clock, it was in a thick fall of snow, and it is not easy to imagine a more desolate and cheerless prospect than that of the cold dead white glacier and the naked rocks, backed by the falling snow, which effectually concealed all the distant portions of the prospect.

Poor Balmat's hands continued very painful all the way home, and sensation was but very imperfectly re-established in several fingers. The third finger of each hand was the worst. The back of each hand was swollen to a height of nearly an inch above the natural level, from the severe beating which had been administered. It was many weeks before they were entirely cured, and eventually several of the nails came off. He did not feel it prudent to accompany me over the Glacier du Tour, for which I started the next day, nor over the Col d'Erin, which I crossed three days later; but exactly a week after our Mont Blanc expedition I had the gratification of standing by his side on the next highest peak in Europe, the wonderful summit of Monte Rosa—nor did he suffer from the expedition.

Balmat was an old and honoured friend of mine long before this adventure; but, could anything have increased my regard for him, it would have been the manly fortitude with which he bore suffering about as severe as the human frame can undergo, and the generous and affectionate care with which, in the midst of it all, he was constantly ministering to the wants or comforts of the rest of the party, and displaying the most thoughtful and scrupulous attention to every precaution by which accident might be prevented or danger averted. He told us that the pain he suffered was without a parallel in his experience, and that it was the pricking sensation every one has felt when his hands or feet have been extremely cold magnified a hundredfold, and extending back through the arms and body till it seemed to centre in the heart. Nor was it for many hours that he could feel any kind of assurance that he would not lose some at least of his fingers. His first apprehension was, of



course, that he might lose both hands. He had long had, however, a great notion of the interest, in a scientific point of view, of the experiment for which the expedition was undertaken; and his first thought had been that he could bear the calamity the better, as it had been met with in the cause of science. With a rare and unostentatious disinterestedness he at once made light of the suffering, the moment he felt that danger was at an end, and resolutely declined to receive the slightest remuneration for his services. He had originally thought of making the experiment himself, he said, and should have carried it out at his own cost; and, grateful as he was for the recognition by the Royal Society of its value, and to Dr. Tyndall for bringing it under their notice, he could not think of accepting anything for himself. The lecture-hall at Leeds rung with well-deserved applause when, at the late meeting of the British Association, Dr. Tyndall recounted to the first *savans* of Europe, to most of whom Auguste Balmat is personally known, the danger he had undergone and the courage and disinterestedness he had displayed.

I have only to add the expression of a hope that, should the summit of Mont Blanc be reached this year by others before Dr. Tyndall, Balmat, or myself be able to undertake the ascent, the iron bar and the thermometer may be respected, and that should they be spared by the elements, man also may consent to leave them unmolested for those who placed them there to disinter.\*

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#### IV.

### TOWN AND FOREST.

#### CHAPTER II.

#### TEA AND TOAST.

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The hearth was clean, the fire was clear,  
The kettle on for tea;  
Palemon, in his elbow-chair,  
Was blest as man can be.

"THAT'S all very well to say," observed John, when Ellen showed him her statement, "only you know it is not correct."

"It's never very well to say what is *not* correct," retorted Ellen. "I know as well as you do, that the halfpennyworth of milk was not enough of itself to make her comfortable; but it was all the money I

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\* I placed a thermometer, a week later, within three or four feet of the top of Monte Rosa, for which I am anxious to bespeak the same forbearance; and for its protection I would beg any early ascenders of Monte Rosa not to roll down bits of rock on the N.E. (or G6rnergat) side of the summit.

laid out, the other things cost me nothing, and were absolutely of no use to me. And I do think, if people would but use their wits, and not mind trouble, they might do immense good to others, even with what cost themselves nothing, and to themselves was absolutely useless. Well, how did Betsy Brick get on, to-day?"

"Betsy Brick is a regular brick. She tied on her little straw bonnet directly I came in, and was off like smoke; but she left a list of what she had sold to-day, set down on the slate."

"Why, you abominable John! you have been sitting on the slate, I do believe! The writing is all rubbed out!"

John looked rather blank, and took the slate from her. "All right," said he, "you looked at the wrong side. See—two work-pockets, one housewife, one kite, two pennyworth of marbles, a squirt, two pennyworths of fun, one top, and one Jack-in-the box."

"Come, that is famous, the till must be quite full. Five and sixpence, I declare! delightful! Why, with my two shillings and your half-crown, we have made ten shillings to-day!"

"For what we have received, may the Lord make us truly thankful," said John.

"Amen," said Ellen. "Of course, we cannot expect such good trade every day, or we should make—how much? three pounds a week, twelve pounds a month! a hundred and forty-four pounds a year! Oh, that would be enormous, it's not to be thought of. Some people do, though, make money at that rate."

"I believe you!" said John.

"Of course, I meant in our station. Is Mr. Bolter come in?"

"No, he's late to-night."

"Poor man! what work his is!"

"And he feels it so! I couldn't contend with it, for my part—it's ten times harder than my clerkship at the brewery. He'll break down, I fear, if he doesn't get case-hardened. There he is now, I think." And John rose to open the front door.

"Good evening, Mr. Bolter."

"Don't come near me," cried Mr. Bolter, shrinking from him, "I'm dangerous!"

John involuntarily drew back.

"Anything infectious?" said he.

"Nothing but dirt—you never knew such a den as I come from. And, alas, where souls are as foul as bodies. I'm going up to change everything."

"Take this light," said John, holding him a candle at arm's length.

"Thank you, though I *have* matches." And he ran up the narrow stairs.

"Poor man," said John, returning to his snug fire-side, and looking grave.

"Suppose I make him a cup of tea, and we ask him to drink it down here," said Ellen. "You can do so, and take him up *some* warm water to wash in, at the same time."

"You won't mind it?"

"No."

John returned looking still more solemnized. "There he was," said he, "on his knees by the bed, praying and crying at the same time. It cuts one to the heart."

"He'll be better presently," said Ellen. "Will he come down?"

"Oh, yes; at first he refused, but I pressed him till he consented; and I think it will cheer him up."

"I am certain of it. I will make him a nice round of hot buttered toast."

When Mr. Bolter came down, he looked quite a different man. His face was pale and harassed indeed; but he had made himself scrupulously clean, and had the air of a man who was willing to be made comfortable if he could.

"Dear me," said he, "what privileges, what blessings! My cup with mercies runneth o'er!"

"You make too much of it," said Ellen, handing him the hot toast. "Do you like your tea very sweet?"

"Thank you, I don't drink sugar."

"Economy, Mr. Bolter?" inquired John.

"Economy first, but now I prefer my tea without it. I cannot say the same of milk, and this is particularly good."

"The same you have night and morning," said Ellen.

"Then your tea is better than mine, I fancy. What do you give?"

"Three and eightpence."

"So do I. You must put in more."

"Only one spoonful each, and one for the teapot."

"Then, if not in the making, it must be in the maker," said Mr. Bolter laughing, and drinking his tea with relish.

"Ay, that's it," said John. "I wouldn't give a pin for a cup of tea made by myself, if I could have one made by a nice young woman. However, appetite is the best sauce, and I fancy you have earned one to-day, sir."

"If I earned it, I did not get it," said Mr. Bolter. "There was everything to take it away. When I came in, I didn't believe I could touch a morsel; nor do I think I could, if it hadn't been for you and your sister."

"Where have you been to-day, Mr. Bolter?"

"Don't ask him yet," interposed Ellen.

However, Mr. Bolter was reviving rapidly; and without leaving off eating, he replied:—"Where have I been? Why, to Hopkingsville, the very worst suburb on the borders of London."

"What a name!" exclaimed Ellen, with disgust. "Such a mixture of low and fine!"

"Somewhere out beyond the East India docks, I conclude?" said John.

"Yes, one of the results of railway enterprise, and run up, chiefly, for the accommodation of railway people. But what accommodation! Only one entrance-door and passage to every four houses—neither drained, paved, nor lighted. These houses form numerous small

streets, and contain the families of about a thousand men employed in the factory, at the stations, and on the lines."

"And is this to be your new field of labour?"

"I grieve to say it is, for what is one among so many?"

"Remember the answer to that!" cried Ellen, hastily. "The disciples used those very words to our Lord, respecting the loaves and fishes—they saw the want, but not the remedy. He answered them, not by increasing the number of loaves that were on the field; but by making them go as far as if he had—the consequence was, *all* had bread enough and to spare."

"Excellent!" said Mr. Bolter, earnestly.

"Not my own, though," said Ellen. "Our minister said so last Sunday in his sermon."

"Let us hear some more of Hopkinstown, if you please, Mr. Bolter," said John.

"Hopkinsville, if you please, Mr. Miller. Do not rob me of any of my little grandeur. The city missionary of Hopkinsville! surely, that sounds rather distinguished? Well, the backs of these houses look out on a stagnant ditch, overflowing with corruption. I won't enlarge on this, especially at tea-time. To be appreciated, it must be seen and smelt. In winter-time, heavy rains dilute the contents of these ditches, which overflow all the surrounding flats."

"Horrid!" ejaculated Ellen.

"The doctor told me," pursued Mr. Bolter, "that, at such times a fetid mist rises from the ground; so that, if you meet a man towards dusk, you only see the upper part of his body, and lose sight of his lower limbs."

"How can people live in such an atmosphere?" cried John.

"Well, they do live; but of course considerably more than the average deaths occur; and agues and fevers abound."

"I put it to you!" said John, striking the table.—"I have speculators a *right*, in the sight of God, to build dwellings so destitute of sanitary provisions, that sickness and death are sure to ensue to the inhabitants?"

"In the eye of God, no!" said Mr. Bolter.

"The deaths of these people lie at their doors, as much as if they cut their throats!" said John.

"Not in the eye of man, unluckily," said Mr. Bolter, "and that makes all the difference. The doctor told me that a case or two of smallpox, speedily became an epidemic of the confluent description, in spite of wholesale vaccination, and that he had had as many as twenty cases of it in one day."

"How does *he* live, I wonder?" said Ellen.

"Ah, there's a providence over medical men, and missionaries too," said John cheerily. "Else, how should we get along?"

"Many fall victims, though," said Mr. Bolter.

"Very few in proportion to the others."

"True, one reason is moral force. Another, habits of personal cleanliness. Another, temperance, and wholesome diet. Another,

sleeping in a purer air than that in which these poor wretches live night and day."

"Add to all these advantages, the immediate and special blessing of God," said Ellen, "and you may hope to be spared."

"I trust," cried Mr. Bolter, rather eagerly, "that, if you have noted something of depression in my manner while speaking of this district, you have not attributed it to any fear of personal consequences? Oh no! I am as ready to risk my life for my fellow-men among the black ditches of Hopkinsville, as if it were Alma or Inkermann!"

"I did not do you the injustice you suppose," replied Ellen; "but you cannot wonder that your friends should wish your valuable life to be spared; and you yourself would gladly, I should think, live to do as much good as you could, where there is so much need of it."

"Certainly I should," said Mr. Bolter putting aside his empty tea-cup and sighing; "but when I consider the size of the district, the number of families it contains, and their extreme lack of moral and spiritual culture, I feel somewhat discouraged. I cannot but know that it will be quite impossible for me to attend to them all. While I am at my duty in one part, I shall be equally needed in many others; hopeful cases will come to nothing for want of the time absolutely necessary to follow them up."

Ellen, finding that he had finished his tea, speedily cleared the table, snuffed the candle, and produced her neat work-basket. After stitching a collar for some minutes in thoughtful silence, she said—

"You make me more contented with my very humble sphere of action, Mr. Bolter. I cheered a poor woman this evening by giving her a handful of Michaelmas daisies, and a few other things, which literally did not cost me a penny, and I feel quite pleased and comfortable; while you, who can do good on so much larger and grander a scale, who can save souls and fit them for an eternity of happiness, are out of heart because you can't do more than you can do!"

"No! not out of heart!" he replied. "On the contrary, I am grateful for having this field of usefulness afforded me, and am resolved to do as much in it as I can."

"How shall you begin?"

"First, I think, by schools. A day-school, and a Sunday-school, if I can but raise the funds."

"They ought not to be wanting," observed Ellen.

"Easy to say, Miss Miller."

"Well, I *do* think, if devoted men like you are forthcoming to undertake such dangerous and difficult work, the rich ought not to grudge their money. As Robert Moffat said, 'If *we* go down into the mine, surely *you* will hold the rope?'"

"That's the very least they ought to do," said John.

"Well, we'll suppose that settled," said Mr. Bolter. "Then in the next place, I should like to get up a Sunday-evening service,

conducted in the school-room, for the benefit of those who are too dirty and ragged for any regular place of worship. I shall hope, also, to hold a meeting for prayer and Scripture exposition, in the same room on Thursday evenings. At present, you must understand, Hopkinsville has neither church nor chapel."

"Though plenty of gin-palaces, I'll answer for it," said John. "Oh! Oh!"

Ellen worked a little while; and then said, "Well, there seems everything to do. I can only wish you success."

"Pardon me, you can do more—you can *pray* for my success; and I hope you will," said Mr. Bolter.

"I will," replied she in a low voice.

"You know the promise," he continued. "If *two* of you shall agree as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

"What a wonderful promise that is!" said Ellen.

"Many must have been disappointed in it, though, I should think?" said John doubtfully.

"Well, if any such case occurred to me, which none does at this moment," said Mr. Bolter, "my question would be, was it fairly tried? But my own belief is that it is tried very little; and that, when it is tried, it is found to answer in innumerable more cases than you would think. How often, in reading religious biographies, you find instances in which the united prayer of two or more believers, on some special occasion, has been remarkably answered! We feel a kind of surprise when we read of such things, which we should not do if we practically and firmly believed the promise; and if we do not believe the promise, of course our prayer for its fulfilment is hardly the right thing."

"Clearly not," said John.

"Ah," said Mr. Bolter, with much feeling, "my mother was a very devout woman. I remember a striking instance of the efficacy of a prayer of hers."

And he related it, and then fell into talking of early times, and his native place, and his childhood, till all the lines of care disappeared from his face; and as he sat smiling and looking from one to the other, with the full light of the solitary candle falling on his open, benevolent countenance, Ellen could not help thinking, what a pleasant-looking man he was.

John professed himself very little read in religious biographies, and asked Mr. Bolter to recommend him a few. Mr. Bolter, as he named them, mentioned their prices, and where they were printed, or likely to be had second-hand, and spoke of their merits, and described the nature of their contents. Then, standing up in front of their little shelf, he looked over the names of their books, took some of them down and looked into them, read passages here and there, and offered to lend one or two of his own books to John.

Meanwhile, Ellen was very quietly cooking something that smelt uncommonly nice in a little saucepan, shaking it now and then, to prevent its burning, and mashing a few cold potatoes, scoring them,

and setting them to brown; after which she spread the little table with a clean cloth; and by the time Mr. Bolter had finished reading aloud the description of the country inn and the country parson in 'The Deserted Village,' she had served a neat little hot supper. There was not much of it, but it was sociably dispensed, and cheerfully partaken of; seasoned with much chat of that quality that relieves fatigue of mind as much as a good bed refreshes the body. Afterwards, Ellen cleared the table, placed on it the Bible, snuffed the candle, and the evening fitly concluded with a short, fervent service.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### VEAL PIE FOR TWO.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said a spider to a fly;  
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy!"

Ellen had just finished dressing on Sunday morning, when her brother tapped at her door.

"Are you almost ready?" said he. "I shall be glad to breakfast early, for I am not going to church with you this morning."

Ellen looked dismayed. "Not going to church with me?" repeated she. "Then, where in the world are you going?"

"Out among the tea-gardens and pleasure-vans," said he, with a roguish smile—"just for a bit of a lark. Why should not I take my pleasure now and then, along with the rest?"

Ellen saw directly that there was no real ground for alarm.

"I cannot make it out," said she, cheerfully; "but I shall be down directly."

He had already cleaned the grate, lighted the fire, and set on the kettle for her—he always *would* do that. And when men and women of the same family, dwelling under the same roof, unite, as this brother and sister did, in acting up to the text, "Bear ye one another's burthens," it is surprising how soon and how cheerfully the day's work is done. Ellen had soon dusted the room and set the breakfast; and while she was doing so, John told her that he was so interested in Mr. Bolter's labours, and so curious to see how he carried them on, that they had agreed overnight to set out this morning in company to distribute tracts and do missionary work in a wild district a few miles to the east of London.

Ellen was disappointed to lose her companion; but she was well assured John could learn nothing but good of Mr. Bolter; and he was so steady a church-goer in general, and so accustomed to consult her wishes, that she would not, on the present occasion, express any objection.

On the contrary, she said how glad she was it was so fine a morning for their long walk, and that she hoped they would do a great deal of good.

John said he did not expect to do any good, but he hoped to see some good done. He was not going to return to dinner. Mr. Bolter and he had agreed to take some bread and cheese with them, and eat it under a hedge.

Ellen thought how nice it would be to eat bread and cheese under a hedge, and felt she should like to be with them; but she remembered how often the pleasant air, blue sky, and green fields, so lovely and innocent in themselves, became temptations to people to enjoy them on Sundays to the exclusion of the proper duties of the day, and she knew she was best at home. She had made a nice little veal-pie for John and herself, and she now wanted him to take it with him to share with Mr. Bolter; but he said bread and cheese would be less cumbersome; besides which, he well knew that if he carried off the veal-pie, Ellen must dine on bread and cheese, and this he did not choose.

So they set off very briskly, Mr. Bolter carrying a blue bag full of tracts, and John with their dinners in a brown paper parcel. The early bells were ringing, school children hastening through the streets, and many a man and many a woman carrying a small piece of beef or mutton and a good many potatoes in a brown earthen dish to the baker's.

Ellen put out the fire, sat down to her Bible, pondered over sundry texts on which she meant to question her class at the Sunday-school, consulted her "Sunday-School Teacher's Treasury," and then dressed herself for church, locked up the house, and set off with the key in her pocket.

As she passed Flag-court, where the sack-maker lived, she felt suddenly impelled to call on her. There was little sign of Sabbath-keeping in Flag-court: dirty children were rolling on the ground, boys playing chuckfarthing, women buying cabbages, and men lounging about the public-house and bird-fancier's. It was not a nice place for a neat, modest young woman to enter; however, Ellen made her way up to the sack-maker's attic, and tapped at the door.

"Come in," said a stifled voice, that sounded as if the speaker were crying.

Such was the fact: the sack-maker was sitting on her sacks, looking the picture of woe, and weeping bitterly.

"Oh, dear, what is the matter?" said Ellen, hastily. "Has anything happened?"

The sack-maker looked rather ashamed, and got up, brushing away her tears with her hands, saying, "I didn't know you were coming to-day."

"Nor did I," said Ellen, cheerfully; "but I am on my way to the Sunday-school, and just as I came by here, I thought I would look in."

"Ah! I was a Sunday-scholar once," said the sack-maker, looking very full of woe.

"But now, being a woman, you have put away childish things. You are fitter for a teacher than a scholar now."



"*I?* Oh, no!"

And she sat down again in utter despondency. Ellen did not exactly know how to proceed.

"Are you going to church?" said she.

"How *can* I?" returned the sack-maker, almost pettishly, and pointing to her old bonnet and shawl.

"Oh! never mind not being very smart. You know the Lord looketh not to the outward appearance, but to the heart."

"That's as bad as the other!"

"Well, it is something to know that the way to cleanse it is to ask Him to wash it in the blood of his dear Son."

"I can't. I've lost the power and the will to pray."

"In church, with the voice and breath of prayer all around you, perhaps the power and the will may return. Try."

The sack-maker looked irresolute and miserable.

"Come—try."

"How *can* I, in such clothes? Who will let me sit next them?"

"*I* will."

She looked up startled. "*You?*" said she, with fast-filling eyes.

"Yes, willingly. Come, put on your things, and we will start off together."

"I haven't washed yet, and—"

"Well, it is not church-time, and I have my class to attend to. I will come back for you in half an hour."

It is impossible to describe the change that came over the sack-maker's face. "Thank you," she murmured.

Ellen gave her a cheerful nod, and hastened away. Directly she was gone, the sack-maker sank on her knees and burst into tears. Then she buried her face in her hands, and prayed.

Ellen found a friend able to supply her place at the school while she left the ninety and nine to look after the poor sheep that had gone astray in the wilderness. When she returned to the attic, she was greatly surprised and pleased at the improved appearance of her protégée. With face and hands scrupulously clean, hair and dress neatly arranged, she looked, though poorly and insufficiently clad, respectable. Her countenance, too, had cleared, and there was a faint colour in her cheek.

"What a nice morning it is—is it not?" said Ellen, as they quitted Flag-court. "I am always so glad of a fine Sunday, because it enables so many people to get comfortably to and from their places of worship. Besides, the fine weather has an effect upon our spirits, and makes us more disposed to be grateful to God for all his mercies. I often think what a blessing it is to be born in a Christian land, and in days when people are not persecuted for their religion, as they were in the days of bloody Queen Mary. Did you ever happen to read Fox's 'Book of Martyrs?'"

"Part of it—father has it." And as she spoke, a deep blush coloured the sack-maker's pale face.

"What is your name?" said Ellen, presently.

"Margaret is my Christian name." Then, after a pause, during

which she was probably thinking she ought not to be so reserved to one who was so kind to her, she added, "Margaret Scott."

"Yours seems a poor employment," said Ellen, after another silence. "I wish you had something that would pay better. I suppose you can do better work than sack-work?"

"Oh, yes. I'm pretty good at plain-work. I have bound shoes, and sewn carpets. But I have not been able to get any work of that kind of late."

"Well, I must try if I can hear of something for you."

"They all want a recommendation," faltered Margaret.

"And can't you get one?"

"No—that is—"

She did not finish the sentence.

"Well, I must think it over," said Ellen.

They walked on quietly for some little time. Suddenly, Margaret exclaimed, with animation, "How pleasant it is!"

"What?" said Ellen, surprised.

"Why—going to church—and walking along this way with you, and—it seems so cheering like."

Her voice dropped, and she turned her face away.

"It is cheering," responded Ellen, heartily. "It reminds me of the little hymn we all learn when we are children—

'I have been there and still will go,  
'Tis like a little heaven below!'

"You know it—don't you?"

"Oh, yes. Only I have not thought of it for a long time." And she seemed repeating the remainder of the verse to herself.

"Well, here we are," said Ellen, as they reached the church.

"Don't shrink away from me that way—I'm no more ashamed of you than you of me."

She led the way to the little pew in which she and John had two sittings. It was one of the old-fashioned high-backed narrow pews, under a gallery, and had a large pillar in it besides, so that, as no one else came into it, they were very much to themselves, and no one had the opportunity of sneering at Margaret's shabby bonnet. Ellen observed that Margaret followed the service attentively, but now and then seemed bewildered and oppressed, as if by painful recollections; and when the organ began to play she was completely overcome, and wept piteously though silently. Ellen thought it best to take no notice; and though these little gushes occurred once or twice again, yet her general demeanour was subdued, reverent, and just what could be wished. The sermon was an interesting and awakening one. It tore the veil from sin, and then showed the way of escape, and consoled and encouraged the penitent sinner.

As they left the church, "Suppose," thought Ellen, suddenly, "suppose I take her home to dine with me." It was a sudden impulse; and sometimes it is dangerous to yield to sudden impulses, but sometimes it is quite the reverse, *for through them the Spirit speaks,*

and we are influenced by our pity before our charity, properly speaking, has had time to operate.\* "Yes, I will," was Ellen's answer to herself. John was taking his pleasure, and why should not she take hers? Luckily the pleasure of both was doing good. "Yes, I will," thought she to herself. Ah, how often we answer, "No, I will not," to our benevolent impulses!

So when Margaret wistfully glanced at her to guess by her countenance whether they were to part at once, or walk together to the entrance of Flag Court, Ellen cheerfully said, "My brother does not dine at home to-day; I shall be quite by myself, so I shall be glad if you will come home to dine with me, and remain till I go in the afternoon to the Sunday-school."

Who can express the joy of Margaret? Her face really glowed with happiness. "How very kind!" said she, tremulously; and as they walked on, Ellen told her that she and her brother John lived in Robert Street; that they were orphans; that John was a clerk in Mr. Truebury's brewery; and that she worked at her needle at home and abroad, and kept a little shop, which, when she went out by the day, was looked after by a kind girl who lived next door. She added that her father and mother had been well brought up, but had been unfortunate in business, and very sickly. They had found a very kind friend in a lady named Mrs. Meeke, who lived in Adelaide Square; she had a large family, and kept Ellen almost constantly employed in needlework either at home or in "the Square;" and when she went there, she had her meals with Mrs. Meeke and the children, as Mr. Meeke dined at his house of business.

Ellen added that she and her brother had a lodger, a most excellent man, a city missionary; it was untold the good he did! the number of thieves he had reclaimed, of drunkards he had persuaded to take the pledge, of persons he had persuaded to attend divine worship and have their children sent to school, &c., &c.

Margaret listened very attentively to Mr. Bolter's praises, but seemed rather relieved to hear that so formidably good a person had gone out for the day. They were now in Robert Street; Ellen unlocked the door of No. 5, and introduced her guest through the shop to the little back parlour, which Margaret thought the picture of comfort. The table was soon spread; the dainty little veal pie being flanked unexpectedly with three or four baked potatoes, smoking hot, which the good-natured Betsy Brick ran in with from the next door. Betsy was very pretty, with merry blue eyes, rather a wide mouth, cherry-red lips, and a dimple in her cheek. She gave Margaret a surprised but not rude look, and ran out again as quickly as she had run in.

Margaret thought she had never had so nice a dinner. Ellen talked so pleasantly, too, that the time only passed too swiftly, and she was quite sorry to see Ellen putting on her bonnet. She promised to go to church in the evening; and Ellen gave her a pretty little tract to read when she got home, which would interest her in

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\* "His pity gave, ere charity began."—*Goldsmith*.

the meanwhile. When they parted, Margaret said, shyly, "I hope we shall meet again."

"Oh, yes, I dare say we shall," said Ellen; and with that Margaret was forced to be contented.

The fact was, that Ellen was afraid of committing herself before she saw her way a little more clearly; but she had made out a good deal about Margaret which made her hope and even expect that John would consider her case one worth her taking up. Ellen had spoken so frankly of herself to Margaret that Margaret had been rather confidential in return. It appeared that Margaret's father was a small yeoman, who had a cottage somewhere in Essex, and that she had not gone into service but had worked for some large furnishing house in the City; and on one occasion, owing to her own negligence, had come to be unjustly suspected of a very grievous fault she had not committed, which had occasioned her immediate dismissal without a character. Moreover, her father had been set against her for some reason, and would not receive her at home; so that, hopeless and despairing, she took a poor lodging, and earned a trifle by job-work. When this failed, she sold her clothes, and at last her Bible; and as the sack-making would cease as soon as the woman who employed her got well, which she was likely to do in a day or two, starvation stared her in the face.

"So what am I to do?" she added, dejectedly.

"Keep a good heart, and pray to God," said Ellen, "and something will be sure to turn up. See if it doesn't."

This was a vague sort of encouragement; but still Margaret *did* feel encouraged, and went back to her lonely lodging with a lighter heart.

When Mr. Bolter and John returned, which was not till after evening service, they were tired and hungry enough. Luckily Ellen and Margaret had only eaten half the pie, so there was plenty left for them, and the fire was soon lighted and the kettle soon boiling for tea.

Ellen let them appease their hunger before she troubled them with questions, for which they were duly grateful. At length, when they were completely satisfied, they drew their chairs to the fire, and as soon as she had cleared away the tea-things, she sat down too, and begged them to give her some account of the events of the day.

"Your brother will tell you," said Mr. Bolter, coughing a little.

"Yes, I will be spokesman," said John; "for Mr. Bolter's lungs have been so fully engaged all day in exhorting, expounding, preaching, praying, singing hymns, and reading the Scriptures, that he requires rest. So I will relate our adventures in Hainault Forest."

## V.

## THE SHIP ON FIRE!

"The 'Eastern City' was a ship of 1868 tons, bound from Liverpool to Melbourne. All went well till she had passed the Equator; but on August 23 it was discovered that a fire had broken out in the fore-hold. This was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The captain, Johnstone, whose conduct throughout the transaction appears to have been above all praise, at once ordered all the passengers and crew on deck. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th, the captain and a few of the passengers had gone into the after-saloon to get a little food. Before going down they had scanned the horizon greedily enough, no doubt, but they could make nothing of it. On a sudden the cry arose on deck, 'A sail! a sail!' They all rushed up, but at first nothing could they see, save a dark cloud in the horizon. Presently they caught sight of something white. Was it a sail? Was it a gull? Was it life? Was it death? It grew larger, more distinct; there could at length be no doubt—they were saved! She was coming down, close by the edge of the sun's rays, on the sea.

"Within half an hour from the time the ship was first sighted, she bore down upon them, and cheering, as only British soldiers and sailors can, the ship's company and troops on board the 'Merchantman' passed under the stern of the burning ship. As she passed, Captain Johnstone hailed them through his trumpet: 'We are on fire! Will you stand by us?' Back came a voice from the good ship 'Merchantman,' 'Ay! ay!'

"In a brief space the boats were got out from either ship, and first the women and children were transported on board the troop-ship, then the rest. Two hundred and twenty-seven persons were thus rescued from death without a single accident to any individual.

"At about 2 o'clock A.M., when the troop-ship stood away, the 'Eastern City' was in a bright blaze aloft and aloft, and soon the masts went, and the burning hull was left to her fate. The last her captain and passengers and crew saw of her was a black cloud in the distance floating in the morning air."

THE TIMES. *Leading Article.* Nov. 4, 1858.

MORNING! all speedeth well: the bright warm sun  
 Lights up the deep-blue wave, and favouring breeze  
 Fills the white sails; while o'er that southern sea  
 The ship, with all the busy life within,  
 Holds on her ocean course, alone, but glad.  
 For all is yet, as all has been, the while  
 Since the white cliffs were left, without or fear  
 Or danger, to those hundreds grouping now  
 Upon the sunny deck.

## I.

Fire!—Fire!—Fire! Fire!

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## II.

Scorching smoke, in many a wreath ;  
 Sulphurous blast of heated air :  
 Grim presentment of quick death :  
 Crouching fear, and stern despair !  
 Hark to what the master saith—  
 “Steady, steersman. Steady, there!”—Ay! ay!

## III.

To the poop the women led ;<sup>†</sup>  
 Childhood helped by stalwart men :—  
 Calmly, firmly mustered,  
 All the crew assemble then ;  
 And, to orders briefly said,  
 Comes the sharp response again,—Ay! ay!

## IV.

“To the mast-head,”—it is done :—  
 “Look to leeward”—scores obey :—  
 “And to windward,”—many a one  
 Turns, and never turns away.  
 Stedfast is the word and tone,  
 “Man the boats, and clear away”—Ay! ay!

## V.

Hotter! hotter!—heave and strain ;—  
 In the hollow,—on the wave.—  
 “Pump, and flood the deck again :  
 Work, no danger daunts the brave !  
 Hope and trust are not in vain :  
 God looks on—and He can save.”—Ay! ay!

## VI.

Desolate!—all desolate!—  
 Nothing,—nothing to be seen!—  
 Wait and watch, and hope and wait ;  
 Hope has never hopeless been !  
 “Men, ye know that God is great :  
 Would He,—He can intervene!”—Ay! ay!

## VII.

“What above?”—“Nor sail nor sound :”  
 “Leeward?”—“Nothing far or near :”—  
 “What to windward?”—“To the bound  
 Of th’ horizon, all is clear !”  
 Yet again the words go round,  
 “Work, men, work! we dare not fear!”—Ay! ay!

## VIII.

From a heavy lurch abeam,  
 Struggling, shivering, reeling back,—  
 Crash!—with rush, and shout, and scream,  
 Comes the fore-yard, with its wrack:  
 Crashing hope as it might seem.  
 “Steady!—keep the sunbeam track”—Ay! ay!

## IX.

All is order!—ready all,—  
 Watching, in appointed place.  
 Underneath the smoky pall,  
 Firm of foot, with tranquil face,  
 Resolute, whate’er befall,  
 Holds the captain’s measured pace.—Ay! ay!

## X.

Hotter! hotter! hotter still!—  
 Backward driven, every one.  
 All in vain the various skill:—  
 All that man may do, is done.  
 “Brave hearts, work yet with a will;  
 Never deem that hope is gone!”—Ay! ay!

## XI.

Hist!—as if a sudden thought,  
 Dare not utter what it knew;  
 Falls a hissing whisper fraught,  
 Like a hope, to frightened few.  
 With a trembling heart-ache caught,  
 And a choking,—“Is it true?”—Ay! ay!

## XII.

Then it comes:—“A sail! a sail!”—  
 Up from prostrate misery,  
 Up from heart-break, woe, and wail;  
 Up to shuddering ecstasy!  
 Can so strange a promise fail?  
 “Call the master;—let him see.”—Ay! ay!

## XIII.

Silence, silence, silence!—Pray!

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*	*	*
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## XIV.

Every moment is an hour :—  
 Minutes, as long weary years :  
 While with concentrated power,  
 Through the haze, that clear eye peers.  
 "No."—"Yes."—"No!"—the strong men cower,  
 Till he sighs,—faith conquering fears.—Ay! ay

## XV.

Riseth now the throbbing cry,  
 Born of hope and hopelessness :  
 Iron men weep bitterly ;  
 Unused hands and cheeks, caress :—  
 Feeling's wild variety :—  
 Strange, and heartless were it less!—Ay! ay!

## XVI.

Through the sunlight's glittering gleam,  
 On old Ocean's rugged breast ;  
 As a fantasy in dream,—  
 Yet beyond all doubt confest,—  
 Comes the ship—God's gift they deem :  
 Ah, He overruleth best!—Ay! ay!

## XVII.

Coming!—come!—that foremost man,  
 Shouts, as only true heart may,  
 "Ship on fire!—you will,—you can,  
 Near us, for the rescue stay!"  
 Almost as the words began,  
 Answering words are on their way :—Ay! ay!

## XVIII.

"Ay! ay!"—words of little worth,  
 But as imaging the soul!  
 See, the boats are struggling forth :  
 Marvel! how they pitch and roll :  
 On the dark wave, through the froth—  
 God can bring them safe and whole :—Ay! ay!

## XIX.

"Have a care, men; have a care :—  
 Steady! steady! to the Stern.  
 Now, my brave hearts, handy there :"  
 See the deck begins to burn!  
 "Child and woman!—soft and fair—  
 So,—thank God—be quick :—return."—Ay! ay!



## XX.

Blistering smoke all dun and red,  
 Writhing flakes of lurid flame;  
 Decks that scorch the hasty tread;  
 Shuddering sounds, as if they came  
 Wailing from a tortured bed!  
 "Boatswain, call each man by name!"—Ay! ay!

## XXI.

Strong, sad men, now, one by one,  
 At the voice which all obey;  
 Silently,—till all are gone,—  
 Fill the boats, and pass away:  
 And the captain stands alone:  
 Has he not done well the day?—Ay! ay!

## XXII.

Oh, that boat-load!—anxious eyes,—  
 Hearts, where painful throbbings swell,  
 Watch and wait, with sympathies  
 Far too deep for tongue to tell;  
 All suppressed are words or cries:  
 "Surely it will all go well!"—Ay! ay!

## XXIII.

All is well!—that Man so true,  
 Stands upon the stranger's deck;  
 And a thrilling pulse runs through  
 Those glad hearts, which none may check.  
 Listen to the wild halloo!  
 Rainbow joy, in fortune's wreck.—Ay! ay!

## XXIV.

Pah! a rush of smothered light!  
 Bursts the staggering ship asunder!  
 Lightning flashes fierce and bright!  
 Blasting sounds as if of thunder!  
 Dread destruction wins the fight,  
 Round about, above, and under!—Ay! ay!

## XXV.

Gliding through the rigging's maze,  
 Hither, thither, wild and free:  
 Yards and masts are all ablaze,  
 With a fiery blazonry!  
 And the good ship heaves and sways,  
 As in direful agony!—Ay! ay!

## XXVI.

Come away! we may not stay;  
 All is done that man can do:  
 Let us take our onward way,—  
 Life has claims and duties new.  
 God is a strong help and stay,  
 He can guide all sorrow through!—Ay! ay!

## XXVII.

Thanks unceasing!—thanks and praise,  
 For His great deliverance shown!  
 Let the remnant of our days  
 Testify what He has done.  
 Marvellous! his loving ways—  
 Merciful! as we have known.—Ay! ay!

H. B.

## VI.

## HIGHWATER MARK.—PART II.

THE naturalist has learned to see beauty where others see ugliness; nay, he can see what puts him in raptures, where the uninitiated eye discerns nothing. It is curious to note the difference between the instructed and the uninstructed sense; between the perception sharpened by habitual use, and by strong desire, and the same perception in its ordinary, and what we may call its *passive* exercise. The latter takes in a wider range, but the impressions it receives are proportionally vague, and their duration brief; while the details altogether escape notice. The former discerns little, except what bears upon its immediate object; but within that sphere nothing escapes it. Instead of the wide but indefinite diffusion of the perceptive faculty, there is here the concentration of it upon some object or series of objects, which are discerned with vivid intensity, and a corresponding isolation from all other, irrelevant, objects.

A remarkable example of this combination of concentration with isolation, is mentioned in Lander's "North of Europe." "A man set off one morning to shoot the Tjader, or Cock of the Woods, which is effected in this wise:—the bird is so extremely shy, that he may rarely be met with, except in the pairing season, when every morning he renews his song. He usually commences just before sunrise, beginning in a loud strain, which gradually sinks into a low key, until he is quite entranced with his own melody: he then droops his wings to the earth, and runs to the distance of several feet, calling 'Cluck! cluck! cluck!' during

which time he is said to be *incapable of seeing*, (so wrapt up is he in his own contemplations,) and may be caught even with the hand, by those who are near enough. As the fit lasts only a few moments, the sportsman must, if unready, wait for the next occasion; for, should he advance a step, except when the bird is thus insensible, he will certainly be overheard, and the victim escape. The man I began to speak of, being early one morning in pursuit of the bird, heard his song at a short distance; and, as soon as the clucking-commenced, of course advanced as rapidly as he could, and then remained motionless till those particular notes again sounded. It was quite dusk, the sun not having yet risen; but the song seemed to come from the centre of an open space in the forest from which the sportsman was just emerging. He could not see many yards before him, and only followed the direction of the sound. It so happened that, from another point, but at no great distance, a bear was advancing on the Tjader, just in the manner of, and with the same steps as, the man. The hunter, while standing motionless, thought he perceived a dark object on one side of him, but *it did not much engage his attention*; and at the usual note he moved on towards the game, but was surprised to see that the black object had also advanced in an equal degree, and now stood in a line with him. Still he was so eager after the bird, that *he could think of nothing else*, and approached close to his prey before he perceived that a large bear stood within a few feet of him; and, in fact, just as they were both about to spring on the bird, they caught sight of each other, and each thought proper to slink back. In this case, the bird, the man, and the bear were all rendered insensible to impressions which at other times would have been instantly perceived, by the very intensity with which the senses of each were concentrated on one object. With the Tjader it was his mate, with the man it was the bird, with the bear, ditto."

The power which the senses acquire by this sort of intense and isolated exercise often appears wonderful to those who have never perceived otherwise than passively. Civilized men marvel at the ease and precision with which savages make their way from point to point, through dense forests, across wide plains and prairies, over rugged mountains, and along deep valleys, and by night as well as by day. And some have even surmised that the savage man has a sixth sense, unknown to us. But it is only the result of exercise and concentration. The white men who follow the occupation of "trappers," in the defiles of the Rocky Mountains, acquire the same perceptive powers as the Indian, the same habit of drawing conclusions from the minutest, and to others altogether imperceptible phenomena; a broken twig, a crushed leaf, a bent blade of grass, a slight depression in a bed of moss,

the action of a distant bird; all are inevitably discerned, and each has its eloquent record to their minds. These feral white men too, are able to travel in direct lines without sun or compass.

Strange to say, the perceptive faculty, in its highest condition of exercise, seems to revert again to the passive state. These men of the wild, whether white or red, at length come to exercise their acute powers without effort and without consciousness. The desired result is infallibly attained; but when asked by what means, they cannot tell you. They have not been conscious of the individual processes by which they formed their conclusions. Take, for instance, the travelling through a dense American pine forest. Certain indications have been observed, by the knowledge of which the points of the compass may be determined, such as the condition of the bark of trees, the mosses and lichens, which always grow thickest on the north side, the direction in which the summits of certain conical trees, as the hackmata, and some others of the pine family bend over, which is invariably to the north-east. But the Indians protest that they do not have recourse to these or the like signs. Hardy,\* who has investigated the subject with some care, thinks that they really do not. When he has mentioned them to a Red Man, he has invariably laughed heartily, saying, "Indian no want look at bark or tree-top,—'cept when he hunt porcupine." But if the Indian had had as acute a power of analysing his perceptions, as of forming them, no doubt he would have found that he had been every instant receiving and treasuring impressions from such phenomena, though the process had become so habitual that he was now unconscious of it.

But we have travelled far from Highwater Mark; and you are wondering what may be the text of this long sermon on instincts and perceptions, red men and pine forests. It is indeed a small one, a tiny grey scale, not so large as the diameter of a split pea, spread upon the stem of this sea-washed Oarweed, which almost every one would pass by as nothing; but which, to you and me, fair reader, because we are naturalists, is a volume of biography.

Disregardful then of that young gentleman with the eye-glass and cigar—who gives us first a supercilious, and then a pitying glance, and looks anxiously hither and thither, no doubt wondering where our "keeper" can be—let us sit down on this old spar, and read our little history.

By the aid of a pocket-lens, then, we see a tiny plate of glistening white shell, of a roundish outline, adhering to the rough foot-stalk of the weed. We can pass the tip of a penknife under the

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\* Sporting Adventures in the New World. ..

edge all round, and we see that the point of adhesion is only the centre of the base. The upper surface presents a complicated structure; for a short distance within the margin all round the circumference, it is plane, like the border of a dinner-plate, but marked with radiating bands, which are alternately opaque and pellucid white. The area of our fairy plate is occupied with a multitude of short tubes formed of the same white shelly substance, which crowd closely on one another, and project obliquely outwards and upwards, from the centre, in regular succession, forming radiating series. Thus we can look down into the tubes, the circular apertures of which are open; but those nearest the centre of the plate are much shorter, and can scarcely be considered as tubes, but are rather shallow cells.

The tubes are empty now; they are like the houses of London after the plague—whole streets tenantless, because the inhabitants have died out. But hold! here is another tiny fragment on the root of the same weed. Let us examine this.

It is much like the little china-plate, but the mass is more spreading, and projects in irregularly sinuous lobes, like the outline of a coast in a map, and is of a pale lilac hue. Its surface is studded with glassy tubes, which are larger than the former, and are prettily arranged in short rows, with considerable space separating row from row. Three, four, or five tubes start from the surface and stand obliquely upwards, soldered together by their sides, forming a single row; then, a little way off, three or four form another similar row, and so the whole surface is covered. But the edge of the plate is composed of tubes much crowded, and set horizontally, so that their apertures project on the margin.

And here is another form still. A narrow band of shelly matter, not much thicker than a pin, creeps along the root of the weed, and then divides into two spreading branches. The tubes are arranged here in transverse rows along the whole surface, in such a manner that a central line divides them into two sets, those on either hand arching outwards towards that side, so that a furrow separates them.

All these pretty objects—and they are very attractive to the eye when magnified—are closely allied to each other; they are different species of the genus *Tubulipora*. At least they are the "mortal remains" of such animals, for they are at present mere skeletons; the animals, as I have already observed, have died out. They are exceedingly delicate, and a very short exposure to the air is enough to close their frail lease of life; so that it is rather rare even for the experienced naturalist, who is conversant with such creatures, to get a glimpse of them in healthy vitality.

Each of these tiny tubes is inhabited, during life, by a creature

of transparent tissues, whose structure manifests a relationship, not very remote, to the tenants of bivalve shells, such as the oyster or mussel. The tube represents the two valves of the shell united along the edge, and open at one end; but this must not be considered as anything more than an aid to your conceptions of the affinity of the two forms; for considerable modifications would require to be made before one of these atoms would be transformed into a decent oyster, even in miniature.

One of the most obvious of such modifications would occur in the breathing organs; and as these constitute in our little *Tubulipora* its chief feature of beauty, as well as the most important agent in its maintenance, and as, in both animals, their structure is highly curious, we may find interest in examining them in detail.

If we take a Mussel, and, inserting a thin penknife between the dark-blue shell-valves, sever the muscular bands which pass from one to the other and form their power of cohesion, we shall display the whole yellow anatomy within. First of all, each valve is lined by a membrane of thin flesh, the edges of which are free, and are cut into festooned fringes. These two leaves constitute the mantle, and are the agents by whose instrumentality the shell itself is made, and from time to time augmented. This process is a very curious one, but, as it is not relevant to our present inquiry, I will not now touch it farther.

Lifting these membranes, then, there appear laid along beneath them two other leaves on each side, thinner and more delicate. These four leaves, which are the breathing organs that I mean to describe, with the two leaves of the mantle, bear the same relation to each other as the leaves of a book, a book of six leaves, of which the two shell-valves are the boards or covers. These gill-leaves at first sight seem mere thin lax motionless laminæ of membrane, so fragile that the slightest touch tears them into strips, the rent invariably proceeding directly across their short diameter.

But let us, with sharp scissors, cut out a portion of one of these leaves, and, laying it on the lower glass of what microscopists call a live-box, cover it with a drop of sea-water, which we then flatten by putting on the glass cover. Now to the stage of the microscope with it, and put on, in succession, magnifying powers varying from 50 to 250 or 300 diameters. The whole field of view is a scene of the busiest activity: movements of the most exquisite regularity and precision, and of unceasing activity are going on in every part. A most attractive spectacle is before us, which evokes our delight not less than our wonder.

We see a great number of threads of great delicacy and flexibility, with a tendency to a parallel arrangement; but forming

bundles of varying breadth, lying across each other in various directions. Each fragment is composed of more or fewer of the elementary threads, laid side by side in close contact, or *almost* contact. Along these threads we see a very peculiar series of movements. Under the higher powers of the microscope, these are very interesting. Fixing our attention on one thread, and watching it, we discern a multitude of black points running along the thread with a moderately rapid, equable course, all chasing each other with ceaseless perseverance. This is on one side of the thread; but on the other side, a phenomenon exactly similar is seen, only that the running of the dark points is in the opposite direction. For hours and hours, nay even for days, this incessant chase goes on, never slackened, never intermitted, until the progress of decomposition has destroyed the cohesion of the parts; and even then the movement may be discerned lingering in the dissolving fragments.

You will not, however, have acquired an adequate idea of the nature of this curious phenomenon, till you have made an examination—your judgment fortified by the facts you have just observed—of the living and uninjured tissue. Returning to the Mussel, look carefully over one of the untouched leaves of the gills with a good pocket lens, and then you will see that there is but one thread. The entire gill-leaf *is formed out of a single thread*, folded to and fro upon itself, with some hundreds of turns through the whole length, and that the running points maintain in every part the same law of motion; their course being up one side of the thread and down the other throughout.

But these mysterious black points, what are they? and what the nature of this strange race, which those tiny chasseurs maintain with so indomitable an energy, every one striving, and with success too, to be in *at the death*? It is very hard to persuade oneself that they are nothing at all; and when, after a quarter of an hour's gaze at the untiring objects, our sage microscopic Mentor tells us that they are no objects at all, we look up to see if he is laughing at us. But no! the sage is as sober as a judge; and you demand an explanation. That the microscope should show you things which you could not see without it, you expected before; but that it should show things, which after all are nothing, that you should see with your eyes objects which do not exist, is marvellous indeed. But it is true.

It will take a good many words, I am afraid, to explain this; and some precision of thought on your part to understand it, when it is explained. It may help you, if you recall the familiar sight of a meadow just ready for the mower under the summer breeze. You have often admired the bands of silvery light, alternating with grey shadows, that are ever fitting across the

field. What is it that passes over the surface? Nothing. You know that the charming appearance is caused by the alternate bending and rising of the feathery heads of the grass-blossom in succession, as the breath of the breeze sweeps over them. If we could imagine all the stalks removed on both sides of a single row of stalks, or, which is the same thing, practically isolate our attention to this single file, the matter will be simplified, and we shall have a very close parallel to the chase in the microscopic live-box.

The gill-thread, all along its two opposite sides, is fringed with a row of minute hairs, so minutely attenuated, that the high powers of the microscope, we have been supposing, are insufficient to reveal them in their individuality. These hairs, which are known by the term *cilia*, are endowed with the power of alternately bending and straightening themselves, and of so doing this, as that the movements of each individual hair shall be in the most exact harmony with those of its fellows; not that all bend at the same instant and in the same degree; but in a rhythmical succession, just as the breeze, supposing it of exactly uniform force, bows down the grass stems in rapid succession. The result is a series of waves—one *cilium* (or stalk of grass) is at a given moment perfectly erect; the next, at the same moment, has just begun to bow; the third is bent still lower, the fourth has attained its extreme point of flexion, the fifth has resumed the position of the third, the sixth that of the second, and the seventh is again erect. Thus these seven *cilia* would limit the extent of one wave; and the whole line would exhibit a succession of such waves.

The wave, however, is for no two successive instants in the same spot: the first *cilium* immediately takes the position of the second, the second of the third, the third of the fourth, and so on; so that while the *cilia* themselves remain fixed, the waves produced by their alternate flexion and extension perpetually run along.

If, now, you will take the trouble to draw on paper a number of hairs, equidistant at their bases, but with their extremities in the different states of flexion that I have described, you will see the explanation of the dark running points. Those *cilia* that are passing from the erect condition to the point of greatest flexure, have their tips more separated than if they were all erect; whereas those which are passing from extreme flexure to uprightness have their tips more crowded. Now, though under the microscope, we cannot detect the individual *cilia*, we can detect the effect of this alternate separation and union of many; the former produces a more transparent, the latter a more opaque spot, as its optical expression; and these opaque spots, the



crowded part of each wave, are the dark points which seem to perform their incessant and amusing gymnastics.

Every *cilium*, thus, is perpetually occupied in striking the water; and, like a trireme of a thousand oars, the skilful rowers, as we have seen, keep the most perfect time. If the galley were free, these vigorous strokes, making up in cumulative energy what they lack in individual force, would row it bodily through the water. In many aquatic animals, the *cilia* are effective implements of locomotion; but here they subserve no such purpose, but another, still more indispensable to life. They produce, by their lashing action, powerful currents in the water, which is thus driven uniformly to and fro across the gill-leaves, yielding up its precious burden of vitalising oxygen to the blood, which permeates the thread.

And now let us return to our little *Tubulipora*. If we had the good fortune to see one of these in its condition of life and activity, we should discern protruding from the mouth of the shelly tube, a microscopic coronet of diverging filaments. Some dozen or so of exquisite threads, of what you might suppose to be spun glass from the transparence and brilliance of their material, are set around a sort of mouth, and diverge in the form of a bell, or like a campanulate flower. The same wonder-working instrument that we had used before would reveal that these are, in their organization, the very counterpart of the many-folded thread which makes up the gill-leaf of the Mussel. Each of these pellucid filaments is fringed with a double row of *cilia*, set on the two lateral faces; and the optical appearance produced by their action is, as before, that of running dark points, which hurry down one side of each filament, and up the opposite. The structure is exactly the same as in the Mussel, save that in the *Tubulipora* the gill-thread is resolved into a few short threads, which are set in a circular whorl instead of a flat lamina.

It would be a problem worthy the attention of a skilful mathematician and dynamician, one conversant with the resolution and combination of forces,—What ought to be the result of such a complex array of currents? Twelve rods stand in a funnel-like form, each of which is beset with energetic oars which drive the water rapidly down one side, and up the other:—what general motion will be communicated to the water in the vicinity as a whole? I know not what our Newtons or Laplaces would make of the calculation in their closets, but I know the result that is attained in fact. The general movement is that of a whirlpool: a vortex is produced in the water, the boundary of whose influence is a circle exceeding by many times that of the bell of filaments. The fluid is whirled round and round with a velocity

which ever increases as the diminishing spiral curve approaches the centre of the vortex.

Thus, according to a law in physiology, that the lower the rank of an organism in the scale of being, the less of *differentiation* we find, the less of specialty in the assignment of function to organ, the two offices of procuring food and of breathing, which in the Mussel are performed by two distinct sets of organs, are in the inferior *Tubulipora* appropriated to one. The whirlpool, which ever brings fresh particles of water to the surfaces of the filaments, that the oxygen which they carry may be in succession absorbed by the blood which penetrates into these organs, brings something else. Whatever atoms of organic substance, the dissolving constituents of some decomposing animal or vegetable, whatever roving animalcules, whatever spores of algæ chance to come within the margin of this Mælstroem, they are sucked into its circle, and are then inevitably hurled round in its embrace, at every revolution approaching nearer to that open gulf at the bottom—that living grave, into which, one by one, they descend with a gurgle and a gulp.

And this is how the *Tubuliporæ*, and hundreds more of creatures of like kidney, procure their dinner.

## VII.

### DR. THOMAS GUTHRIE.

WHEN the sight-seer from the south has spent his six days in Edinburgh—visiting Holyrood and the Castle, excavating antiquities in the Canongate, making excursions to Hawthornden and Roslyn Chapel—he is advised, if he wishes to see and hear everything worth seeing and hearing in the “Great Metropolis of the North,” to attend the ministrations of Dr. Guthrie on the seventh. Without particularly striving to become so, Dr. Guthrie is one of the “lions” of Edinburgh. He is a “sight,” like the Parliament-house, or the Rizzio-room. The tourist who has passed through Edinburgh, and who has not heard Guthrie, has departed without the full impression of the city. There are pieces of ordnance, light and heavy, peering down from the castle batteries, there are a few at Holyrood, twenty or so at Leith fort; but amid all these muniments of war, the stranger cares only to behold Mons Meg. In like wise there are many distinguished and able clergymen in the city: Dr. Candlish, with his

fiery logic and impetuous eloquence, and wonderful ability to manage affairs and men; Dr. Robert Lee, who has gathered together perhaps the most intellectual congregation in Scotland, and Dr. Alexander, whose praise is in all the churches; but these are disregarded by the stranger; the Southerners desire to hear Guthrie. His church is always crowded. Eager listeners are always standing in the passages, and if a coroneted carriage happens to be in the city, it is sure on Sundays to be seen in the vicinity of the Luckenbooths. Perhaps there is no Edinburgh man so well known. The very children know him when he passes in the streets. The diseased and the dying in the Cowgate and St. Mary's Wynd know him better, and honour him more than even his titled friends. No man ever indulged more in the luxury of doing good. As a pulpit orator, he has at present no fellow. The faults of his style are original like the virtues. He is the last representative of the Edward Irvings and the Chalmerses of old.

Dr. Guthrie in the pulpit is wonderful to eye as well as to ear. He is tall, with a face quite peculiar—a face that attracts, you cannot tell why; full of earnestness, as you look upon it, every feature eloquent with the message he is delivering, yet withal full of shrewdness and sagacity; the face of a man who could be consulted with advantage on the matters of this world, as well as on those of the next; and beneath all that, you can trace a fund of kindest humour, flashes of which escape inadvertently now and then, and disport themselves amid the solemnities of his theme, strangely heightening the effect. Than his action and elocution, nothing could be more monotonous. He sways backwards and forwards in his pulpit, he speaks in an undulating sing-song, not without a certain melody and rude rhythmic cadence of its own; and while you sit puzzled with his peculiarities, and inwardly asking yourself if this is the orator of whom you have heard so much, there is suddenly a strange excitation on the speaker, his arm waves, his eye flashes, his voice rises clear up out of its usual level, and a startling thought or illustration hurries your blood like a trumpet's clang. Dr. Guthrie does not argue save through images. He does not throw out new thoughts, but he illustrates and enforces old ones. He reads his Bible with a marvellously vivifying glance; and expressions, and little points of narration, which his hearer has been accustomed to pass over with indifference, or accept as matters of course, are to him of the profoundest significance. His illustrations, drawn from the Old Testament histories, are remarkable for freshness and life. He speaks of the bulrushes bending over the ark of Moses, as if he had beheld the scene yesterday. He sees David sling down the boaster of Gath, and in the silence of the two armies he hears Goliath fall

like a tower. Professor Blackie has called him a "preaching Homer." After sermon in the evening you feel yourself a better man; your aspirations are quickened, your desires after goodness stimulated, although you cannot, on examination, find that you have been taught anything, that a single new thought has been received into your mind, or that an oppressive doubt has been dissipated. You find that no local change has been wrought, so to speak; but that the general health has been improved as by a change of air.

With all his fame, it may be doubted whether Dr. Guthrie's greatest triumphs have been won in the pulpit. Perhaps he is greater on the platform. He is really worth seeing and hearing *there*. He rises and begins to speak in an uncertain and listless manner, having apparently given the subject no previous consideration. The tall swaying figure seems ill at ease; the words pause on the tongue. He seems to feel speech-making a very difficult business. The road clears however before him, getting less stony every step. Then the eyes kindle in the shrewd swarthy face; a telling anecdote is introduced, and the audience is in a roar. When he gets thoroughly into his subject he plays with it like a kitten with a ball of worsted; he turns it round and round, surveys it from every point of view, flashes light upon it from the oddest corners. He is not afraid of his audience. He speaks as unreservedly to a crowded hall, as he would to himself in his study at home with the door shut. He lays the reins on the neck of his humour, and away it carries him to a triumphant close, through many a peal of laughter, through many a shout of delighted applause. He speaks naturally and without effort, and he shows that eloquence is as native to his thoughts as lofty bearing to princes of the blood; and what to him is simple kind-heartedness, is to his audience the finest humour. He only thinks of ordinary bread, and he feeds the multitude on manna. Dr. Guthrie is eloquent and spirit-stirring in the pulpit; but in his occasional addresses he is equally eloquent and spirit-stirring, and displays a greater variety of powers, for his fun breaks out "forty thousand strong;" his genius is now a severe cherub, and now a rollicking Puck. In these speeches there is no monotony, no relentless logical method, everything is loose, free, and unrestrained; thought and feeling, pathos and comedy, Scripture illustration and curious anecdote, chase one another over their surfaces like belts of green and purple over a fresh-blown sea.

During the last few years this warm-hearted and popular clergyman has published three volumes of sermons, all of which have been well received. These have carried his name over the length and breadth of the land; they have diffused amongst the

reading public much stirring exhortation, much excellent advice, and much touching appeal; and they have, it is understood, been highly profitable to author and publisher—the “Gospel in Ezekiel,” being labelled “Twentieth thousand,” and the “Sorrows of the City,” “Fifteenth thousand;” nothing more can be added to the list of their merits. They certainly add nothing to Dr. Guthrie’s reputation in Edinburgh, and in Scotland generally. To those who have heard the doctor preach, these printed discourses must appear stale, flat, and unprofitable; their present effect contrasting with their former effect when published by the living voice pretty much as a glow-worm in your hand by daylight contrasts with his last evening’s splendour in the shadowy grass. The discourses should be heard not read. They are of a kind of composition that least of any can stand the ordeal of print. They are Ossianic, rhapsodical. In listening to Dr. Guthrie, a metaphor dazzles you and it is gone; in his book you inspect it, it is pinned down for you like a butterfly on a card, and you can critically finger it and pick holes in it. In these volumes there is a great deal of illustration and very little to illustrate; a very small army but a most valorous noise of drums. The illustration bears the same relation to the idea illustrated that the lion depicted on the outside of the menagerie, a man beneath his royal foot, a horse flying afar, as with uplifted head and dishevelled mane he is engaged in sending forth his tremendous roar, which makes every creature of the wilderness quake with fear, bears to the sleepy and ignoble brute which, when you enter, you find huddled down in a corner of his cage, no more like the king of beasts outside, which is supposed to be his counterfeit presentment, “than I to Hercules.” These illustrations, too, are seldom quick and decisive, brief as lightning yet revealing the horizon;—they are for the most part long and rolled out; the author has evidently laboured upon them, and you begin to suspect that the illustration does not exist for the thought but the thought for the illustration—the waiting-woman does not serve the Queen, the Queen is a mere appendage of the waiting-woman. This is a fault which may escape detection, while the many-coloured discourse flashes past, heightened as the whole charm is, by the fascination of voice and gesture; but in a book, read quietly and with attention, where you can return on a sentence, the “murder is out.” There are few readers who will not be pained with the want of proportion in the following passage; being the opening of his last volume, “Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints.”

“One thing is often set against another in the experience of the Christian; and also in the every-day procedure of the providence of God. So fared it with Jacob that night he slept in Bethel. A

stone was his pillow, and the cold, hard ground his bed; yet, while sleep sealed his eyelids, he had God himself to guard his low-laid head, and dreams such as seldom bless a couch of down. A ladder rose before him in the vision of the night. It rested on earth, and reached to the stars. And forming a highway for a multitude of angels, who ascended and descended in two dazzling streams of light, it stood there the bright sign of a redemption which has restored the intercourse between earth and heaven, and opened a path for our return to God.

"Now, the scheme of salvation, of which that ladder was a glorious emblem, may be traversed in either of these two ways. In studying it, we may descend by the steps that lead from the cause to the consummation, or, taking the opposite course, we may rise from the consummation to the cause. So—as a matter sometimes of taste, sometimes of judgment—men do in other departments of study. The geographer, for example, may follow a river, from the lone mountain-tops where its waters spring, down into the glen, into which, eager to leave sterility behind, it leaps with a joyous bound; and from thence, after resting a while in black, deep, swirling pool, resumes its way, here spreading itself out in glassy lake, or there winding like a silver serpent through flowery meadows; until, forcing a passage through some rocky gorge, it sweeps out into the plain, to pursue, 'mid shady woods and by lordly tower, through corn-fields, by smiling villages and busy towns, a course that, like the life of man, grows calmer as it nears its end. Or, starting up from the sea-beach, he may trace the river upwards; till, passing town and church, tower and mill, scattered hamlet and solitary shepherd's cot, in some mossy well, where the wild deer drink, or mountain rock beneath the eagle's nest, he finds the place of its birth. The botanist, too, who describes a tree, may begin with its fruit; and from this, whether husky shell, or rugged cone, or clustering berry, he may pass to the flower; from that to the buds; from those to the branches; from the branches to the stem; and from the stem into the ground, where he lays bare the wide-spread roots, on which—as states depend upon the humbler classes for power, wealth, and worth—the tree depends both for nourishment and support. Or, reversing the plan, with equal justice to his subject, and advantage to his pupils, he may begin at the root and end with the fruit."

The reader will notice here with what an amount of illustration the thought, nowise a new or important one, has been honoured; and it is significant of Dr. Guthrie's proclivity to this kind of illustrative weakness, that after tracing the various points and stages in the march of a river from mountain source to salt sea, he, travelling from sea to source, is at the trouble to point them all out again, and so on one page we behold two long-drawn files of epithets like strings of camels in the desert, identical in appearance, one holding straight for the east, and the other for the setting sun.

It is remarkable that the two masters of pulpit eloquence, at present in Scotland, should stand apart, wide as the poles, so far as mode of thought and expression are concerned. You shut Dr. Guthrie's volume and open Mr. Caird's, and you find yourself in a different intellectual climate, where different birds fly and sing, and where flowers of another hue and odour bloom. Dr. Guthrie paints a mile-long panorama, which, slowly moving to solemn music, unrolls its glory of mountain forest and flashing cascade. Mr. Caird paints cabinet pictures; he leaves the "cold and splendour of the hills," for the softer graces of fat pastures-lands and the round of pastoral duties; his pencil has great delicacy and touch, and if the full effect does not startle or surprise, it soothes and satisfies. Dr. Guthrie garbs his ideas in foreign costume. In his sentences, instead of the music of the pastoral pipe, you hear the clash of the cymbals or the clangour of the Alpine horn. Mr. Caird's thoughts wear the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; they are untravelled, they hear the tumult and are still in an "English home of ancient peace." In a word, Dr. Guthrie is a bold, lavish genius, impatient of rule or restraint. Mr. Caird is thoughtful, chaste, correct. In the mind of the latter there is, perhaps, a certain timidity, a kind of watchfulness and self-consciousness, which hinder the full growth and expansion of his powers. His book reminds one of a budding tree in March, the "glad green" stands on the black boughs in timid buds as if afraid of frosts and snows, and it will take many a sunny noon to woo them forth. Dr. Guthrie has rushed out into exuberant foliage, a foliage so dense and thick that every branch is lost; and not only that, but autumn has come and painted the forest monarch in his thousand colours.

What we have written has been suggested by the fear that the extraordinary fascinations of Dr. Guthrie's style of illustration, and his great and deserved popularity, are likely to dazzle and mislead some of our younger preachers. We were anxious to remind those who have been intoxicated by their admiration of his splendid excellences, that he has faults almost as great, though perhaps scarcely less splendid, which must seriously diminish his real power. The boundless exuberance of imagery, in which very often the thought is wholly lost, the frequent disparity between the poverty of the ideas and the regal magnificence of the robes in which they are arrayed, are not the only blemishes which strike us. Very often there is no real and deep analogy between the illustration and the principle it is intended to illustrate. The resemblance is merely superficial or accidental; and not unfrequently, especially in the last volume, the illustrations awaken emotions which are singularly out of harmony with the emotions appropriate to the subject. During

the Indian rebellion Dr. Guthrie could not forget on the Sunday—who indeed could?—the tales of heroism and of horror he had been reading in the week; but the constant recurrence of allusions to the diabolical atrocities of our foes, the courage and glory of our countrymen and countrywomen, produces an excitement too violent, and quite incongruous with the lofty topics about which our hearts ought to be occupied. The confusion of the battle-field, the terrors of the siege, the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, are unfavourable to profound and devout thinking. When the tumultuous illustration comes to a close, we find ourselves indisposed to return to the divine thoughts from which it has diverted us.

As a sufficient set off against all we have been constrained to say in disparagement of Dr. Guthrie's discourses, we may note their abounding life. *That*, after all, is the great thing. In this book you come in contact with a living, genial soul—the spirit that moves and breathes in these pages, is one “finely-touched” to hear “the low, sad music of humanity,” a spirit ready to pity the afflicted, to comfort those who have no comforter; here is charity, brotherly kindness, love of souls. And the exuberance of metaphor which we have felt in some measure compelled to condemn, is but the overflow of the same fresh strong ebullient spirit; the warm colours that glow upon his page are but counterparts of the warm feelings that glow within his heart; the charity that urged the “plea for the ragged schools,” that spends itself in good deeds in the abodes of poverty, and by the beds of the dying, is closely connected with the imaginative emotion that preserves in his mind the scarlet of the sunset, the silence of the moor with its circle of Druid stone, and the great sea-billows breaking on the scooped and hollowed northern shore. Criticism shrinks ashamed from such a man. Heat the critical furnace ever so hot, his works will remain uninjured, without the smell of fire upon them; for Dr. Guthrie appeals to another public from that which is heard in newspapers and reviews, he conforms to other laws than those of human æsthetics.

We have already noticed the vividness with which Dr. Guthrie conceives and presents to the reader passages of Scripture history with which we are most familiar. Here are two illustrations of his power; and as our readers gaze on the visions which the magician has called up, we fear that all our sober criticism will be forgotten.

“Ancient Egypt, however, supplies perhaps the best illustration of the connection which subsists between a state of darkness and a state of indolence. God said to Moses, ‘Stretch out thine hand toward heaven, that there may be darkness over the land of Egypt,



even darkness which may be felt. And Moses stretched forth his hand toward heaven; and there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days.' And how passed these days of darkness? They neither bought nor sold; they neither married nor buried; they neither rocked a cradle nor embalmed a corpse. No hammer rang; no merry wheel went round; no fire burned at the brick kiln; no woman sang 'behind the mill;' no busy tread sounded on the pavement, nor cheerful dash of oar upon the water. An awful silence reigned throughout the land. As if every house had been in a moment changed into a tomb, and each living man into a mummied corpse, they sat motionless—the king on his weary throne, the peasant in the field, the weaver at his loom, the prisoner in his dungeon. As in the story of some old romance, where a bold knight, going in quest of adventures, sounds his horn at the castle gate, and, getting no response, enters to find the king, courtiers, servants, horses, all turned into stone—they sat, spell-bound, where the darkness seized them. 'They saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days.'

"But if we would see spiritual darkness represented on a scale in any degree commensurate with the multitude of its victims, and with its destructive power, let us turn to the host of Midian. The memorable night has come when, animated by a divine courage, Gideon leads his three hundred to the bold assault. Silently he plants them around the enemy's lines, waiting till song and revel have died away, and that mighty host lies buried in stillest slumbers. Then, one trumpet blows loud and clear, startling the wary sentinel on his round. He stops, he listens; and, ere its last echoes have ceased, the whole air is torn with battle-notes. Out of the darkness, trumpet replies to trumpet, and the blast of three hundred, blown loud and long, wakens the deepest sleeper—filling the ear of night with a dreadful din, and the hearts of the bravest with strange and sudden fear. Ere they can ask what mean, whence come, these sounds, a sight as strange blazes up through the murky night. Three hundred torch-fires pierce the gloom, and advance in flaming circle on the panic-stricken camp. Suddenly extinguished, once more all is dark. Then—as if the dust of the whirlwind, or the sands of the desert, or the leaves of the forest, had turned into armed men, ready to burst on that uncircumcised host—in front, on their rear, on either flank, rings the Hebrews' battle-cry, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' For dear life the Midianites draw. Mistaking friend for foe, they bury their swords in each other's bosoms. Wild with terror, stricken mad with pain, each man seizes his fellow by the beard, giving and receiving mortal wounds. And so, not by the arms of Gideon, so much as by the hand of the darkness, was skill outwitted, and bravery defeated, and that mighty army routed and slain. Such is the power of darkness! Yet what is that dying host to one lost soul!"

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## VIII.

## SMITHFIELD AND BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

It must have been on a merry April day, piebald with sun and shadow, that the court-jester, Rayer, threw a double somersault of joy when his learned and warlike master, Henry I., granted him a piece of land in West Smithfield as the site of a Priory. It is with a peacock's quill that we should write of the foolish wisdom that made such a grant, and of the wise folly that obtained it.

The plot of land that royal folly gave to the royal fool, afterwards to be purged and consecrated by the burning of wise men by more wicked fools, was then a dingy, miry marsh, with a gallows in one dry spot, and in another a clump of green bushy elms, where a market was held. Some spurious miracles in the neighbouring Jew's Quarter, such as enabling a woman to keep her tongue quiet, gave sanctity to the new building, of which the juggling jester became first Prior.

The middle-age fairs originated in churchyard meetings on the feast-day of the saints enshrined in the neighbouring temples of blossoming stone. When they outgrew the churchyard, they shoaled, as in *Smooth Field*, to the neighbouring meadows, where the drapers, potters, and spicers, could have their distinct market-streets, where jugglers could walk on stilts, and buckler-men fight and gash each other. Outside the priory gates the cooked meat was sold, and the riot and revel freely billowed and tossed. Inside the churchyard, the clothiers and drapers locked their wares at night. This was at the time when wine in London was sold only on board ships, and when the only eating-house in London was on the Thames-bank, where the rich merchants or foreign captains could buy anything from sturgeon to roast-pig.

This Smithfield churchyard was the place where, some centuries later, the schoolmasters used to bring their scholars to publicly dispute on Priscian's Grammar and Aristotle's Logic. When the jester first gathered together the idle apprentices, and persuaded them to help him in filling up the marsh round the foundations of his new priory, London had just assumed her rank as first city of England. Her rival, Winchester, had never recovered the sacks and firings of Maud and Stephen's armies. London was then a walled city, with thirteen convents, twenty-six parish churches, and seven double gates. Westminster was then a suburb, connected with Ludgate by the village of Charing and some river-side houses. Smithfield stood outside the gates; and beyond the priory were moorlands, rivulets, brooks, and pools, corn-fields, meadows, and clacking mills. Beyond this stretched the great Middlesex Forest, where bucks "belled," wild bulls roared, and wild boars rooted. To this forest, to hawk and hunt, citizens rode out through Cripplegate, where lame beggars watched for alms. London was then full of clear streamlets, now darkened to sewers and running out of sight. Old Bourne ran down its hill

into the river of Wells. Holy Well, Clement's Well, and Clerks' Well, were the summer evening haunts and playgrounds of schoolboys. In Smooth Field Square, where blazoned knights came to buy chargers for the tournament, or palfreys for their ladies, where schoolboys played at bowls, and traders measured out their wares, on the first day of the fair, 1305, the friars and jesters, clothiers and tumblers, hurried to see Wallace, the great champion, the David of Scotland, dragged in chains, and at the tail of horses, to the cruel headsman waiting beside the bonfire with his heavy axe. A few minutes (no groan) the head is off, the brave heart burnt, and five basket-loads of quivering flesh parted out for the English and Scotch cities. Then once more the puppet-show drums play out, the pipe and tabor sound, and the buying and selling, and foolish drunken revel, riot as before.

But we must go on, scarcely stopping to tell how, in the fourteenth century, serfs were sold amid the tumult of the fair, how, at the laughing meeting of pig-sellers and pig-eaters in 1348, the noise dies away for a moment as the mob crowds to the neighbouring Carthusian burial-ground, where, in one churchyard alone, fifty thousand black plague-struck bodies have been heaped; or how, in Edward III.'s sunburst of chivalry, the kings of England, France, and Scotland, all came to Smithfield to see the lances shivered, and to smile approval at the sixty ladies of honour leading sixty knights bound in golden chains, symbolical of the fetters of love and duty; or how, in Henry IV.'s reign, Miracle plays were acted in the Fair Square, with the usual pantomime tumble of large-headed devils; when Herod ranted, and the people roared to see demons drubbed and discomfited by angels with Harlequins' wooden swords; and when the items in the stage-property bills were six soul's coats, 11s.; for a link to set the world on fire, 1s.; for the fire at hell-mouth, and for the making of three worlds, 11s. But time brought its revenges. The priory mulberry-garden was cut down; the rows of booths settled down into stone tenements; the annual oak from Windsor Forest, for the use of the adjoining hospital, was disallowed. It all fell into the dirty hands of Sir Richard Rich, some time afterwards Lord Chancellor, the son of a London mercer, and the tool of the butcher-Mormon king. It was from this desecrated ground,—where pseudo-religion had encouraged vice and wallowing revel for the sake of fees and tolls,—that irreligion and greed put out the altar fire, and, for the sake of the same fees, let the fires of the itinerant pork-sellers burn freer and brighter. On the same polluted spot,—foul with the blood of cattle and the tread of turbulent mobs,—many of our early reformers ascended to Heaven in the prophet's chariot of fire. In 1611, that ass-pedant fool, James I., burnt the last martyr, a poor Unitarian; but general executions continued, for gossiping Pepys mentions seeing a poor woman burnt or boiled to death there for poisoning her husband.

In Ben Jonson's time (James I.) we have a clear view of the fair; for that old despot of the tavern clubs—he of “the mountain belly

and the rocky face"—wandered there, seeking materials for his famous play of that name, in which he ridicules his old fellow-worker, Inigo Jones, the fiery Welshman, who did not care about the words of the court masques, but thought so much of the machinery. He shows us the North-country horse-dealers, who lead about their horses, their manes and tails knotted with ribbon. There is Puppy, too, the wrestler, who, on St. Bartholomew's Eve, is to exhibit his prowess before the Lord Mayor. With him is Captain Jordan, the bully and roarer, the swordsman in boot and feather, who steals the dolls at the stalls, or cuts purses, having a horn-thimble on his thumb to catch the edge of his little thievish knife.

There is, too, pompous Justice Overdo, great at the three days' Pie-poudre, or "dusty-foot" court, who determines to spare his spy-money, and in disguise visit the booths, and worm out the enormities himself with his own proper eyes. He is determined to fill the stocks, bring grist to the whipping-post, and stop those rascally ballad-singers, who attack simpletons and are confederate with thieves. Certainly there is the pond where, for cheating, pigwomen are sometimes rolled by the mob; but he (the justice) wants statute law, not mob law.

We wander with Ben past the gingerbread stalls, and the hobby-horse and doll-sellers (dolls were called Bartholomew babies), and come to the booth of Dame Ursula the pigwoman. Roast pork was the special food at this fair. The sign of the "Pig's Head" swings over the booth, and has its adjoining arbour of green boughs, where velvet-capped citizens' wives, Puritan preachers, and simple country Master Slender cousins, sit and drink "the best bottle ale in the fair." The cries of the fair are those of the corn-cutters, mousetrap-sellers, and costard-mongers, who upset their fruit to let the cutpurses benefit by the confusion. Then comes by the silly country gentleman, who will buy everything he sees—toys, gingerbread, songs, rattles—much to the indignation of the wise, sour, old family servant, who keeps trying to sew up the hole in his burning pocket, and to prevent the thieves tickling his ears to allow them to get at his full pouches.

As for the pig-booths, they attract the Puritans, who are roaming through the fair, denouncing dolls as Popish images, and the hobby-horse as the Nebuchadnezzars that children worship. The sin of the fair provokes them: they cannot be silent; but still, by way of comfort to the weak, they resolve to eat swine's flesh to show their loathing of Judaism: *so they eat exceedingly and prophecy.*

The puppet-shows, with their "motion" of the Gunpowder Plot, and Rising of the 'Prentices, are deliciously sketched. There, too, that hot zealot, Zeal-in-the-Land Busy, just fresh from the stocks, rushes in to denounce the twopenny show as "Dagon," the beam in the eye of the brethren. Ben had his say, but in the next reign the Puritans put down the stage; and it was only at noble-men's houses, and, secretly, sometimes at Smithfield, that the drama dared show its head.

But we must push on through a century of fairs, from the one

where Cromwell was laughed at (the old lion being safe away in Ireland) to "the Hustling of the Pope," and the ferocious Protestantism of the farces in the time of William of Orange and the siege of Derry to 1699, when, just as years before, we find ourselves ankle deep in mud, in an atmosphere reeking with roast pork and tobacco, looking up at a row of tinsel kings with gilt leather buskins, and headed by a jester. The catcalls and penny trumpets pierce the ear, and the show-drums rumble. There are fellows stealing gentlemen's swords from their sides, and rogues calling out the numbers of lottery tickets. The Tall Dutchwoman and the Non-descript glare defiance at each other from rival stalls, and a fellow steals your cocked-hat as you stare at "Jephtha's Rash Vow," or the "Siege of Namur." At Pye Corner, where sheaves of bows and arrows used to be sold, you see the perspiring cooks standing at their doors, each proclaiming the special excellency of his own peculiar pig. A perpetual untiring cry of "nuts and damsons" greets you as you turn into a booth to see Doggett, the great comedian, acting in the farce of "Friar Bacon," which is to be repeated every half hour. The audience crack nuts, and baskets of plums, walnuts, pears, and the famous Bartholomew-fair peaches are handed round for sale. If this does not satisfy you, go and see, at the Turk's Head, the far-renowned dance on the tight rope, or the clown perform the sword dance, or the Scaramouch dance with fourteen glasses stuck about his hands. At this time it was the custom for even the most popular actors to have their booths in the fair. Bullock and Pinkethman both were here; so that we are the less surprised to find poor old Elkanah Settle, in his old age, writing a wretched rhapsody for the fair, called "The Siege of Troy," and eventually playing the humble part of Dragon in a green case of his own invention.

It was here, indeed, we are more surprised to find, from a pleasant book on the subject just published by Mr. Morley, that Fielding, the great novelist, amid the ups and downs, sausage-sellers, and discordant cries, kept a play-booth for nine years running; just fresh from Leyden University, the wit came here to fight for life amid stuffed mermaids, rams with five legs, and the smallest men living. Here amid fire-eaters, Tiddy dolls, tumblers, and bellringers, Garrick came; and here Edmund Kean, with no known father and a doubtful mother, falls as a boy rider and hurts his leg.

But the fair passed into old age, as all sublunary things do, and its death was heralded by decay and debility. At first, the Lord Mayor in procession used (stopping at Newgate for "a cool tankard") to go on horseback to Smithfield, and there solemnly open the fair. Then he went in a coach, and at last ceased to go at all. In 1750 the vigorous country gentleman, Alderman Beckford, suppressed the fourteen days' riot, and cut it down to three. One by one the learned pigs faded away, as did also the mermaids; the dwarfs became invisible, and after seven centuries of tumult Bartholomew Fair, like a burnt candle, quietly blew out. We had outgrown it as a place of superstition and of bigotry, then of trade, and lastly oven of pleasure.

## VIII.

## A RIDE OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE old Norse-emigration deluge, the restless wandering of the great conquering Japhet race, the progress of the pugnacious Celts, the shifting whirlwinds of Tartar horsemen, have still parallels in that sturdy, tenacious conquest, which the American emigrants and hunters have for years been making over the Indian tribes, from Arkansas to the green plains at the foot of the Californian San-Bernardino mountains, where the trappers win foothold by rifle and revolver. A fair region for new races, new religions, and new dynasties is there opening for our children's children, for the brains and hands still unborn. Nature is still working out her old plans by her old receipts.

Let us then take a return-ticket and traverse this new world of country. For a dozen or two pages give yourself over, reader, to wear mocassins and a hunting-shirt; with us to "rub out" Indians, shoot elks, wrestle with bears, lasso wild horses, and toil up Bill Williams's mountains, to watch beavers using their tails for trowels, and squirrels flying to the boughs like steel-filings to a magnet; smear yourself with war-paint of vermilion, like an Apache brave, and stick a vulture's feather in your scalp-knot, for we are off with *Herr Mólhausen* (Longmans, 1858), a German naturalist of genius, and a friend of the patriarch Humboldt, to survey for a railway from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

A man's path to success in the cities of the old world is paved with the toes of his friends. The European conqueror macadamises his red path of glory with the skulls of his enemies; but though the pioneer's path in the new world, in the free region we are going to travel, whether it leads to glory or failure, is paved neither with skulls nor toes, it is guarded by black bears, watched by tomahawking Indians, and is alive with diamond snakes.

It is, indeed, a great plunge from civilization to savagery the daring traveller makes when, as the Mississippi steamer nears Fort Napoleon, and sights the Arkansas pouring its waters, red as if coloured with Indian blood, into the mother of rivers, he collects "his traps," to use a real Kentucky phrase, jumps into the shore-boat, with one hasty look back at the tobacco-chewing faces on the steamer-gallery, sees the steersman pull the signal-rope, hears the engineer's bell below ringing, and watches with a feeling of momentary desertion, the paddle-wheels froth out, and the boat, reeling a little on one side, plough off and away over the floating drift-wood and alligator-nosed snags, past the log-houses and hickory-woods, to her resting-place at New Orleans.

After a black-mail of blood paid to the mosquitoes of marshy Fort Napoleon, away we go in our little snorting propeller down the dark-red Arkansas, and its piles of drift-timber and wooden rocks, round which the gory current whirls and eddies ominously.

Three hundred and twenty miles of untouched forest of sycamore and cotton-wood trees, bouquets of rival colours, trees that, old when Columbus steered out of Palos, are new and hearty now, rise round us from Fort Napoleon to Little Rock, the city of the sulphur-springs and of the coal-beds. The stag stares at us with liquid eyes as we pass; the parrot climbs like a jack-o'-lantern fire, from bough to bough; the turkey thrusts his congested, blue head through the golden leaves; the black bear rears on his hind legs and wonders if we are eatable; but we leave the creatures of the warring republic of the woods, and at Fort Smith enter the Indian ground.

We are now free, and in the Choctaw country, where men mean what they say, and do not slander, but scalp those they hate. The rouge here at Fort Smith is war-paint, and Lord Chancellor of all legal disputes is that great arbitrator—the rifle. If you love whole bones here you must fight for your skin, or it will be tattooed with knife-slashes, and, before long, drilled with bullet-holes, small but still quite large enough for life, that is always so anxious to escape, to creep out of. Here a major of the militia keeps the hotel; and at night, in the coolness, delights his listeners—*itinerant botanists, surveyors, muleteers, and hunters*—with stories of his old tussles with the Redskins, the moral of which is the old Cromwellian one to “trust in God and keep your powder dry.” There the German exile sings “*In einem kühlen Grunde*,” and the errant English barrister “*Here in cool grot and mossy cell*,” and the red-flannelled half-breeds tell their deeds and hunting-feats, while the muleteers shoe the still-tired mules for our expedition. The waggon-drivers crack their pistol-shot whips, and away we start, crossing the river Poteau, the Canadian river, that here pours its tribute into the dark-red Arkansas, in the flower-meadows that form the Eden valley of the Sugar-loaf, Laveneau, and Sans Bois mountains, that send their roots down, as if, like so many water-snakes, to drink at the great winding tributaries of the Arkansas river and its small circumjacent streamlets. This is the region of the civilized Choctaws and Cherokees, who, when driven by the Pale Faces across the Alleghany mountains and the Great River, buried the war-hatchet here in a wheat field, and beat their rifles into ploughs. The panther has been long silent in these glens, and the Redskin, who has an account at his banker's, and washes himself at least once a fortnight, from his own door shoots at his old friend, the still-untamed stag, for trespassing on his tender young wheat. The Indian farmer keeps negro-slaves, and if he can resist the poisonous “fire-water,” fattens and thrives.

Our long train of grinding waggons keep along the marshy river-lands, through cane clumps, and swamps, where the long strings of mules stagger and wallow; but we soon break out into roads straight as sword-thrusts, piercing dwarf-oak forests, where the underwood is a jungle of flowers, alive with the copper-head snakes, and where nests of scaly scorpions brood under every stone.

The station that we roll into next, is a missionary station of

log-houses, where the smith's hammer keeps crying "peace," where gardens gird the houses, and maize-patches the gardens. In this strange, debatable ground of savage and civilized life you see the Choctaw chief in his cotton hunting-shirt, still dusty with the day's ride, discussing the railroad that is to run through the town.

Ascend one of these hills round the town, and you see the whole Choctaw country, with its Indian farms, plumed with blue smoke, lying beneath you. Then you see the long lines of canvas-backed waggons winding over the long grass of the vast westward prairie. The sassafras scents the air, and the Texan eagle and white swallow-tailed kite wheel in circles over the mocking-bird, aping the thrush in the crippled oak. It is in these great plains, just within sight of the Sugar-loaf mountain in Arkansas, that the Choctaws assemble in thousands for "the great medicine" of their ball-play, a game which, with them, has become, not merely like cricket, a national institution, but almost a religious ceremony.

Once pass the height of the Sans Bois mountains, and the forest dies away into bushy strips in the bottom lands, on the banks of streams, or in tufts like Mussulman's forelocks, dotting the rolling prairie. Here, finding an Indian farmer and blacksmith, amid a flutter and cackling of disturbed fowls, and the barking of indignant dogs, you hire your guide, who is to take you to the Chickasaw frontier. He picks the ashes from his hair, smears the soot from his face, slips on his coloured hunting-shirt and full shot-pouch, whispers his negro, kisses his wife and children, and mounts his horse for his eight-days' ride.

We go up the Sans Bois river, where the heron cries hoarsely and the wild turkey flops heavily among the trees on the bank. Thirty years ago the trapper hunted the black bear and beaver here where towns now stand. A few years earlier, St. Louis was but a small village, and the trapper in his canoe paddled down the Missouri with his skins, traps, brandy, and gunpowder, or landing, was chased into trees, or tomahawked by parties of strolling braves.

Now under the burning sun the waggons toil along in deep ruts, which in the rainy season become foaming brooks. About Garne's Creek and the junction of the North and South Fork with the Canadian River is the Paradise-land of the Choctaws and Chickasaw Indians, who live here together in peace, as the 20,000 Creeks or Muskogeas do in the flowery region between the Canadian and the Arkansas. Where, a few years ago, the eagle-plumed bronzed man was painting a crimson hand upon his fringed buffalo-skin, you now see the Indian reading his newspaper and discussing American politics. The 22,000 Cherokees, who once held Georgia, are now doing well in Upper Arkansas. A smooth prairie-road, where the surveyor's chain can lie flat and work well, leads on to Pawnee farms, where friendly Indians meet the waggons with melons, peaches, and piles of maize. These 1400 traders are all that remain of the great race on the shores of the Delaware, whose whitened bones mark their slow retreat over the Alleghany mountains, and



through sixty years' fighting in Ohio, where their great chief, Tecumseh, and his brother, "The Open Door," had planned the union of all the Red tribes against the Pale Faces. They live by forays into the territories of the hostile Comanches for bison and antelope flesh, which they bring back dried. Their guides and scouts are far-sighted as eagles, hardy as old bears. Their woods are masses of wild vines, wild plums, wild cherries, and wild pears; and through these we go, catching a first sight of the boundless steppe and the rolling prairies beyond, as the Delaware mountains widen and the horizon grows illimitable. Wood and water now grow scarce, and the camping-places have to be considered. The sun goes down like a red-hot shot into the prairie-grass; and, as you lie by your tent-door at night, you hear the wolf howl as you light the willow-bark in your pipe, and listen to the stories of the trapper's grapples with the Sioux.

It is at Camp Arbuckle, that it is necessary to greet the old Delaware chief, "The Black Beaver," who lives there in a palisaded fort, not unshaded by beech-trees, and green with rice-fields. The garden bird pecks at the dry tufts of Pawnee scalps, nailed like scarecrows on his cherry-trees, as the Indian, smoking in his porch, points them out to his scouts and visitors. These Delawares, once 15,000, now 100, are at bay here, and still love hunting and adventure. Our grand tours and Melton bull-finches would be dull to men who know every pass of the Rocky Mountains, and have tasted at every spring, who fight with the grey bear of California, who follow the great elk to the sources of the Yellowstone River, who lasso the mustang in Texas, who scalp a Blackfoot just as readily as they lure the white-tailed deer, shoot the jaguar, and pistol the bison; they chase the buffalo for his tongue, they burn the black bear out of his den, they know the trick of diverting a rolling prairie fire, and of preventing a stampede of the camp horses in a night panic. The prairie-fire, indeed, is almost the only thing they fear. When they hear its roar and hollow trembling, as of ten thousand horses, they bow their heads, and say, "The Great Spirit is angry—this is his terrible medicine!" After these fires, when white skulls stare through the ashes and singed stubble, as the waggons crash through the calcined ground, and fill the air with a fine black dust, you see the turkeys swarming in the grove, the large-eared prairie hare cowering in fear, the white wolf staring frightened and thirsty, the stags trotting down the ravines, and the forked kite and brown falcon bearing down through the distant smoke on the grass mice, by the running and pursuing fire.

It is in these plains and watered ravines you begin to meet parties of bartering Wako and Kechic Indians from their wigwams and farms east of the Wichita mountains,—men with blankets round their hips, bare bronze chests, leather mocassins, fur quivers, and poisoned arrows. Parrot feathers colour their scalp-knot, and their cheek-bones are lined blue and red. These are the horsemen who chase the buffalo from their mud baths, and pierce them with arrows in the autumn, when your road is barred for days together in the

prairie by their bearded herds; at other times the Indian stalks them, masked in a wolf's-skin. In snow-time he skims the ground in his broad boat-shaped snow-shoes, and stabs the wading giant with his lance.

It is in these plains, striped here and there with oak-woods and otter-haunted rivers, that the spectral mirage sometimes is seen. The antelopes are deceived by it, and leap to the water fringed with trees to find it only a vision. To the hunter the antelope itself seems then to change into a buffalo, or to form into two animals, wandering about on the hot, dry, deceitful sand. It is near the Cross Timbers, as this mirage country is called, that the sandstone rocks are worn by time into the shape of columns and gigantic vases; and here a great vein of gypsum, 400 miles long, shows itself in surface masses and white veins; it gapes into caves or glitters in crystalline fragments on the hill-surfaces, which eventually are replaced by fossil oyster-shells.

Among the antelope hills, the species of marmot, called the "prairie dog," begins to appear; their earth-mounds are disturbed only by the rattlesnake and burrowing owl. At a single bark of their sentinel the whole village disappears, leaving bare miles of earth-heaps. The dreaded Comanche Indians, the Buffalo-eaters, begin now to appear, like Tartars, always on horseback, dexterous in the use of the bow, and following the bison in all his wanderings. These Indians, who love their horses as their own lives, live by horse-stealing and carrying off Mexican women as slaves. They have been seen pining in whole bands in the Mexican prisons. They will hover for months round a settlement, and rather than return empty-handed will stop away a year or two from their wives and people. On the cotton-wood trees near the Dry River you come to figures cut in the bark by the Comanches, and see the triple lines of tracks made by their horses' hoofs and the long tent-poles, which, bound round with buffalo tent hides, drag down on either side. The triple track is indeed a sure sign that the Indians before you are not a war party, but carry their wives and children with them. This Dry River is generally dry, but in certain parts has pools frosted with magnesia, where the deer and antelope come down in the morning to drink, while the Indian squaws are still boiling their beaver-tails or their dried buffalo-meat or dog-steaks.

The Comanche braves paint their faces yellow, wear brass rings on their arms and necks, stick eagle-plumes and tin ornaments in their scalp-locks, and, to a man, ride like Centaurs, selling their Mexican captives for glass beads, red paint, knives, and blankets. They sweep along in storms of cavalry, always know where to find water, and can fly faster than any enemy can pursue. They worship the sun as an emblem of the Manitou, and believe in a future world of hunting-fields and unceasing buffalo. If you come to their empty huts in autumn, you find the hovel of boughs traversed by the prairie-cock, and the ravens at the doorways, playing and petting with gnawed bones and strips of leather. The ash-holes mark their kitchens, and the medicine-huts their vapour-baths.

If, in these Comanche regions, you come on the camp of an American exploring-party, you will find, ten to one, the botanist sorting dry flowers, the naturalist skinning a wolf, the astronomer asleep over his logarithms, the smith shoeing the mules, the rest mending shoes, washing, or seated on their blankets, reading thumbed old books, or playing at cards.

The Rocky Dell Creek, in the western boundary of Texas, spans the foot of the great table-land: from which you see a distant mountain rising like a faint blue cloud from the plain. By degrees this insulated table-rock rises like a great unscooped-out cathedral, and proves to be the Cerro de Tucumari, suggesting visions of fandangoes and red pepper, lassos, *Quien sabes* and *senoritas*. This Cerro, on nearer inspection, proves to be a sandstone alcove, hollowed into cells like port-holes, and tufted with stubbly dwarf cedars. The creeks below are choked with reed-grass and cane, whereon the squatter and deer feed.

The Gallinas river, very unlike the Californian cactus-guarded streams, is quiet and treeless, like most of the rivers of New Mexico. On the high shore of the Gallinas river, new and strange sights and sounds indicate the return of civilization. The grass is close cropped, and the air is ajar with the bleating of thousands of sheep, generally tended by wild, half-naked Mexican Jacobs and Labans, who, each with a bag of maize-flour, are turned out with their flocks to wander for months, without seeing a human creature but some distant shepherd, whom he must not join for fear of their flocks mingling.

At Anton Chico, the frontier town, we enter a tamer region, and are again with sophisticated man, among herdsmen's houses of unburnt brick, and in presence of a church and a fandango saloon. The adjacent maize-fields are irrigated artificially; for in summer the soil here is like burnt brick, and in winter a greasy paste. The place, however, would be a warm, pleasant place enough if it were not for the periodical tax-collecting forays of the Indian horsemen. The roofs of this town are all flat, and the clay walls are strung with scarlet garlands of capsicum. When there is a ball, the church bells are usually rung to summon the stray trappers and travellers to the dance, where, in their blanket-coats and leather leggings, they thunder through the Mexican waltzes in paper shirt-collars, and in garments that have been torn by thicket-thorns, if not by bears' claws.

Over treeless plains, where the prairie dog barks, and through pine woods, alive with the red and grey squirrel, we get to the town of Galisteos, where the vapour blue of the Ford mountain grows darker and more solid, and the ridges and ravines begin to rise and sink. Here we leave the deep ravines: the Galisteo river trickles through, and enclosing the mountains of the extinct volcanoes and gushing springs, turns into a valley near the Rio Grande. The waters have ceased to smoke, and are now covered with thick grass; but the sharp lava ridges still stand out.

The waggons have to toil through the stony caldron of the

Galisteo river, between the high trap rocks, to get to St. Domingo, a settlement of the Pueblo Indians. The plain is a treeless clay-flat; the Rio Grande, a shallow, muddy river.

This little Indian town has houses without doors on the ground-floor: you reach the terraces, which are built one above the other, so as to form layers of aerial streets, by ladders. The rooms you enter by openings in the flat roofs. The ground-floor chambers are lit by panes of transparent gypsum. You see, as you pass, the women tripping up the ladders with particoloured water-vessels on their heads, and the men smoking over the parapets. There can be no doubt that this is the old Aztec way of living; and, indeed, they have a tradition here that Montezuma will some day return and gather together all the scattered Indian race, just as the Bretons still look for Napoleon, and as the Welsh used to expect King Arthur. As you walk round the town, and peep into the lower stories, you see the women shelling beans or grinding maize, and singing to the music of a drum as they work.

It is at Albuquerque that in intervals of the fandango the American pioneers—on their way to line out railways or stake out new cities in the mushroom frontier of New Mexico, which, while the Old World theorises, goes on growing—shoe disabled mules, and hammer at their disabled waggons. These Mexican towns are generally poor nests of clay one-storied houses, built in broad valleys, bounded at a distance by naked and hungry-looking rocks. The floors consist of stamped clay; and only the rich officers of the settlement cover these with straw mats and carpets. Albuquerque is peopled by a small garrison, spawned from Santa Fe cattle-breeders, gamblers who cheat the soldiers, and thieves who steal the horses and stab the soldiers. But the mosquitoes of the settlement, of which these villains are the fleas, are the swooping tribes of Apache Indians, sometimes led by a renegade Mexican, who unites the vices of savagedom and civilization in his greasy head. The nomads live on horse-flesh, wrap themselves in particoloured blankets, and wear leather helmets plumed with vulture feathers, and strong deer-skin shoes, with pointed toes, fit to trample down the spiked cactus of the plain.

But, after all, the special torment of the vineyards and melon-fields of New Mexico, and of Albuquerque in particular, is not so much the Apache lancers, as the dismissed waggoners and broken-down emigrants to the Californian sink of nations, who have unluckily settled down half-way in their carrion-crow flight. In the shops here you may buy a curious variety of stores, from brandy to prayer books, and from pickled oysters to preserved peaches. The great character of the place is "Old Fitzwater," the commandant, who has had every bone in his body broken by bullets, and whose left leg is propped up with a sort of iron lightning-conductor. You hear from trappers here stories of the Californian Club Indians, who use golden bullets, and of bags of fine garnets and emeralds fished out of the sands of the Colorado. Here you meet old Kentucky men who tell you yarns of Colonel Fremont, of rifle duels on

horseback, and of various ways of tricking the pursuing Indian. Grinding through the shallow Rio Grande, where in the quicksands emigrants' waggons too often come to pieces, we push on through the Mexican towns, now meeting a Majo on a showy horse, gay in his button-studded jacket, wide laced trousers, spurs and clattering chains; now a bedaubed peasant woman or a Pueblo Indian riding along peacefully on an ambling donkey; now mule caravans of cedar-wood from the mountains. In the vineyards, the Indians work, chatting cheerfully, while the lazy Mexicans lounge and smoke at the doors, behind which you hear the drum beating in time to the pounding of the maize. The Indian women from these towns bring to passing camps pitchers of milk and baskets of fruit for sale.

A curious natural gate of sandstone, burst open and at the same time architecturally formed by volcanic action, and which is now covered with Indian inscriptions, leads to the San Jose River, where sand-geese and creek-ducks revel till the irresistible white man shall come with his fire-tube. In this region there are ruins of old Indian towns, perhaps deserted when the Aztec invasion poured over New Mexico like a lava-stream. The low, rugged hills are bushed with dwarf cedars, and the plain is traversed with walls of black lava, lying in long feelers, just as it stretched in burning windings from the now extinct volcanoes. On these lava roads the iron wheels rattle as if moving on iron terraces, and even the sure-footed mules slip and stumble. Moving up through pine woods and lava chinks, where striped squirrels leap and birds flock round the springs, we cross the Sierra Nevada, the highest ridge of the Rocky Mountains, 8250 feet above the level of the sea—this is the watershed between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It is on a level highland of this Sierra that the traveller comes to the obelisk of sandstone, called the Inscription Rock, where old Spaniards of 1606 and later have recorded how the famous Doctor Don Martin and the Bachelor Don Juan Ignacio came here and carved their names in Nature's album. On the top of neighbouring heights, are Indian ruins, and hollows as if for cisterns. The Pueblo Indians near these remains are decimated by smallpox, but still hunt bears for their sport, and are reputed industrious and agricultural. It is in the territory of the Navado Indians that there is a lowland covered with wart-like ant-hills, where, when you scrape away the loose earth, you find sparkling in the sunshine green and red garnets, emeralds, and rubies, which the Indians gather to wear in their ears. As we drive on further through dreary ravines, sighting the San Francisco Mountains, you come suddenly in a deep gully whose banks are of red sand on a petrified forest, washed bare by torrents, and broken up into logs that shine like blocks of agate and jasper fallen from some cloud city.

Low hills, where black-tailed deer frequent the brooks, and where porcupines lazily climb the trees, lead to the Colorado-Chiquito, where a few beaver build their dams, leads us on, regardless of the Navado arrows, and the stampados of the mules, frightened back thirty miles or so by the approaching wolves.

We get nearer and nearer, passing the pottery heaps of dead Indian cities, swarming with legends, perhaps to be the Rhine-land of our children, to San Francisco. Large red-tailed buzzards sit thoughtfully on the cotton-wood trees, and partridges hop about the bushes, till we get deeper and deeper among the bare lava hills, with the noxious volcanic dust driving in our eyes. Here, amid blocks of stone, overhanging torrents choked with snow, and amid firs, hedged and buried in, we pitch our camp. The Mexicans firing their guns in choruses, the Americans rejoicing in their buffoon negro songs; the shots send the snow down in heavy masses and scare the distant wolf.

It is a hard life, the winter camp life at the foot of the San Francisco Mountains; you drink snow-water, you track the grey bear's foot-prints, you watch for Indians, and at night heat lava-lumps, and roll them into your tents for stoves. The savages here are dwarfish and apish, and live on pine-nuts, grass-seeds, the roots of the agave, saving some stray camp-horse, they can manage to cut off and kill with their stone-tipped arrows.

Sloping away from Bill Williams's Mountains, we go down till we leave the volcanic region once more, and get to the granite pillars or quartz blocks looking down on pine woods. Crossing the creek, where the skunk may be seen waving its plummy tail, we toil along over the almost impassable Aztec road, between snow-covered mountain peaks, below which grow great cactuses, like piles of green prickly barrels. It is hard work getting the waggons past, as all hands have to drag on by ropes to prevent them falling over on the mules.

It is here in the valley, where the Bill Williams' fork washes the train of willows and cotton-wood trees, that the giant cactus sends up its great candelabra joints six and thirty feet high. The Indians use the wood, which is almost eternal, for paddles and door-sills. The fig-like fruit is ripe in August, and the Indians extract a syrup from it by boiling. The wasp and woodpecker build nests in the clefts of these plants, that when they grow on the edge of the precipice that commands this pleasant valley, look like giant sentinels watching the beaver dams which rise like plastered walls in the river.

With shoes worn out by the long lava-roads, seeing poisoned Indian arrows stuck as finger-posts or signals in the huge trees of cacti, and passing springs, the rocks round which are painted with Indian hieroglyphics, we bear down suddenly in our panoramic journey on the Colorado river, which we salute as Herr Mölhausen and his party do, with a *thala'ta* of rejoicing musket-shots.

The Colorado Indians, who swim over the river, bow and arrow in hand, to meet the traveller, paint their faces coal-black, and their noses, mouths, and chins red. They wear horse-tails twisted with clay into a sort of waist-bandage. The women of this tribe are short and fat, and dress like ballet-dancers; painting their chins blue, and carrying coloured bundles of babies, bound round with strips of bast. The men are exceedingly brave; they will bear patiently (it has been tried) twenty minutes of musketry-fire, and

carry a sort of life-preserver club, hanging by a thong from their wrists.

The Mohave Indians, whom we next meet and barter with, are great herculean fellows; who streak their long hair, which hangs down to their feet, with white, blue, red, and yellow paint, so that they look like artists gone mad, and returned to a state of nature. Huge plumes of swan, vulture, and woodpecker's feathers adorn their heads; their robes are of hare or rat skin. The women wear a sort of Roman tunic of twisted woollen cords. These people live chiefly on cakes made of the pods of a species of acacia, and of these they are even thoughtful enough to keep a store in magazines. They live in cellar-like holes, where the chief furniture is a quern for grinding and some willow-baskets. In winter the Indian rakes out his fire, and then goes to sleep in the warm nook on the hearth. After these good-natured tribes with their ring-play and love of barter, it is a dreary region of the shadow of death we have to traverse. A sand desert with a few scattered cedars and yuccas, dry torrent beds, and white soda-lakes, with salt crusts that shine like snow. The wretched natives, who hive in sand-holes in this region, waiting to snap up stray mules from some weary Mormon caravan, live on horned-lizards, snakes, frogs, and roots. The frightened traveller occasionally in these ogre wilds comes upon great heaps of bleached horse bones, fires still smouldering, surrounded by thick blood-pools, and fragments of the clothes of some murdered muleteer, pierced through with arrows by the Pale Utahs: of those enemies who die fighting bravely, these wretches cut out the hearts and lop off the right hands, to be kept probably as talismans.

We now get into the level country at the foot of the San Bernardino Mountains, round which "the Spanish Trail" road winds. Here by the willow-wood of the Mohave river, in a plain strewn with broken waggons, felled trees, the ashes of camp fires, and even human skulls, long since picked bare by wolves, you begin to meet sturdy Mormons plodding along a road where skulls are the mile-stones, to the great Mormon city on the Salt Lake.

Crossing the Cazon Pass, 4,760 feet above the level of the sea, and leaving the stately summits of the San Bernardino, we descend at last, after these long wanderings, to the coast of the Pacific. A new world dawns upon our eyes. The Californian land is green with budding shrubs; the great pendant tougher "*Abies Douglassii*" springs up to meet us. A region of wooded hills lead us to the magnificent plains that form the coast of the gold country. After snow storms and salt deserts we come to green fields, and scattered Mormon farms, each smoking the pipe of peace from its chimney. Here the new Mahommedan church, founded in 1830 by six knaves, boasts of its army of wives, and Joe Smith's golden tablets, given him by the angels. Here the Mormons war with the locusts, and receive the droves of new converts. By their settlement on the San Bernardino river, the Mormon emigrant can now reach his fellow-Turks by Panama and San Diego, so escaping the Rocky Mountains, the bears, and the Indians. Here they build universities,

schools, and factories, and turn successful farmers and cattle-breeders. On the grassy plains of California the Spanish rancheros lasso the wild horse. The use of the lasso they learn as children, gradually advancing from noosing the fowl in the poultry-yard, to knotting up the great mountain bear, to be, when captured, thrown into a cart and carried to the town to publicly fight a wild bull, and then to be sold at the shambles.

Through close fields of cacti, where the wolf and lynx ambush, and through flowering meadows dotted white and brown with cattle, we reach the mission station of San Gabriel, where the fathers once kept five hundred Indian servants, and much corn and cattle. Now the orchards are choked with weeds, and the roofs have fallen in. A range of hills, some emigrant farms, where the houses are tents, and ledges of canvas are walls, and from a slope we suddenly see the town of Pueblo de los Angeles. We travellers, whose beards are like horses' manes, whose tired and horny feet are wrapped in muddy deer-skins, whose hats are mere lumps of felt, whose hunting shirts, sooty and patched with leather, hang in scarecrow rags, give a loud hurrah at the sight of the beautiful town, the increasing number of passengers, with faces turned west, the wide green plains, no longer bound in by prisoning mountains. There are vineyards and orchards below keeping their fruit for us, their red-skinned flesh and their purple bags of wine. Leaving our Scythian waggons now, we mount the great post-coach, drawn by four strong-chested Californian horses, we get to St. Pedro, pull off to the "Fremont" screw, and in three days are in San Francisco, the goal, at least, of this our present journey.

Mighty masses of rock are the beacons of the gold port, that is guarded by flocks of sails soon to be turned into the tents of the Tartar diggers, the modern Norsemen of the Pacific. Thousands of sea-birds, more numerous than the sails, more vari-coloured than the birds, darken the air; the rocky islands are covered by droves of sea-cows, sea-lions, and seals, that if you fire at them, plunge in a suicidal leap from some steep place into the sea. You pass the "golden gate," and enter the wide basin of San Francisco, where ten years ago on those crescent shores the trapper watched the otter, or chased the grey bear, till the old officer of Charles X.'s Swiss guards built that Sacramento farm where the gold was discovered.

At the quays of this new Liverpool, that swarm with life, are moored as store-houses the hulls of ships deserted by their crews; they are dark with touters and hackney coachmen. The streets are crowded with greasy, lean swindlers from America, Californians wrapped in their serapes, Mexicans in their lace-jackets, Chilians in their shady sombreros, Kanacks from Hawai, Chinese, with their long ram-rod pigtails, and diggers with brown skins and matted beards. The town is a chaos of palace-shops, wooden sheds, and tents. In the markets, beside great shields of turtle, and red sealing-wax lobsters, you see the antelope and elk hanging up for sale; and amid piles of jewel-necked birds, and heaps of hares and squirrels,



the great mountain bear, with dead-blind eyes and bloody-dripping jaws, swaying heavily from his own special ponderous hook.

At night the Chinese gong concerts, the glittering restaurants, all give way to the attractions of the gambling-room, where the keeper of the bank sits with his loaded revolver beside him on the green cloth; where jewelled ladies sigh over the retreating gold-heaps, and where maddened diggers, still smeared with the red-clay of their earth-burrows, clash down their last hundred ounces, to the intense cunning contempt of the pig-eyed Chinaman.

But the great curtain, labelled "Finis," is loosening for the fall; the cue is given for its drop, and we must leave the Chinese washermen and ivory carvers, even the diggings, where clergymen, murderers, actors, officers, sailors, thieves, and authors, ply—amid heaps of refuse—the pick, the shovel, the wash-pan, and the cradle. We must leave the Lynch-law gallows-tree, and even the great mammoth pines, 3,000 years old and 300 feet high,—veterans old as the mountains that roll like blue waves along the horizon. The word that "has been and that must be," is spoken.

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## X.

### FRANCE, AUSTRIA, AND ITALY.

It has come again. The political volcano which never slumbers in the heart of Europe has once more burst forth into alarming activity, and the world is rudely roused from its dreams of peace by the startling presence of impending war. The Nemesis that waits on all great crimes never fails to follow close upon that greatest of all crimes—the lawless suppression of a nation's life. Enceladus heaves and writhes under the weight of mountainous despotism, and the most imposing fabrics of power tremble to their base as he struggles. They may cry "Peace, peace," as they will; but there is, there can be, there ought to be, no peace for Europe while the state of Italy remains what it is. "The state of Italy is a standing menace to the peace of Europe;" such in 1856 was the representation made at the Conferences of Paris to the assembled powers of Europe, not by visionaries and partizans, but by the thoroughly informed and responsible ministers of England, France, and Sardinia.

It cannot be otherwise: for what in truth is the state of Italy? It is the state of a territory which aspires to be a country, and is in fact but "a geographical expression." It is the state of twenty-five millions of men speaking a common language, proud of a

common literature, inheritors of an unrivalled renown ; who feel with equal bitterness the grandeur of the past and the nothingness of the present. It is the state of a race, who eager for union, see nothing but disintegration ; who desiring a federation of states flourishing side by side in one common motherland under native rulers and equal laws, look abroad upon a confused medley of provinces whose governments (with one glorious exception) are uniformly arbitrary and frequently alien. To hate strangers and to be the vassals of strangers ; to despise priests and to be the slaves of priests ; to love freedom passionately and to have it denied persistently ; this is, and for generations this has been the fate of the best and most intelligent among the inhabitants of the Peninsula. As long as this is so—as long as a vast and populous territory in the very centre of the European State-system is inhabited by a race thus justly and incurably alienated from their rulers—the elements of local insurrection can never be wanting. The smouldering fire may burst forth at any moment ; nor can it be confined within the territorial limits of its origin. In the present electric state of European feeling, a mere spark may suffice to set the continent in a blaze. The armed resistance of a single Italian province may wrap the world in the conflagration of a general war.

There is imminent danger then to all Europe in this perpetuated disaffection and discontent of Italy. It is a danger, too, which is constantly on the increase. This last point is of great importance. Even if the Italian difficulty were to remain precisely what it is, all the great Powers would be deeply concerned in devising some remedy for it. But it cannot and it will not remain as it is. Every year of fresh endurance and increased enlightenment adds strength to the passion whose object is,—“Italy for the Italians.” Every year of constitutional government in Sardinia intensifies the yearning felt by every Italian worthy of the name, for the extension to the whole Peninsula of that beneficent system of regulated freedom which has achieved results so magnificent in the little kingdom under the shadow of the Alps. The years that have elapsed since 1848 have been prolific in some of the most priceless lessons of freedom. The Italians have learned the worth of a manly moderation and the worthlessness of sentimental extravagance. They have found out that other things are wanted for winning fields and wielding states, than the noisy *vivas* of clutheromaniac enthusiasm and the centralizing principles of Parisian republicanism. Sardinia is now their model. Mazzini has ceased to be the prophet of Italian liberation. In no respect is there a broader distinction between the Italy of 1848 and the Italy of 1859, than in the different relations that subsisted then and that subsist now between

Sardinia and the general party of the Liberation. Then, not unreasonably, Charles Albert was an object of mistrust and dislike. His early treachery was not forgotten; his reign, though not austere, had been only doubtfully liberal: when, grasping the sword, he crossed the Ticino, it was very generally felt that his object was at least as much the aggrandizement of Piedmont as the liberation of Italy. The last ten years have wrought a wondrous change. A thoroughly liberal government, a wise ministry, a patriot king, and a prosperous people, have won for Sardinia the just respect of Europe, and the emulous admiration of Italy. All wise and liberal spirits, from one end of the Peninsula to the other, have unanimously given in their adhesion to the policy which would intrust to the King of Sardinia the avenging sword of Italian liberation, and the federative sceptre of Italian supremacy. There is vast progress here: it is a progress which, though not recent in its origin, has been of late unusually rapid in its growth.

There is no necessity to dive curiously into the fountal sources of the Italian past, in order to estimate the probabilities of the Italian future. We can calculate the horoscope of Italy without prying into her cradle. Modern Italy, the Italy of to-day, dates from the first Napoleon. The Charlemagne of the 19th century has left profound traces of his genius on the beautiful land, which was endeared to him by the ties of family origin, and the congenial associations of historical grandeur. No doubt his rapacity as a conqueror, his dominant and coercive spirit as a ruler, did much to violate the sensibilities, and disappoint the political hopes of the Italians. But for these transgressions he made great amends. He drove out the Austrians; he annihilated the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. Everywhere he substituted for the old tyrannies a more civilized policy, and more equal laws. He did not indeed give the Italians nationality; but he associated them with the glories and the greatness of the Empire. He covered their land with magnificent public works. He bestowed on them the imperishable gift of his Codes. He taught the Italian middle-classes the value of real work, and the power of individual energy. He preached and practised among them his great gospel "*La carrière ouverte aux talents.*" He roused them from torpor and frivolity, and opened before them a vast vista of civil and military exertion. He did not, indeed, give them political freedom; but he trained them for civic life.

After the fall of Napoleon came the resurrection of the Kings. Waterloo had freed the hereditary rulers of Europe from the domination of their Suzerain: the task of Vienna was to impose fresh fetters on the Peoples by whose aid the battle of liberation

had been won. Those who "had struck the lion down," were only too ready to "pay the wolf homage;" and "servile knees were proffered to thrones," on the strength of promises, lavishly made, never meant to be kept, and, without exception, punctually broken. Italy, among the rest, was handed back, without pledge or guarantee, to her old masters; and her history, for the forty-four years that have since elapsed, has been one long protest against this stupid and preposterous crime. We need not follow the progress of the heroic and melancholy story. The confessions of that long martyrdom—the fugitives from the dungeon and the scaffold—have filled all free and generous hearts in Europe with sympathy for the oppressed and execration of the oppressors. The burden of the desolation of Italy, is the most familiar and the most eloquent of all those national dirges which are sung in strange lands, by voices tremulous with passion and hoarse with hate.

And now once again, after ten years of enforced suppression, the national emotion has reached the fever-point. All the old signs are abroad in the land. Every symptom, short of actual insurrection, by which a rigidly-coerced people can manifest the extremity of its disaffection, and the cordiality of its hatred, are visible in abundance through the length and breadth of Italy—especially in those portions of it which are more immediately subjected to the detested yoke of Austria. A people fond of the excitements of society, scrupulously shun all social reunions which may bring them into contact with the dominant race. Ball-rooms are deserted; the theatres are a solitude. The conventional forms of politeness are studiously disregarded by a people eminently conventional and naturally polite. If a lady well-affected towards the ruling powers is seen approaching a group of Italian gentlemen, the conversation instantly becomes so absorbing, that not one of the party is conscious of her presence, till she has passed by unsaluted. A Prince was punished, a week or two ago, for omitting to take off his hat to an Archduchess. A vexatious change in the currency, and the impolitic rigour of a conscription which allows no exemption from service, even in the case of only sons (except where the father is past seventy), have roused the lethargy of that peasant class, whose enmity to the *Tedeschi* has hitherto been rather passive than active. The popularly-enforced prohibition against the use of Austrian tobacco—one of the most menacing symptoms of 1848—has again become almost universal. The enthusiasm of the students has grown irrepressible. Universities have been dispersed and broken up. The dagger of the assassin has been at work. The name of a popular composer has been made the cover for forbidden ovations, in honour of a patriot

king: and "*Viva Verdi!*" is shouted from end to end of Italy, because the master's name comprises the initials of the prohibited words, *Vittorio Emmanuele Re D' Italia*. Of course profound observers are not wanting, who tell us that all these things are trivial and puerile. Each may be so in itself; all are not so in the aggregate. They are trifling in themselves; they are not so in what they indicate. A handful of matches thrown on the surface of a lava-stream, sputters, stinks, and is extinguished in a moment; but it shows as plainly as the charred homestead or the blazing forest tree, the intense ardour of the molten mass by whose mere contact it has been ignited. Italy, let the open or concealed partisans of Austria write or say what they will, is in a state ripe for sudden insurrection.

And what is the attitude of Sardinia? On the throne is a chivalrous and patriotic king, of decided military tastes, eager as a soldier and a sovereign to wipe away in blood the disgrace of Novara; not less eager in the interests of his dynasty, and in the cause of Italian nationality, to extend his kingdom of Sardinia into a kingdom of northern Italy, and to accept the proffered supremacy over a federation of Italian states. At the helm of affairs is Camillo di Cavour—the ablest, the wisest, and the most enlightened statesman in Europe, who has hitherto safely accomplished his triple task of developing the prosperity and freedom of Sardinia; curbing the impatient zeal of the ultra-liberals; and at the same time maintaining in the face of Italy the expectant attitude of a prudent champion, ready to strike when the hour comes, but resolute not to strike before.

The speech delivered by Victor Emmanuel on the 10th of January last, is a clear exposition of the present position of Sardinia towards Italy and towards Europe. "Relying," said the king, "upon the experience of the past, we shall meet the eventualities of the future with resolution. Our country, though small in extent, has acquired credit in the councils of Europe; it is great in virtue of the ideas it represents, and the sympathy it inspires. This position is not free from danger, since, while we respect treaties, we are not insensible to the cry of suffering (*dolore*) which reaches us from so many parts of Italy. Strong in concord, and confiding in our rights, we shall await the decrees of Providence with prudence and resolution." It is impossible for language to convey more clearly, determination without defiance—a firm resolve neither to rush recklessly into a desperate struggle, nor to shrink by one hair's-breadth from the heroic responsibilities of a great and arduous position.

The unanimous feeling of the whole Subalpine population, responds with enthusiasm to the position thus taken by the king. On the 15th of January, the Chamber of Deputies agreed to

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an address, which, after expressions of firm confidence for the future, proceeds and concludes in these memorable terms.

“At present, sire, your voice, influential and respected among all civilised nations, magnanimously expressing pity for the woes of Italy, will certainly revive the memory of the solemn promises which have as yet remained without fulfilment, and at the same time will tend to calm down blind impatience, and will uphold among the populations a firm confidence in the irresistible force of civilisation and the power of public opinion. If these consolatory thoughts and this appeal to public reason were to draw down perils or menaces on your sacred head, the nation—which venerates in you its sincere and straightforward prince, and looks on you as the powerful interceder with the various European cabinets for the cause of liberty—which beholds all the anger of factions give way before the great example of your fidelity—which knows that in you and by you at last has been found the secret, lost for so many centuries, of Italian concord—the nation, we say, will to a man, range themselves round your person, and show that they have again learned the ancient art of uniting the obedience of the soldier to the liberty of the citizen.”

The reading of this address was greeted with the loudest cheers from every part of the Chamber, and even the ministerialists themselves are said to have been surprised at the unanimity displayed. It is impossible to show more clearly the spirit that animates both king and people. Obviously, Count Cavour's difficulty will be rather to restrain than to check the military ardour of his sovereign and of his countrymen. It is eminently necessary on all grounds, strategic as well as political, that this check should be rigorously exercised. A rapid glance at the military resources of Austria and of Piedmont, will prove clearly that the latter could not without more powerful aid than an Italian insurrection, attempt the enterprise of driving the Austrians out of Lombardy.

It is never an easy task to estimate with accuracy the effective military force which at any given time can really be disengaged for active service in the field. As the result, however, of considerable investigation among the most reliable sources, it may probably be stated as a fair approximation to the truth, that Sardinia might at the present time be able to bring into the field from 50,000 to 55,000 men of all arms. This army is in a high state of efficiency; the artillery is admirably officered and served; the rifle corps (Bersiglieri) are not excelled by any in Europe; the infantry of the line showed at the battle of Traktir that it was not unworthy to take rank in steadiness, valour, and discipline, with the fleshed veterans of England and France.

On the other hand the military resources of Austria are vast;

her strategic position in Lombardy is one of almost unexampled strength. Marshal Radetzky always declared his opinion that the war footing of the Austrian army of occupation in Lombardy ought not to be below 150,000 men. At the present time there is good reason to believe that it very nearly approaches this standard. A force of this kind, after making every possible allowance for sickness and garrison duty, would leave at least 90,000 men for active operations in the field. The two great lines of Austrian defence are the line of the Mincio, and the line of the Adige. Of these two the former is the strongest; it is difficult, indeed, to conceive anything stronger. The Mincio, Virgil's river—"smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,"—runs with a deep, sluggish stream right across the plain of Lombardy from the bottom of the Lago di Garda, on the north, to the Po on the south. Just where it issues from the lake is Peschiera, a fortress always formidable, but by the efforts of the last ten years, rendered almost impregnable. At the other extremity of the line of defence stands Mantua—situated in the midst of marshes, which in a few hours can be converted into a lake by the simple management of a few dams and sluices. Mantua, thus strong by natural position, has been trebly strengthened by art. It is practically impregnable; its earth-works defy artillery, its swamps are mortal with malaria. For a weaker force to endeavour, in face of a stronger force, to pass the line of the Mincio with Peschiera on one flank, and Mantua on the other, would be among the most hazardous of military enterprises; and yet, until the line of the Mincio is forced, Austria remains strategically the mistress of Lombardy. The line of the Adige resting on the vast entrenched camp of Verona is at least equally strong.

The experience of 1848 proves conclusively the hopelessness of any attempt by Sardinia, with the sole aid of insurrectionary Italy, to drive Austria from Lombardy. In 1848 everything was in favour of Sardinia—everything against Austria. Radetzky, instead of 150,000 had only 60,000 men: the loss of Venice in his rear interrupted his communications with Vienna and compelled him to abandon the line of the Mincio. The Austrian empire struggling for bare existence—with Hungary in active revolt, the Emperor driven into the Tyrol, the capital in possession of the revolutionists—could send no effective reinforcement. All Italy, all Europe was in a ferment, there was everything to animate attack, everything to discourage resistance; and yet we know the result. Radetzky rallying on the Adige, doubled upon the army of liberation, drove them back beyond the Mincio, drove them back beyond the Ticino, finally within the frontiers of Sardinia won at Novara, "that dishonest victory,"

fatal to the ambition of Charles Albert and to the hopes of Italy. It may be argued that the generalship of Radetzky had much to do with this result ; no doubt it had, but Radetzky has left able masters in the art of war behind him. The foremost of these is General Hess, to whom it is generally understood that the chief command in Lombardy would be intrusted in case of war. It was General Hess who planned the short campaign of 1849, and with the prophetic tact of military science indicated Novara as the battle-ground on which the decisive action would probably be fought. The great difference in favour of Austria between 1848 and 1859 is that at the former date she was taken by surprise, at the latter she is thoroughly prepared. It may readily be admitted that a great improvement has taken place within the last ten years in the materiel of the Sardinian army, but it must not be forgotten that corresponding improvements have been effected in the services of Austria. Financially, neither the Empire nor the Kingdom are prepared for war. The King of Sardinia admits this ; all the world knows it to be true of Austria. From these considerations there is only one conclusion to be drawn : it would be the extremity of indefensible recklessness for Sardinia, with no other ally than the Italian insurrection, to assume an attitude of hostility to Austria.

There *is* another ally, and that ally is France ; an ally, as we confidently believe, fully prepared not only to urge Sardinia "to the perilous edge of battle," but to assist her in the struggle with an imposing military force. In the presence of those daily and earnest denials of the possibility of war, which have invariably been found to grow stronger and stronger down to the very outbreak of actual hostilities, it may be as well quietly to state some of the grounds of this belief. The designs of Louis Napoleon at any given moment may be difficult to fathom, but the basis of his character ought by this time to be known. No one can doubt the tenacity with which he clings to a once conceived design, or the fidelity with which he has sought to work out the ideas of the first Empire. To chase the Austrians out of Italy was a Napoleonic idea, worked out, as the world knows, with some success by the young conqueror. Again, Napoleon never forgot that as a Buonaparte he was an Italian ; the nephew too remembers this. In his hot youth (if youth was ever hot with him) in 1831, when Leo XII. was Pope, he joined the *Carbonari* in the insurrection of Romagna. His brother was shot down by his side ; he himself narrowly escaped with life. Such was the result of his first attempt at Italian liberation.

It has been frequently but incorrectly said that Louis Napoleon is responsible for the French expedition that restored the Pope to Rome. It is not so. That was the work of the majority of



the Chamber before he became President : after he was raised to power he profited by the situation to make capital among the *Curés* and the peasants as the Pope's champion and defender. When *Orsini* failed in his atrocious attempt, Louis Napoleon allowed his doom to take its course, but he published in the *Moniteur* the letters of the foiled assassin—a severe reproof and a studied insult to Austria. At Plombières in the course of last summer Count Cavour was for some days in close and intimate communication with the Emperor. The Prime Minister of Sardinia returned from that interview full of confidence : what passed is of course as yet a state secret ; but its general nature may be pretty safely inferred, from a remarkable passage in the Turin correspondence of the *Daily News*. In his communication of the 13th of January, this singularly well-informed correspondent writes,—“There will be no doubt feigned retreats and armistices, but war has been declared in high places. *Should there be no war—and pray note well these words—some one would signally break his plighted faith and compacts already sealed.*” Scarcely had the world recovered from that memorable greeting on New Year's day to the Austrian ambassador, the echoes of which heaved like the roll of an earthquake among the Exchanges of Europe, before the announcement came that Prince Napoleon, “our wild cousin,” for whose active ambition it is so eminently desirable and so particularly difficult to find an adequate and a distant theatre,—was about to proceed forthwith to Turin, there to be betrothed to the Princess Clotilda—a lady not yet sixteen—the eldest and beloved daughter of the proud and far-descended house of Savoy. The Prince has just been visiting his future bride, in the capital of his future father-in-law, amid an explosion of enthusiasm only natural to those who view in this alliance of the two families a firm pledge for the alliance of the two states—who regard the Buonaparte Prince as the harbinger of an Imperial army. What would be more feasible—when the Austrians were once driven back upon the Tyrol—than to create for the energetic cousin a principality in Lombardo-Venetia ; to assure to his father-in-law the rich inheritance of Lombardy, Modena, and Parma ; to replant a Murat on the throne of continental Sicily, and to give to insular Sicily that independence for which she has so often and so gallantly struggled ?

But we are told that the French ministry is dead against war—that the Prefects throughout France have reported a general disinclination for war in all their departments. What then ? this might prove much in many cases, it proves nothing in this case. We have to deal with a man who always takes his own counsel—always acts up to the resolves of his own will—whose main re-

liance is the army, and who, if the army is satisfied, cares nothing for the dissatisfaction of the *bourgeoisie*. War with the French army is always popular: Louis Napoleon can reckon safely on the enthusiasm of the Zouaves for a campaign in Italy against Austria—a campaign which, in the vague popular notion, promises easy victory and boundless spoil. A few fine phrases about Lodi, Arcola, Marengo, and the business is done with the army and with the populace.

For these and similar reasons our belief is that the armed intervention of France in Italy, is an eventuality which all present appearances conspire to render probable and imminent. Under these circumstances, it is a matter of some interest to inquire what part, if any, the other Great Powers of Europe are likely to take in the strife. We fully recognise the duty which is imposed on all those Powers—the duty of making every practicable effort towards averting, by diplomatic intervention, the great calamity of war; but we should be doing violence to our own convictions, if we expressed any sanguine expectation as to the success of diplomacy, in finding a pacific solution for such a problem as this. Austria, as it has been well said by one of our daily contemporaries, is not to be “protocolled out of Lombardy.” The high spirit of her young and warlike Emperor, the pride of her powerful aristocracy, alike forbid the notion that the Lombardo-Venetian provinces will be surrendered by Austria without a struggle. The absolute refusal by the representative of the Court of Vienna at the Conferences of Paris, to listen to any remonstrances on the state of the Italian possessions of Austria, far less to entertain any projects for their liberation, ought to be conclusive on this point. Schemes of territorial compensation have been proposed. It was suggested some years back by Count Cesare Balbo, in his remarkable essay *Le Speranze d'Italia*, that those Slavonic races on the coasts of the Adriatic who now pay a doubtful obedience to the Suzerainty of Turkey, should be transferred to the dominion of the Austrian empire. In Bosnia and the Herzogovina it was supposed that the Court of Vienna might be induced to find an equivalent for the loss of her Lombardo-Venetian provinces and her Italian predominance. This proposal, with certain extensions and modifications, is said, on good authority, to have recently found favour in very influential quarters. We need not pause to canvass its merits. Whatever may be said for or against it on other grounds, it is liable to one simple and conclusive objection—Austria will never consent to it, *except as a last resource after an unsuccessful war*. And this is, in truth, the insuperable obstacle to every scheme of the kind. Austria can be only rooted out of Italy by the sword. Good offices, friendly interpositions, confe-

rences, a Congress may follow, but they cannot precede, an armed struggle for the possession of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, and the general re-settlement of Italy.

In that struggle, it is probable that Austria might succeed in securing the active alliance of Prussia. Russia, as far as a judgment can be found from the facts now patent to all the world, would take part with France and Sardinia. Should she adopt this course, her co-operation would have great weight. It is not, indeed, by a fleet on the Mediterranean, but by a *corps d'armée* on the eastern frontier of the Austrian empire, that she would embarrass the resources and cripple the movements of the government of Vienna. A sign from Russia would rouse Hungary and Gallicia to revolt, and the centre of the empire would be menaced by the wide-spread insurrection of its Sclavonic populations.

The course of England is clear. As one of the Great Powers of Europe she has a deep interest in the permanent settlement of the Italian question; as the first free nation in the world, her people have the deepest sympathy with the Italians, in their struggles for independence, the heartiest good wishes for their success. No English Government dare propose any aid, direct or indirect, to Austria, in the attempt to perpetuate her detested rule. The English minister who should venture on such a policy as this, would find his tenure of office not worth a moment's purchase. But on the other hand, England is not called upon for active interference on behalf of France and Sardinia. It is difficult to believe that the liberation of Italy and the interest of Europe are the sole motive that have induced Louis Napoleon Buonaparte to embark in the enterprise on which he seems resolved: nor could England, until this point becomes more clear, safely commit herself to an alliance that might compromise her position in Europe, without conducing to the permanent settlement, or the constitutional liberties of the Peninsula. There is one point, indeed, to which, in any re-arrangement of Italy, the honour of this country is deeply bound. If there be faith in nations, the faith of this country is pledged for securing to Sicily her insular independence and her constitutional liberties. She is worthy of both. Lord William Bentinck, in 1812, bestowed on her a constitution; in 1814, when the British troops left the island, a distinct assurance was given by the British government that no material encroachment on her liberties should be permitted. In 1815 Castlereagh at Vienna, by "a cold dastardly spurt of his pen," handed over the beautiful island to its old oppressors; an infamy which three years after drew down from Sir James Mackintosh one of the noblest masterpieces of denunciatory eloquence ever heard in the British House of

Commons. We all know how the gallant struggle of 1847—48 was quenched in gore, and how the vilest even of the Bourbons, the *lazzarone* Caligula, now tramples on the patience of a race to whom England once gave a pledge of freedom. The time may be near at hand when that pledge can be redeemed and the stain of that dishonour washed away. But that time is not yet. The first act in the drama of Italian liberation, is the uprooting of the Austrians from Lombardy. In that act we are not called on to take a part. In the struggle, which we believe to be imminent, the best wishes, the heartiest sympathies of the English people will be on the side of Italian liberation, nor will they be slow to hail the triumphs of France, as long as those triumphs are made subservient to the promotion of the cause they have at heart.

## Brief Notices.

THE SECOND VISION OF DANIEL. A Paraphrase in Verse by the Earl of Carlisle. London: Longmans. 1858.

POEMS, by Henry Cecil. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.

POEMS, by Ada Trevanion. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.

PLEASURE, a Poem in Seven Books. By Nicholas Michell, Author of "Ruins of Many Lands." London: Tegg & Co. 1858.

IONICA. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.

FOOTSTEPS OF WAR: a Poem, in Five Cantos. Written at Scutari. London: Ward & Co. 1858.

LORD CARLISLE'S version of the eighth chapter of the Prophet Daniel reminds us in its prevailing sacredness of the strain of Pope's *Messiah*; while the ring of the verse is an echo more or less distinct of Moore's *Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*. A sample will elucidate our criticism:

"In that still hour when the declining sun  
Gilded the towers of mighty Babylon,  
While from Belshazzar's hall upon the breeze

Came fitful strains of festal harmonies,  
Apart to Israel's God I watch'd and wept,  
Till peace came o'er my spirit, and I slept."

The version proceeds in the same mellifluous strain, presenting indubitable evidence of a refined and cultivated mind.

We know not that rich, loamy, and wheat-bearing—but confessedly level and unpicturesque—Essex, has ever had its homely beauties presented in more attractive guise than by Mr. Cecil. The poet calls upon us to mark—

"The green woodland with its pomp of trees,  
A thickbrow'd brook that wanders through a land  
Where all is summer, and the mansions stand  
Smooth-lawn'd among the pleasant cottages;  
A land of cornfields, and wild flowers, and bees,  
Where two boys wander ever hand in hand;  
Of shadowy deep orchards, tumbling grand  
Their golden first-fruits to the passing breeze;  
Of sweet child's voices, heard above the screen  
Of garden hedge-rows, or from lowly doors;  
Of shining hives, in which the bright bee stores

His summer sweets; of hot roads, white  
between  
The festoon'd elm-trees, and the wealth of  
green,  
Dear Essex with her liberal soil out-  
pours."

Mr. Cecil has a rare faculty of depicting natural scenes, and an agreeable vein of ballad pleasantry, as witness his *Margaret*. In the weird and tragic department he fails.

Miss Trevanion's verses are tuneful and sweet, with a greater variety in her selection of themes for song than is common in the poems of amateur singers.

No purchaser will regret forming an acquaintance with Mr. Michell, who wields our English epic verse with equal elegance and force. His aim is semi-didactic, without the dulness of professed instruction, and a correct morality pervades the poem throughout. The antithesis of the following lines is striking:—

"Proud heir of Heaven! poor insect of an  
hour!  
Mortal, immortal—weak, endued with  
power!  
Behold th' enigma man! his strange career  
Sweeps on in darkness and in sunshine here!  
Dull in great thoughts, in little how acute!  
He soars a god—now grovels with the  
brute."

This, however, is rather a portion than a specimen, and is more in the style of the *Essay on Man*, than that of the poem *Pleasure*. Mr. Michell's work is not a consecutive argument in rhyme on the philosophy of his subject; but a succession of pictures of the sources of pleasure to man, intellectual, moral, sensuous, sensual. Those who procure it must expect a "versified Aurora Borealis," and not a system of ethics. It is a good book of its class, and worthy of our good word.

There is something very striking, and the reverse of commonplace in the little volume of verse styled *Ionica*. Many of the pieces bear Grecian names, and are pervaded by a classical spirit; but the thoughts, though expressed with unusual vigour, seem clothed with a mistiness which be-

tokens not the vastness of conception, but the vagueness of the author's perceptions. They want the transparent simplicity of the classic lyre. A pretty song is favourably distinguished in this respect from some of the more ambitious pieces.

"Oh earlier shall the rosebuds blow  
In after years, those happier years;  
And children weep when we lie low  
Far fewer tears, far softer tears.

"Oh, true shall boyish laughter ring,  
Like tinkling chimes in kinder times;  
And merrier shall the maiden sing,  
And I not there, and I not there.

"Like lightning in the summer night  
Their mirth shall be, so quick and free;  
And oh! the flash of their delight  
I shall not see, I may not see.

"In deeper dream, with wider range,  
Those eyes shall shine, but not on mine;  
Unmov'd, unblest by worldly change,  
The dead must rest, the dead must rest."

The person who wrote these sweet and touching lines was haunted with the rhythm of Moore's Irish Melody, "To Ladies' eyes a round, boys." But the tune sinks under his touch into a pianissimo of sadness, soft, slow, dying, like the wail of the wind-harp of Æolus. An effect we have often observed to follow the *lento* rendering of the merriest lilt. There is distinguished merit in the volume as a whole.

A great diversity of versification in Mr. De Verdon's *Footsteps of War*, indicates a facile and ready hand in that craft which furnishes the vehicle and necessary accompaniment of true poetry. The religious strain and purpose of the poem will claim the approbation of many readers.

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THE FOSTER BROTHERS; being a History  
of the School and College Life of Two  
Young Men. London: Arthur Hall,  
Virtue & Co. 1859.

THIS tale, in a single volume, is marked by striking ability, and an esoteric acquaintance with endowed grammar-schools, and Cambridge University. The author's experiences of the former, don't render us ena-

moured of the institution, and ought to be read by parents, to know what to anticipate for their sons, and by boys to harden their hearts into the stoicism necessary for school-life even under the most favourable circumstances. Addressing parents the author says :—

“Would you see your son at home beating his little brother every day to satisfy his brutal delight in another's pain, without forbidding that recreation? Would you see him shut himself up with a cat, in order to torture it before putting it to death, without remonstrance? These devilish lusts under your roof, never entered into him, you will say perhaps. And yet when he goes to school amongst his fellows he will be taught to take delight in both these amusements,” &c.

The story is both exciting and interesting, without the intrusion of a heroine,—will the ladies pardon us the ungallant confession? and, written in a fiercely democratic spirit, ends by showing how there is something in gentle blood after all, by a complication of events, which it would be unjust to the clever author to reveal. The story reminds us in its atheistic tailor of *Alton Locke*, and in its revelations of college life of Mr. Conybeare's *Perversion*; but is nevertheless a work of great and individual merit, indebted to no prototype for its best features.

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ILLUSTRATIONS, EXPOSITORY AND PRACTICAL, OF THE FAREWELL DISCOURSE OF JESUS. By the Late Rev. John R. Paterson. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

It is a very hard thing to write a thoroughly good devotional book. We could put all that we know on a single shelf. The balance between the intellect and the heart must be very nicely set, or there will be certain failure. If the thought is too ingenious, if the illustrations are too vivid, if the diction is too gorgeous, the devotional element is paralysed; the understanding is interested, and the imagination freed, but the heart

untouched. On the other hand, if the thought is poor and the style mean, no power of emotion can save us from disgust. Henceforth we shall certainly class Mr. Paterson with those devotional writers who have succeeded in avoiding these opposite perils. We do not wonder that his book has reached a second edition. His blessed sympathy with the profound and sacred utterances which consoled and strengthened the hearts of the sorrowing eleven; his exegetical tact—his manly, unostentatious diction, account for his success. There is nothing in the book to come between the soul and Christ; no fanciful speculations, no ambitious ornament. Would that the author were living still to write many more books like this.

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ALTAR SINS; or, Historical Illustrations of the Eucharistic Errors of Rome, as taught and enforced in England. By Edward Muscutt. London: Judd & Glass.

MR. MUSCUTT'S labours in the thorny field of English Ecclesiastical legislation are already very well known, and highly appreciated. In this volume he has given a fresh proof of his useful and praiseworthy industry in the same department of inquiry. We are not disposed entirely to accept his representations of the mode in which it was originally intended that the Lord's Supper should be celebrated; we hold it to have been from the beginning a *Church* ordinance, not simply a *household* rite. There are some points on which we might, had we space, make some animadversions, but we are more anxious to bear our testimony to the interest and importance of the work as supplying a vacant chapter in the Church history of England. Mr. Muscutt traces the development of Eucharistic errors in England from the Anglo-Saxon time down to the present, and gives constant quotations from the original documents, to certify the accuracy of his representations.

**CHRIST AND THE INHERITANCE OF THE SAINTS**, illustrated in a Series of Discourses from the Colossians. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1858.

THIS is another of Dr. Guthrie's fascinating volumes of sermons, characterised by all his splendid faults and all his splendid excellences. The pathos and the passion—the burning affection for Christian truth and rejoicing sympathy with all that is lovely and beautiful in the eternal universe give the book a great charm. The horrors and heroism of the Indian war have supplied many most thrilling passages. We hope to find space for a more detailed examination of the book shortly.

**THE COMMERCE OF INDIA**; being a View of the Routes successively taken by the Commerce between Europe and the East, and of the Political Effects produced by the several changes. By B. A. Irving, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.

A VERY interesting essay on a subject which is every year becoming of greater practical interest.

**OLD JACK; a Tale of the Sea.** By T. M. Kingston. London: Nelson. 1858.

THIS is the very best boy's book of the season. It is exciting, interesting, humane, and Christian. The author has a special function for narrating incidents of sea life. His style is lively as the pipe of the boatswain's whistle; while he never forgets that he writes for the unsullied minds of youth—*Virginibus puerisque*. The story will be welcome in every Christmas circle.

**QUICKSANDS; a Tale.** By Anna Lisle. London: Groombridge. 1858.

THIS is a delightful one-volume novel, of which the interest is quiet, but deep. It describes a marriage with interested views forced upon the heroine by the intriguing mammas on both sides, the true lover being discarded and the poor girl rendered

almost broken-hearted. But this ill-sorted union comes to a timely close, as in novels such things are wont to do, and the curtain falls upon a happy heroine and a reconciled lover. Miss Lisle is an agreeable and practised writer.

**ATHENÆ CANTABRIGIENSES.** By Charles Henry Cooper, F. S. A., and Thompson Cooper. Volume I. Cambridge: Deighton; Macmillan. London: Bell & Daldy. 1858.

No words of ours are sufficiently emphatic to express the high opinion we entertain of the merits of this publication. It will always have the disadvantage of being supposed an imitation of Anthony à Wood's *Oxonian Athenæ*; but it has nevertheless decided advantages over that learned compilation, in the shape of arrangement and fulness. This single volume contains upwards of a thousand lives of the distinguished *alumni* of Cambridge during the sixteenth century, the facts of their history and dates being given with extraordinary accuracy by the painstaking and accomplished editors. Many of the illustrious obscure will of course be found amongst the authors, ecclesiastical dignitaries, statesmen, warriors, lawyers, martyrs, teachers, physicians, officers of the University, and benefactors of the Colleges, recorded in these pages; but many also were among the burning and shining lights of the time. The book before us supplies a want: no well-informed person or fairly-furnished library can do without it. It is a noble monument of the industry, tact, public zeal, and learning of the gentlemen to whom we are indebted for this invaluable record.

**GUNNERY IN 1858; being a Treatise on Rifles, Cannon, and Sporting Arms.** By Wm. Greener, C. E. London: Longmans.

MR. GREENER is a practical man, who well understands both the art and the science of gunnery and gun-making. Of this no one can enter-

tain a doubt who peruses the very readable book—readable to the unlearned—which he has written. Perhaps a stranger to the subject will not *learn* either the art or the science from this work; but one who is either practically or theoretically skilled in the matter, cannot fail greatly to increase his knowledge therefrom. One of Mr. Greener's principal objects appears to be to arouse a spirit of improvement in regard chiefly to our artillery and rifles. He points out how the Emperor of the French is perpetually experimenting upon the best form and material for cannon—how he is introducing steel largely in their construction—and how England is very likely to be left behind in the race if our cannons are constructed as heretofore, more with a view to bursting than to shooting. He shows that our monster-guns, Lancaster and others, have been merely “monster-failures;” and points out as the best gun ever yet made, one constructed on Mr. Monk's plan, at Woolwich Arsenal, which threw a 55 lb. shot 5327 yards, or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  miles in 29 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. Perhaps the defect of this book may be a little egotism. Mr. Greener lays claim to the pre-invention of the principle of this gun, and also to the invention of the Minié-rifle principle—this latter, as it would appear, with some reason; for, after his invention of the expansive bullet had been pronounced by the how-not-to-do-it committee to be “*useless and chimerical*,” it was proved years afterwards to be identical with the Minié principle. It was forced upon the notice of government, and the sum of 1000*l.* awarded eventually to Mr. Greener in the army estimates. The points urged most strongly in this book, are the introduction of *steel* into the making of guns, the adoption of the rifle-principle in cannon, and the graduation of the granulation of the powder in proportion to the length of the gun. Breech-loading for gun or cannon is utterly condemned, perhaps a little too strongly. The illustrations,

both on steel and wood, are beautifully executed; and, with a little more method in the arrangement, the work will form a most valuable addition to the literature of practical gunnery.

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THORNDALE; or the Conflict of Opinions.  
Second Edition. Blackwood & Sons,  
Edinburgh & London.

THIS is a very able, but, we are sorry to say, a very dishonest and dangerous book. Its style is, for the most part, nervous, manly, and perspicuous. It contains many noble and pathetic sentiments, and many beautiful and spirited delineations of natural scenes and objects. But the book is not what it professes to be. It contains no real exhibition of the conflict of opinion; but is an attempt to work out a theory of human progress, which is in fact the historical section of the development-theory as propounded in the “*Vestiges of Creation*”—a theory utterly inconsistent with the Christian idea of sin—a theory which admits the responsibility of man to man, but denies the responsibility of man to God, and places the vilest wretch that ever lived upon an equality with the greatest saint in the eye of the Creator and Governor of the world. All the light which Divine revelation sheds upon the history, condition, and destiny of man, is silently and contemptuously ignored, and Divine revelation itself, in the common sense of the word, flippantly declared to be an impossibility. The sketch of Cyril, the monk, is introduced for no other purpose than to insinuate that an intelligent man, believing in Christianity, must either cease to be intelligent by becoming a Papist and a monk, or else go and hang or drown himself. Its metaphysical philosophy is incorrect, and indicates great ignorance of the first and clearest conclusions of mental science. Its social philosophy has not a fact in human history to stand upon, and is simply ridiculous as an explanation of human progress.



**OUR HOME ISLANDS; their Productive Industry.** By the Rev. T. Milner, M. A. F. R. G. S. London: Religious Tract Society. 12mo. pp. 328.

**MEMOIRS OF THE REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN OF PARAMATTA,** Senior Chaplain of New South Wales. By Rev. J. B. Marsden, M. A. London: Religious Tract Society. 12mo. pp. 326.

THESE are two really excellent publications by the Tract Society. The first contains a store of interesting information, concerning agriculture, fisheries, mines, quarries, and manufactures of all kinds. It will prove a most fascinating volume for the intelligent young, and by no means to be despised by those who are older.

The second is from the well-known pen of the historian of the Puritans. It is a history of the life and labours of the Rev. Samuel Marsden, in the colony of New South Wales. His self-denying efforts for the amelioration of the state of the convicts in that penal settlement, will not surely be forgotten. The memoirs, therefore, are peculiarly welcome; and we congratulate the Society upon having secured for such a work the able editorship of the Rev. J. B. Marsden.

**THE PARSEES; their History, Manners, Customs, and Religion.** By Dosabhoj Framjee. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THAT a new epoch is dawning upon our Indian possessions, everything alike would seem to testify. But the surest proof of this change is the manifestation, on the part of some of the natives, of an amount of culture, intelligence, and ability, which certainly the generality of Englishmen were totally unprepared for. It was only a few months back that an able letter appeared in the "Times" from a Hindoo who, in reply to a Scotch gentleman, discussed the causes, and offered his opinions upon the mutiny.

Again, the other day we read of a Mahomedan from India having been admitted to the English bar. And some little time before that, the present volume appeared from the pen of a Parsee.

The author tells us in the preface

that he is desirous that his European readers should bear in mind that the present work is the production of a foreigner, in whose writing any errors of composition may be pardoned as arising from the circumstances of his birth and position, etc.

Now, we do not hesitate to say that, had the author concealed himself, no one would have detected him as a foreigner by his style. It is lucid and idiomatic; and through the whole volume we were unable to discover more than two or three grammatical errors, and they were such as Englishmen are most prone to.

To those who may desire a knowledge of the Parsees, etc., we cannot recommend a better book than this of Dosabhoj Framjee's. It contains a vast amount of valuable and interesting information.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF MATTHEW PRIOR; with Memoir and Critical Dissertation.** By the Rev. G. Gilfillan. Edinburgh: James Nicholl.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.** With Memoir, &c., &c., &c.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF ARMSTRONG, DYER, AND GREEN.** With Memoirs, &c., &c. Edinburgh, &c.

WE have allowed these volumes to accumulate, not from any unwillingness to speed them on their way, but because we have so many times expressed our hearty commendations of the series edited by Mr. Gilfillan.

The critical dissertations are written in the editor's usual style, with the exception of that upon "Armstrong," which we think more digressive, and less able, than the others. It strikes us that, while Mr. Gilfillan has some of the qualities of a good critic, he has two serious hindrances to eminence in this department—he lacks repose of judgment, and he cannot forget self; and hence his lofty metaphors and, we fear we must say, his sometimes perverse exaggerations. It is said that, some one having mentioned Gilfillan in the presence of Carlyle, the Chelsea critic replied, "Gilfillan! why he thinks he can paint because he can

daub with a great big brush." Now, making the proper deduction from this, many will recognise truth in Carlyle's estimate. But we would just add, that it is these very defects that fit Mr. Gilfillan to be the editor of a *Popular Series* of the British Poets.

**SELECT DISCOURSES.** By Monod, Krummacher, Tholuck, and Julius Müller. Translated from the French and German, with Biographical Notices, &c. By Rev. H. C. Fish and D. W. Poor, D.D. With Portrait of Dr. Monod. London: Trübner & Co. 1858.

THE idea is a good one, and happily executed. It is an American publication, and is got up so tastily, that our English publishers must look to their laurels. To name the authors is to commend the sermons. The translations are well done into English, and the biographical notices are clear and concise.

**MICKEY AND BRIDGET; a Love Poem of Erin.** By a Wild Irishman. Being a Merry Ditty, to Help Merry Folks to Spend a Merry Hour, this Merry Christmas Time. London: Kent & Co. 1858.

THIS is an unexceptionable story in ballad-rhyme, told with some talent; but all its merriment is confined to its title, preface, and the introductions to the several cantos.

**AN OLD DEBT.** By Florence Dawson. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.

THE tale before us is a production of the Shirley school; and boasts of a wilful, provoking, pretty young lady with a thousand airs, whims, exactions, and jealousies; and these encountered by a cool, provoking, determined tutor, who wins his way against Miss Wilful at the last, as might readily be surmised by the most short-sighted reader. The most natural portrait in the volume is that of the widow Scudamore, who, give her but her comfortable inn, and her due attendance, cares not about the fate of the universe of being, nor of any one of its animated atoms

beyond the circle of self. The story is dashed with sadness; but displays considerable talent for a first effort, such as we consider it to be. Mrs. Dawson's name meets us for the first time on the page of a printed volume,—we must hope not for the last.

**THREE VISITS TO MADAGASCAR, DURING THE YEARS 1853, 1854, 1856,** including a Journey to the Capital, &c., &c. By the Rev. William Ellis, Author of "*Polynesian Researches*." John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

A SIMULTANEOUS glance at what we in England were occupying ourselves with at a period not very remote, and what was transpiring at the same time in Madagascar, an island in many respects resembling our own, can scarcely fail to invest the picture we are about to present to the reader's notice with something more than mere historical interest.

Let us ask, then, what we in England were doing in the year 1849? It is not necessary to be very exact, still less to dwell at length upon details. A single glance will be sufficient; and if memory may be trusted, we were expatiating upon the political aspect of Europe; upon the attitude assumed by Austria; the dying throes of republicanism in France; or the still more absorbing interests of free trade at home. In literature we were lingering over the fine periods of Macaulay; anticipating the monthly refreshment of our lighter contributors; or boasting that we had yet a Tennyson to rekindle amongst us the expiring embers of poetic fire. In art we were learning the mysteries of Gothic masonry from Ruskin; discussing with various opinions the strange caprices of the Pre-Raffaellite school; or, perhaps, dimly conceiving the faint image of that world's wonder, our first great Exhibition. In religion we were laying the foundation stones of churches and chapels, not unattended with the pomp and circumstance of public applause; we were offering prizes for essays in honour of the Sabbath; and rejoicing,

above all things, in that inestimable liberty which, if we do not always use it to worship as we ought, at least insures to us the inalienable right to worship as we desire.

At this very time, in an island almost as extensive as our own, and situated not unlike England as regards its relation to a vast and important continent, there were circumstances transpiring which will be remembered by the Church of Christ, when all our little differences of creed, and prejudice, and class distinctions, shall be forgotten.

The Christians of Madagascar—a people proscribed and persecuted—sold into slavery—hiding in caves and forests—without instructors, protectors, or friends—cut off from intercourse with other Christian communities—and only obtaining access by stealth, and sometimes at distant intervals, to small fragments of those mutilated Scriptures which had escaped the keen search of the agents of heathen despotism—this people, so long forgotten, as it might have seemed, alike by friend and foe, were startled from the obscurity to which they had begun to trust for safety, by a new edict of their sovereign, issued in this same year, 1849. The edict specified that if any of the people had been guilty of reading the books, or praying to the God of the foreigners, they were to come forth and confess. The mandate went further, and stated that the forbidden thing—to read, to pray, to call upon the name of God, or Christ—should be uprooted from the land, even if it required the destruction of “half the people.”

And in this same year, 1849, the Christians of Madagascar *did* come forth. They had been proscribed, scarcely more than ten years before, as a small and powerless remnant of misguided people, supposed to be easily put down, or swept from the face of the earth, and with them all trace of the religion they were forbidden to exercise. They came forth from their obscurity a host! One thousand six hundred and ninety-five is stated, by their own accounts, to

have been the number of those who acknowledged having read and prayed. Helpless women, fathers of families, men of rank and property, mingled with the poor and the outcast, to make this noble confession. Others, in the day of trial, cast in their lot with these. Many more were hunted out; until, at last, the number of delinquents swelled to upwards of two thousand. What an army to stand before the judgment-seat of God at the last great day, many of them having already won the martyr's crown!

The transactions of this period, so eventful to the Christians of Madagascar, although in some of their aspects already known to the public, have been brought again more vividly before our notice, in consequence of three visits recently paid by Rev. William Ellis to that island. During his residence amongst the Malagasy, and while in constant and most intimate intercourse with many who were deeply and painfully interested in the late persecutions, he was intrusted with records, kept by themselves of all the principal events in which, as fellow-sufferers in the same cause, they were implicated. From their own simple, but affecting, statements we select the following narrative, told in their own language:—

The manner of proceeding with the culprits was to administer an oath, in which was comprehended certain articles of idolatrous belief; and to refuse to take this oath was regarded as tantamount to refusing allegiance to the sovereign. When the Christians, therefore, were brought up for examination before the judges, they were inquired of chiefly with reference to their willingness or unwillingness to take this oath. After describing the replies made to the judge by one of the principal men, who answered faithfully and firmly, yet mildly, on every point, the record states, “And in similar manner answered all the Christians examined. And when one, who had kept aloof, saw that one—a woman—did not deny God, and remembered that to deny God was followed by compunction, he went and

spoke as the others had done"—thus casting in his lot with theirs. "And when these brethren and sisters were bound, the husband of one of them, who had heard their confession, came and said to them, 'Be not afraid; for it is well, if for that you die.' He was a soldier from a distance, and not of the number of the accused. But he was then examined; and as he made the same avowal, they bound him also. And they removed these ten brethren and sisters, and made their bands tight." The writer of the journal then adds—"And at one o'clock at night we met together and prayed.

"The next morning the officer required Mary, one of the Christians, to take the oath, and to forsake prayer to God. Then Mary said, 'Behold the truth, and examine the right. Let the truth be spoken by us. Jehovah is God; and Jesus Christ is the Son of God, Saviour, and Redeemer. He is able to be *that* to all the world.'" The judge, after many other questions, as if struck with the power of that faith which he found himself unable to shake, at length exclaimed, "We have not said that you are good, and we have not said that you are bad; but leave off that which is forbidden. Will you, or not?" To which Mary replied, "I am filled with the goodness of God! I cannot depart from God!" After further assurances that the religion of the Christians did not interfere with their loyalty, but that, against a common enemy, they would fight for their sovereign and their country as well as others, this woman was condemned with the rest and taken to prison.

On the day of execution the number who had received sentence of death were subjected to the greatest indignity, being tied to poles and carried on men's shoulders, amidst the shouting and derision of the people; only of one woman it is stated that, "*being noble*," she was permitted to walk. When the officers, and troops, and judges, arrived they read over the names of each class of prisoners, and stationed

round each little party soldiers with muskets and spears. And the sentences were then delivered, consigning some to fine and confiscation, others to slavery, others to prison and chains, some to flogging, and eighteen to death—four to be burned, fourteen to be hurled from the rocky precipice, and afterwards burned to ashes. And the eighteen appointed to die, as they sat on the ground surrounded by their friends, sang a hymn.

"The officers then took the fourteen, and, tying them again by the hands and feet to long poles, carried them away to the place of execution; and as they went these brethren prayed and spoke to the people. And when they came to the top of the rock they cast them down, and the bodies were afterwards dragged to the other end of the capital to be burned. And as the four, who were to be burned alive, were taken to the place of execution, they also sang a hymn, beginning 'When our hearts are troubled,' and ending with 'Then remember us.' Thus they sang on the road. And when they came to the place then they burned them, each fixed betwixt two split spears. And there was a rainbow in the heavens close to the place. Then they sang a hymn, beginning 'There is a blessed land;' that was the hymn they sang after they were in the fire. Then they prayed, saying, 'O, Jehovah, receive our spirits; for Thy love to us has caused this to come to us. And lay not this sin to their charge.' Thus they prayed as long as they had any life; then they died; but *softly, gently*. Indeed, *gentle* was the going forth of their life; and astonished were all the people around who beheld the burning of them there."

As already said, the principal events connected with the persecutions of the year 1849 are already before the public; but in Mr. Ellis's recent work on Madagascar, the reader will find much to give interest to his previous acquaintance with these meek, enduring people.

# THE ECLECTIC.

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MARCH, 1859.

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## I.

### THE LIMITS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

*The Limits of Religious Thought examined in eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1858, on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A., Canon of Salisbury.* By Henry Longueville Mansel, B.D. Second Edition. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. Oxford: J. H. & James Parker. 1858.

"SOME books," says Lord Bacon, "are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested;—that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention." The work before us may take an unquestioned place among the illustrious few. Its flavour cannot be appreciated by a mere hasty taste; its massive truths refuse to be summarily swallowed; and there is not a single page which does not deserve from the reader the intensest concentration and the most searching analysis of which he is capable. It is a book that will live and claim an immediate and abiding fellowship of worth and usefulness with Butler's Analogy, and other works which have derived their principles, method, and spirit, from that immortal argument.

Within the space of a few months a second edition of Mr. Mansel's lectures has been demanded, and this will speedily prepare the way for another and more extended issue. We shall account it as no despicable honour, if the exposition to which we devote the following pages contributes, in any degree, to the circulation of a work so eloquent, so devout, and, in the main, so conclusive. After employing such terms of honest eulogy, we shall not be deemed ungracious if we find it necessary to show, with the critical spear, some openings in the joints of Mr. Mansel's armour, through which he is exposed to painful punctures. It has been matter of astonishment to us that a work of such extent, embracing so great a variety of topics, and these of a character requiring the most sustained and subtle thinking—a work forbidding, by its whole scheme and object, the free use of concrete and figurative terms, lest rhetorical tropes should usurp the functions of logical truths—exhibits so

few assailable points. Such points, however, there are. And we should be thankful to see these well strengthened and guarded in the next edition. For the tactics of the enemies of Christianity are as unscrupulous as ever; and if they have only penetration enough to see the weak props in the magnificent structure reared by the Oxford Professor for the defence of the truth, they will have the assurance to boast of having shattered every pillar to atoms.

Mr. Mansel, it must be understood, is not a novice in authorship. This is not his first, but it is by far his best, work. He has published an edition of the logic of Aldrich, with notes and marginal references, by which the old text-book is greatly enriched, its definitions in many cases corrected, and its fundamental principles amplified into a variety of novel and interesting applications. He is also the author of a valuable independent work, entitled "*Prolegomena Logica; or, an Inquiry into the Psychological Character of Logical Processes;*" a volume which contains the only rational and satisfactory analysis of these processes to be found in our language. It is to the same pen we are indebted for the article on *Metaphysics*, in the current edition of the "*Encyclopedia Britannica;*" an article, however, which, with all its learning and discrimination, leaves on the mind a sense of disappointment, both as to its general conception, its method, and its style. The style of these lectures, however, is a model. In the enunciation of definitions it is sufficiently precise to satisfy the fastidiousness of a mathematician—in the statement of opinions, whether his own or those of others, it is direct and calm—in argument it seems to palpitate with earnest vigour—and, in the later lectures of the course, when the sublime and awful verities of the Gospel come into view, to be defended against the assaults of a vain philosophy, our author catches inspiration from the vision, and his language rises and swells, and rolls and thunders, like the ocean-tide. Some of his concluding sentences remind us forcibly of effects we have heard produced by an accomplished master of the organ, when, soft at first, gradually, stop by stop, the manifold voice of the instrument breaks upon the ear, waxing louder and fuller every moment, progressing through rich and varied harmonies until the music ends in grand and overwhelming diapason.

These lectures were delivered with an éclat almost unparalleled in the whole history of the Bampton Lectureship. Generally the preacher for the year has to content himself with a "fit audience," it may be, "but few." But, on this occasion, St. Mary's was crowded throughout the whole course. And yet there are no adventitious attractions about Mr. Mansel. His is no giant form, nor is his voice at all full or musical. But, in spite of the absence of such secondary and accidental influences,

which often secure for men an undeserved popularity, Mr. Mansel has achieved the honour of attracting a full church, to the hearing of a series of lectures, surpassing in subtlety those of any of his predecessors.

It was more than time for some one, recognised as an authority in that ancient university, to take in hand the subject which Mr. Mansel has treated with so much ability. For many years Oxford has acquired an unenviable notoriety, as the fountain of two divergent streams—Rationalism and Romanism, and it has long been matter of wonder that no champion arose to defend “the faith once delivered to the saints.” The suspicion was becoming more general and distressing day by day, that in Oxford neither an enlightened religion, nor an enlightened philosophy, could find rest for the sole of its foot, and we have not forgotten the language in which a noble lord, himself we believe nourished in the bosom of this “ancient school of learning and piety,” mourned the degeneracy of her sons. We hail this volume as a significant and conclusive proof that there is, at least, one man in Oxford who has not bowed the knee either to the idol of superstition or of reason, and who is prepared, both by his native endowments and his vast and varied acquirements, to sustain the claims of evangelical truth.

To the exposition of Mr. Mansel’s work we now proceed; and it shall be our endeavour to present its general drift in language at once as popular and precise as possible. He starts with the assumption that the various attempts to construct a philosophical theology proceed on the hypothesis that human thought is competent to so high a task. This hypothesis, whether announced in words or not, underlies all such attempts; and it is his purpose to show that there are limits to the human mind which imperatively forbid us to construct, without the aid of revelation, a true system of theology, or even to comprehend in all its harmonies a system divinely revealed. Dogmatism and rationalism are the two extreme forms which religious philosophy is constantly assuming. Dogmatism accepts as true the doctrines of Scripture, and then appeals to the reason for premises to support them: rationalism at the outset seeks its premises from reason, and then gives or refuses its credence to revelation, according as it finds its self-derived judgments confirmed or contradicted. But both the one and the other have forgotten to inquire whether reason has not its definite and impassable limits, which disqualify it for excogitating a perfect scheme of theological truth, and for fully comprehending it, supposing it to be revealed. This inquiry, however, is fundamental; for it may possibly turn out that the human mind has but a comparatively restricted radius, sweeping over a correspondingly limited circle,

and in this case it may be demonstrated to be absolutely unequal to the task of evolving, by its own energies, or of fully comprehending a true theology. It has been objected by rationalism against the doctrines of revelation, that they are incomprehensible, and to the reason mutually contradictory. But what if it should be shown that precisely the same objections may be raised with equal force against the philosophy which reason elaborates and accepts? If this position can be established (and it can), then either rationalism must repudiate its own offspring, or withdraw its objections to revelation. It cannot honestly foster under its wing its own philosophy *though* mysterious, and assail the Gospel *because* mysterious.

Now, two kinds of religious philosophy may be attempted. Men may endeavour to present a scientific exposition of the nature of God, and this may be termed rational theology; or they may institute an inquiry into the constitution of the human mind so far as it deals with religious ideas, and such an inquiry would be a branch of psychology. If the former achievement were possible, if we could gaze by direct and unclouded intuition upon the infinite and eternal God, compassing all His attributes within the grasp of our faculties, then we could pronounce at once and infallibly on the claims of any supposed revelation to a divine origin. From a perfect knowledge of God we could infer what He would, or would not say or do. But have we any right to employ this lofty method? Can we prove that the wing of the soul can soar so high, or that the eye of the soul is strong enough, unveiled, to gaze on Him who is light, and in whom is no darkness at all? Can rationalism evince that there is either positive conceivability or consistency in what it characterizes as its fundamental ideas of God? Let us see. To conceive the Deity as He is we must conceive Him as First Cause, as Absolute, and as Infinite. By the *First Cause* is intended that which produces all things, and is itself produced by none. By the *Absolute* is meant that which exists in and by itself, having no necessary relation to any other being. By the *Infinite* is meant that which is free from all possible limitation: than which a greater is inconceivable; and which, consequently, can receive no additional attribute or mode of existence, which it had not from all eternity. If God be not *first cause*, he is not God, neither is he God if he be not both absolute and infinite. But to the human reason these are contradictory the one to the other. How, for example, can the infinite become a cause? To cause is to assume a new relationship, but to be infinite implies to have realized all possibilities from all eternity, and therefore the infinite cannot cause, for that would be to reveal itself in a new mode, thus showing that it was not



infinite before. The absolute and the cause are in similar antagonism. For if the absolute become a cause, it will operate by means of free-will and consciousness, seeing that a necessary cause would not be absolute. The act of causation must then be voluntary, and volition is only possible in a conscious being. But consciousness implies a relation. There *must be* a conscious subject, and an object of which he is conscious. How then can God be absolute seeing that by definition the absolute has no necessary relation, and yet a relation is necessarily involved in consciousness? Various expedients have been adopted for the purpose of escaping these contradictions. The infinite has been denied, and this is the philosophy of Atheism. But retreat in this direction is impossible, for who can represent in thought the sum-total of existence as a limited quantity? A limit is itself a relation, and to conceive a limit as such is virtually to acknowledge something on the other side by which it is limited. And how far back soever the limit be removed, there will still be the outlying territory defying us to compass it, and protesting against all efforts to abolish the infinite. Thus Atheism is shown to be a philosophical absurdity. But is there no escape in the opposite direction? Yes, says Pantheism, for there is no such thing as the finite. But this, again, is an absurdity, equally great with that of Atheism, for I am conscious of myself, as a personal unity distinct from all and every part of the universe beside. The Pantheist may tell me that this consciousness is a delusion, and that I can never attain to the true sublime philosophy except I start with the denial of my own being. But he gains nothing by this subterfuge, for if consciousness itself is to be flouted as a deceiver, how does the Pantheist know that his reasonings are not part of the universal falsehood, since his reasonings are but operations of consciousness. Consciousness, proved false in one point, is untrustworthy in all. Pantheism thus perishes by its own hand. It accordingly becomes evident that the first form of religious philosophy is untenable, and that man cannot so transcend the limiting conditions of his own being as to behold with open face the ineffable glory of the Godhead. Rationalism has proved itself incompetent to find a legitimate resting-place from which to commence its deduction of religious consequences.

Nor does the psychological method promise any better; for there are conditions in consciousness, all of which forbid us to realize any true conceptions of the infinite and the absolute. All consciousness implies distinction between one object and another; between subject and object; succession and duration in time, and personality; and all these are limits which the soul can never outleap so as to conceive Him who is at once infinite, absolute, and first cause. But it must not be inferred

from the contradictions into which these three fundamental ideas have been developed, that they are contradictions in the things themselves. This, indeed, is an impossibility. Contradictions are never in things, but in our conceptions; and the practical inference which emerges from the reasoning just presented is, that the human mind is not the measure of the divine, and that its conceptions are merely negative when they bear relation to the fundamental attributes of the Godhead. As thus negative they are not to be employed as the basis of a speculative and philosophical theology. They are sufficiently exact for all the purposes of piety; but they cannot be used by a cold and formal logic without conducting to Atheism, or Pantheism, or Scepticism—conclusions which afford no shelter to the soul, seeing that each in turn is shattered by the guns of that very logic which had driven us there.

From the foregoing considerations it follows that the highest principles of thought and action to which we can attain, are *regulative* and not *speculative*; they do not serve to satisfy the reason, but to guide the conduct. They only become untrue when subjected to the criticism of the logical faculty. The objections raised by the Rationalists against the Scriptures ground themselves on a confusion of the *regulative* with the *speculative*, and are as fatal to philosophical as to theological truths. Is the Trinity denied because of its inconceivability? Equally must the Divine unity be denied because of the apparent incompatibility of a plurality of coexistent attributes in the one infinite and indivisible nature. Is the incarnation rejected for the same reason? Then this short-sighted logic must maintain that the infinite and the finite cannot both have a place in the same universe, and must abolish either the former, which is Atheism, or the latter, which is Pantheism. And there are no arguments which have been urged against the scriptural doctrines of predestination, eternal punishment, original sin, justification by faith, the atonement, and the influence of the Holy Spirit, which do not lie with equal force against analogous truths within the domains of philosophy and natural religion.

Such is an exposition, as brief and clear as we can make it, of the lectures of Mr. Mansel. We stand acquitted to our own conscience of having on any point of his argument, leading or subordinate, misrepresented his views. That he has not succeeded in carrying our convictions with him throughout the whole of his reasoning, we hinted at the outset; and we proceed without delay to indicate some, and some only, of the errors into which, in our judgment, he has fallen. It is due, however, to him, and due also to those whom he has followed too implicitly, to say that he has stumbled in good company.

But we must deferentially demur to some of the details into

which he has sought to develop the antagonisms in thought respecting the absolute, the infinite, and the cause. While he has shown with marvellous acuteness that there are abrupt, and (to our logical faculty) irreconcilable contradictions existing in all attempts to *grasp* these regulative realities, in his very eagerness to multiply embarrassments around the feet of the Rationalists, he has overshot the mark by creating antilogies which have no existence. Can we, for instance, concede, without reclamation, all that he has said about the infinite, so far as we endeavour to reduce it to a conception? On page 46, Mr. Mansel writes, "Indeed it is obvious that the entire distinction between the possible and the actual can have no existence as regards the absolutely infinite, for an unrealized possibility is necessarily a relation and a limit." And again, page 47, he asks, "How can the infinite become that which it was not from the first? If causation is a possible mode of existence, that which exists without causing is not infinite; that which becomes a cause has passed beyond its former limits."

Now there is certainly something provoking about the cool manner in which we are informed that it is *obvious* that in the "absolutely infinite" there is no real distinction between the possible and the actual. We are tempted to the discourtesy of replying, It is no such thing, and precisely the reverse is obvious. If infinity be predicated of space, then unquestionably there can be no distinction between the *possible* and the *actual*, for we cannot speak of space as *infinitely extensible*, but only as *infinitely extended*. It would be absurd to represent space as having a potentiality which is not actually realized. The same remark applies with like force to the other condition of thought—*infinite time*. But the moment we view infinity as a predicate of power, instead of space and time, the fallacy of our author's reasoning becomes transparent. Is it so that "if causation be a possible mode of existence that which exists without causing is not infinite?" We disallow the inference, and on the following grounds:—

I. We draw a wide distinction in our own consciousness between power *latent*, *quiescent*, and power *manifested* and *exerted*. Whenever we think or speak of power as a property of man, these two aspects are never confounded with each other. A residual, undeveloped energy is always supposed as, at least, a possible thing. Of man it may be said, as Milton sublimely sings of one higher than man—

"Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked  
His thunder in mid volley."

It were idle to think of weakening the force of an analogy taken from human power by alleging that this power is confessedly

finite, and on this account admits of a distinction between the actual and the possible, the overt and the latent, that which is expressed and that which is repressed. That it admits of this distinction arises in nowise from the *limitation* of the power, but from the fact that it is *power at all, and power under the control of a will.*

II. Our very notion of power, either in creator or in creature, either limitless or limited, is first actualized within ourselves, and is given in the fact that we are conscious of volition as connected with productive energy. Apart from this consciousness, it would seem that the conception of power could have no existence in the mind; and the very phenomena of the universe would be unmeaning hieroglyphics, which must fail to awaken within us the idea of a creator, for how could we possibly infer from such phenomena an efficient energy, when even the most naked notion of energy had never dawned upon us? When, therefore, we pass from the consideration of limited to that of infinite power, we have no right to leave behind us the very essential property of power as given in our own consciousness. Consciousness not only reveals to us nothing of a power, which at every moment develops all its inherent energy into all possible manifestations, but it repudiates the conception as one that is falsified by our commonest experiences. Either Mr. Mansel has, by assumption, included in his definition of infinite power the very property which it behoved him to verify, and has thus committed a logical fallacy, or he has, unwittingly, and in spite of the absence of any analogy as furnished in our conception of finite power, charged it as a necessity upon infinite power that all its energy shall be *explicit* and *manifested*, and none of it *implicit* and *latent*.

III. Mr. Mansel's definition of the infinite is *suicidal*.

An unrealised possibility, he declares, is itself a limit. But among other possibilities, surely it is one that infinite power shall be able to restrain itself from action. If it cannot do this, then in what sense can it be said to be infinite? This check upon his reasoning has not escaped the perspicacity of the Oxford Professor; and in a note in the Appendix he endeavours to meet it in some observations upon the objection as presented in the profound work of Müller, "On the Christian Doctrine of Sin." Mr. Mansel acknowledges that the German divine has shown it to be equally a limitation of the nature of God, to suppose that he is compelled of necessity to realize in act everything which he has the power to accomplish. But instead of being dismayed by the concession, he courageously accepts the reasoning, and triumphantly rejoins—

"This argument completes the dilemma, and brings into full view the counter-impotences of human thought in relation to the infinite.

We cannot conceive an infinite being as capable of becoming that which he is not; nor, on the other hand, can we conceive him as actually being all that he can be."—p. 305.

Now it is hardly fair quietly to co-ordinate these contrasted and contradictory doctrines as "counter-impotences of thought." Instead of Mr. Mansel's position surviving to claim an equal right to a logical existence with that of the German divine, it is absolutely demolished, and demolished because the one has its defence in consciousness, while the other has not yet found in our whole mental life a single point on which it can stand. *On the behalf* of the one it can be pleaded that we *know* of a power which does not go forth into all possible forms of expression, and we conceive that infinite power may in this follow the analogy of that which is finite:—*against* the other, it must be affirmed that we know of no finite instance of a fully-evolved energy, and we cannot conceive that such exhaustive development is a necessary attribute of infinite power. In man there is a "hiding of his power," the power remaining though hidden: what shall forbid us to conceive of there being involved in omnipotence itself myriads of unrealized possibilities? The extent of power, whether finite or infinite, is determined, not by actual but by possible realizations. This is the testimony of our own mental constitution, and we know of no contradictory witness. Such witness, however, it behoved Mr. Mansel to produce. Failing its appearance, we must protest against the use of the compound term "counter-impotences" in its application to either of the contrasted doctrines—to his own, because the mind positively repudiates it on sufficient grounds; to that of Müller, because the mind as positively, and on grounds as sufficient, affirms that power, whether finite or infinite, is subject to no necessity, intrinsic or extrinsic, to express itself in all possible modes of manifestation.

Closely connected with this error, emerging in fact as its natural offspring, is another, into which Mr. Mansel has fallen in his attempt to develop the contradictions in thought between the *absolute* and the *cause*.

"A cause" (he tells us) "cannot as such be absolute, the absolute cannot as such be a cause. The cause, as such, exists only in relation to its effect; the cause is a cause of the effect, the effect is an effect of the cause. On the other hand, the conception of the absolute implies a possible existence out of all relation. We attempt to escape from this apparent contradiction by introducing the idea of succession in time. The absolute exists *first* by itself, and afterwards becomes a cause. But here we are checked by the third conception, that of the infinite. How can the infinite become that which it was not from the first?"—p. 47.

We must repeat the objection we have already endeavoured, at some length, to establish, that the infinite has been incorrectly explicated by Mr. Mansel, and on this account it presents no check whatever to the doctrine, "that the absolute first exists by itself, and then becomes a cause." This proposition we accept and maintain, for in the definition just quoted, we are informed that the conception of the "absolute implies a *possible* existence, out of all relation." The word *possible* has not been sufficiently regarded by Mr. Mansel himself. If it had been "*necessary*," his position would have been unassailable, for in that case the absolute (as conceived), of which all relation is unconditionally denied, could not be a *cause*, this term suggesting at once its correlative, *effect*. Wherein, then, lies the contradiction between the *absolute* and the *cause*? The two conceptions are not equally necessary to the mind. We cannot but think of God as absolute, but we need not think of Him as a cause. We can and do imagine Him as existing alone, and out of all relation, and then, without losing His absoluteness, assuming the function of a Creator.

We are sorry to find our author surrendering himself on the doctrine of the absolute, to what we cannot but regard as the empty word-juggling of the schools. How, but thus, shall we characterise such passages as the following?—

"If the condition of causal activity is a higher state than that of quiescence, the absolute, whether acting voluntarily or involuntarily, has passed from a condition of comparative imperfection to one of comparative perfection; and therefore was not originally perfect. If the state of activity is an inferior state to that of quiescence, the absolute, in becoming a cause, has lost its original perfection. There remains only the supposition that the two states are equal, and the act of creation one of complete indifference. But this supposition annihilates the unity of the absolute, or it annihilates itself.—pp. 52, 53.

The terms "perfect and imperfect," "better and worse," and their synonyms, which have been at different times employed to mark the absolute in quiescence or in activity, are simply meaningless. If the Absolute were regarded as becoming more in himself than he once was, if, for example, from being unconscious he were to become conscious, if, from being impotent he were to become omnipotent, if, from being incapable of any exertion he were to become active, or if there were positive augmentation in any faculty or attribute whatever, there might be room and demand for such expressions of comparison as those we are now condemning. But the absolute, *per se*, includes no such *intrinsic* progress and development. It is not the less absolute because it may choose not to create; neither is it the more absolute because it passes from a state of *voluntary* quiescence into that of causal activity. If the condition of

quiescence were such as is enforced upon it, then its absoluteness would be destroyed; if, on the other hand, its condition of productive energy were enforced upon it, its absoluteness would be equally sacrificed; but we emancipate in thought the absolute from any coercive influence whatever, and vest it with an autocracy of will, in virtue of which it acts or refrains from action. Only as thus imperially free does the absolute become a self-consistent conception, and in being self-consistent, it maintains its harmony with a true conception of cause; and the attempt of Mr. Mansel to create between them logical antagonisms is proved to be overstrained.

Omitting all reference to several subordinate questions raised by Mr. Mansel, and which we had marked for criticism, we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that he has espoused the opinion of Sir W. Hamilton on the negativity of our conception of the infinite. That the disciple should have failed to establish a position which even such a master, with his unparalleled forces of logic and learning, has not succeeded in rendering impregnable, we do not marvel. But we are unfeignedly sorry that on this point perilous concessions should be made to the Rationalists even in the very efforts to overthrow them. In maintaining the counter-doctrine of the positivity of our conception, let us not be misunderstood. We do not contend for a conception which is adequate, complete, inclusive—a conception which, in fact, would amount to a *comprehension*. From its very nature the infinite must for ever transcend the faculties of a finite creature. "Who by searching can find out God? who can find out the Almighty to perfection?" In the spirit of the ancient patriarch, the wisest philosopher on earth as he stands on the highest peak of knowledge he has yet reached, may exclaim, however vast and varied his panorama, "Lo, these are parts of his ways, but how little a portion is heard of him, but the thunder of his power who can understand?"

In claiming for the mind something more than what is termed a merely negative conception of the infinite, we are careful to distinguish between a positive *notion* and a positive *comprehension*; and we cannot but suspect that Mr. Mansel's reasoning is based on the confusion of these two ideas. Without entering at large upon the whole question at issue, between what we may denominate the positive and negative schools, we wish to draw attention to a significant admission, made both by Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Mansel. While repudiating the positive notion of the infinite, they both acknowledge that we possess an *irresistible belief* in it. We confess ourselves unable to understand a psychology which allows so strange a schism in the soul as is involved in such a distinction. Unable to find the infinite in our conception we are remitted to faith. We do not conceive

the infinite, but we believe it. The question is forced upon us, Believe what? Faith must have some object on which it is exercised, and what is the object furnished to it in the present case? It will not surely be contended by any one that there is such a mental experience as a negative faith. All faith, we imagine, is sufficiently positive. It is faith in something, and something, which, before it receives the affiance of the mind or heart, must have been previously notionalised. Are we to suppose that faith is endowed with a creative faculty, or at least with such a power of alchemy that it can transmute that which is negative while a conception into a conviction that shall be positive? Whether the material of our faith come from our sense-experiences or our intuitions, the faith can be no more positive than the experiences or the intuitions. And to speak of that becoming a *potence* in faith, which is an *impotence* in thought, is, in our judgment, to trifle with language. A word or two in defence of our statement, that our conception is always as positive as our belief, may serve to clear up the confusion which has gathered around not only this, but many correlative subjects. It has been frequently asserted that we do and must believe many things of which we can form no conception. This language contains a fallacy which the following illustrations may serve to expose. The physiologist says, "I believe in life, though what life is, is to me inconceivable."

Now here faith and conception have no relation to each other whatever. The object of faith is different from the object of conception. When the proposition is purged of its equivocation the conception is as clear as the faith is strong. For what is it that he believes? It is the fact of life. And what is it that he cannot conceive? It is the essence of life. Let the subject of predication be one and the same, and we instantaneously perceive that the faith and the conception are equally positive. He conceives the essence of life as clearly as he believes it. But in truth his faith has no relation to the essence, neither has his conception.

Shall we take a Scripture doctrine instead of a scientific fact. The issue is in this case the same. We believe in the Incarnation. But does faith outstrip conception, and include a more positive element than is furnished by conception? The Incarnation is as conceivable as it is credible. We conceive that it is a fact, and we believe that it is a fact. We do not conceive its mode, neither do we believe its mode; and it is well to remember that the requirement of God is not that we believe in the mode of the union of the human with the Divine, but in the fact. Here the limit of conception determines the limit of faith. Is the question asked, 'What do I believe?' I can only answer it by declaring what I *conceive*, faith creating



no part of its object, but receiving the whole at the hand of conception.

This psychological analysis of the *ὄλλ*, or objective matter of faith, from which it appears that faith has neither a creative nor transmutative power, but is the deliberate surrender of the soul to truth already, in some positive degree, formulated by conception, is, we think, conclusive against the doctrine espoused by Mr. Mansel. There can be no such thing as faith in nothing, and this, because *nothing* is absolutely inconceivable. Faith must exercise itself on realities existent, or conceived at least to exist. In expounding the object of our faith we are compelled to expound the object of our conception without addition or diminution; and if our conception be negative, our faith must be negative too. But, in truth, we must confess that we have failed, after taxing our powers of thought to the utmost, to catch the faintest glimpse of what kind of mental experience a negative conception or a negative faith is. The denial of one contradictory is the affirmation of the other. If light and darkness are exhaustive predicaments, to deny light is to affirm darkness, and to deny darkness is to affirm light. If vice and virtue cover the whole territory of moral predicables, the negation of vice is the same thing as the affirmation of virtue. If finite and infinite are terms of correlation which instantaneously and, of necessity, suggest each other, then to deny the infinite is to affirm the finite, and *vice versa*. With Mr. Mansel we maintain that we have an irresistible belief in the infinite: against Mr. Mansel we hold that this is impossible, except as determined and guaranteed by a corresponding conception; for beliefs are but conceptions receiving the consent and surrender of the mind. The doctrine which resolves our notion of the infinite into a mere negative impotence is thus shown to postulate for faith, a function which demonstrably it does not possess; and it cuts us off from all knowledge of an infinite God; for as the bridge of faith is constructed out of the materials provided and fashioned by conception, it must partake of their intrinsic weakness. Take away the positive conception, and, as faith cannot support itself on nothing, it must become annihilated with the foundation on which alone it can stand.

And now we must take the liberty of saying that Mr. Mansel might concede all we have contended for without damage to the high practical aim of his book. The special errors we have felt it our duty to signalize are in nowise necessary to the establishment of his position against Rationalism. They, in fact, encumber and disfigure his otherwise sublime and irrefragable argument. Nay, they afford dangerous vantage-ground for the guns of the enemy, from which they can harass him with a galling fire. They may remind him that a negative concepti

is no conception: that a negative impotence is nothing: that it is presumptuous to pronounce that the infinite exists from the mere impossibility of conceiving it as non-existent: and that to accredit faith with a *potence* when conception has been branded as impotent is gratuitously to impute to faith a creative faculty and to fall into blind fanaticism.

Nor do we know in what manner Mr. Mansel would be able to reply. But in vindicating possibility to our conception of the infinite he might have shown that the various contradictions which emerge from any attempt to subject the infinite to ordinary laws of reasoning are due to a foolish endeavour to *comprehend the incomprehensible*. For to reason on the infinite as if it were *enfolded* and grasped by the logical faculty must of necessity lead to endless antagonism in thought and expression. And the Rationalism which seeks to vault beyond the obvious limits of the soul, in order that it may gaze on Him who is the First and the Last, which seeks to bring within its dim and restricted view all the possibilities of an infinite nature, convicts itself of madness from the beginning. It aspires to *be* God in the presumptuous desire to *comprehend* God. It is a true philosophy which acknowledges a positive conception that there is omnipotence, but it is a false philosophy which would dare to forecast all the manifestations in which it may or might reveal itself. We may justly claim a positive conception of infinite wisdom, but it were folly to prophesy all its developments, or even to criticize them as already known. We shrink not from affirming that we have a positive conception of infinite goodness *as a fact*; but nothing less than a thorough comprehension of it in its relations to all the co-ordinate attributes of the Divine nature would warrant us in dogmatic judgments as to what it may be consistent or inconsistent in God to do.

When the cardinal ground of objection, whether openly avowed or obviously implied in the reasonings of the adversaries of revelation is, that it contains insoluble mysteries, then it is competent for the devout and philosophic theologian to canvass the ambitious logic which presumes to so intimate and complete a knowledge of the great Sovereign of the universe, and to show that there are mysteries equally insoluble in any propositions we may frame respecting the nature of the infinite. Such an anti-scriptural Theism can thus be triumphantly evinced to be suicidal; for if the argument taken from the incomprehensible be valid against one mystery it is valid against all, and would involve in logical annihilation both professed revelations and the self-contradictory philosophies which oppose them. It is a mark of lofty and well-disciplined wisdom to know where we must stop in our inquiries into spiritual things, and to ascertain the length of our own line of thought. If we aspire to be wise

above what is written, it is more than likely that we shall fail to be wise up to what is written. If we seek with too adventurous foot to tread the dark and dizzy heights of the mysteries of religion, we may fall as, alas! too many have done, into precipices of doubt and infidelity. Mysteries often give their light to other truths, even when they refuse to be seen in their own immediate effulgence, just as the sun enables us by his reflected light to see the beauties of nature, while, if we seek with unprotected eyes to gaze directly into his unshrouded face, he dazzles us into blindness.

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## II.

### THE TIMES OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

*Journals of the Reign of King George the Third, from the years 1771 to 1783, by Horace Walpole. Now first published from the original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by Dr. Doran, Author of "History of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover, &c."* Two vols. London: Bentley.

THESE last journals of Horace Walpole embrace thirteen years of the reign of the Farmer-King. His memoirs ended with the year 1771; after which, for his own amusement and for the possible use of historians, he commenced this Journal. "I may have been misinformed," he says, "and may have exaggerated faults," as Whigs and Tories will do; but in the main the Twickenham gossip is more correct, than men who think and feel more strongly can well be. The notes by Dr. Doran are full of learning and humour, and throw pleasant cross lights upon the page—sometimes shadow on sun, sometimes sun on shadow. They are just what we might expect of the good-humoured erudite doctor, who is so brimfull of old reading and old anecdote, and show great acquaintance with the Georgian memoirs. The cream of those billion of letters, written by our would-be Balzac, and locked up in those wainscot boxes, marked A and B, in the library at Strawberry Hill, the keys being deposited in the cupboard of the green closet in the blue parlour, furnish us with a gossiping commentary on history, from 1735 to 1797, a period of more than sixty years. Laborious, self-satisfied Mr. Cunningham, bilious Mr. Croker, judicious Lord Dover, Mr. Wright, and we do not know how many more literati, have edited or overhauled these capital, vivacious, studied letters; many of which are finished as highly as Gerard Dow's pictures, and some of which are as scandalous as Mrs. Manley's satirical novels. Horace has been hinted at, with Barré and Francis, as the author of Junius. He has been found to have had a hobby for releasing prisoners for debt, and we find

that he wrote anonymously for papers. Macaulay has scalped him, yet after all, his vitality as an author only increases.

We often look back into a favourite camera-obscura chamber of our brain to see the thin Didapper man, with crossed legs, writing a letter to Mann in his "Beauty Room" at Strawberry Hill—that little Twickenham house that he used to say, "he would send to his friend in a letter to look at." It is built on a hill with a prospect (when he had it) through two or three paddock meadows, where there were four Turkish sheep and two cows (all studied in their colours) that led down to Pope's Thames. The town and Richmond Park were beneath him, all to choose, from the windows of this quondam residence of Mrs. Chenevix, the toy-woman. Richmond Hill and Ham-walks, he tells Conway, bound his prospect, but "thank God, the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry;" solemn barges slid slowly under his bijou windows. Two delightful dusty roads supplied the fashionable hermit with continual coaches and chaises. Dowagers as plentiful as flounders inhabited round this Noah's Ark farm, and on poetical moonlights Pope's ghost could be seen in the shrubbery. Here he sat ogling the scagliola tables, made by the Irish Florentine friar, and counting his ivories, eagles, and Vespasians, Benvenuto's silver chest, and Dee's black mirror. How different from his early dancing days at Florentine masquerades his later letters show him, when we see only the old gentleman with the bootikins, worried by factious servants; yet he is still gay and witty, and fond of letter-writing, and tea-drinking with old duchesses, and proud of Lady Di Beauclerk's drawings, and Sir Tery Robsart's armour. As for his Gothic wall paper and two-and-thirty windows, fretted with stained glass and heraldic blazonries, they were as sham Gothic as his own Castle of Otranto. We think of him reading Madame Sevigné in the closet hung with green paper, asleep in the yellow bed-chamber, dozing in the red, or in his ordinary blue-and-white striped room writing unfading letters at the bow window, green gloomed with limes.

Now it is very easy, with the brute violence of Mr. Macaulay, to "chaw up" this Sèvres-china world of Walpole's; it is easy to say that he is a gentleman-usher in heart, that he really cared nothing about politics, and was a republican only in show. It is easy to pelt his peach-blossom coat with rough epithets, such as "eccentric, artificial, fastidious, capricious;" easy to say he united "the vanity, the jealousy, the irritability of a man of letters, to the affected superciliousness and apathy of a man of ton." We know that Walpole scoffed at courts, yet would have died if taken away from them; sneered at literary fame, yet never wrote a letter but with an eye to posterity; snubbed rank, and yet was as arrant a noble as ever looked at the poor as ladies do at monkeys in a cage.

Like all men of not first-rate minds who have been brought up in the hot-house of artificial life, Walpole was apt to laugh at great things, which he knew when seen from behind to be really small, and to venerate small things which he did not think to be large, but which he venerated as shibboleths and badges of good breeding,—as the talismans, regalia, and testimonials of the drawing-room life which he loved. He had, in fact, lived so long on ices and truffles that they had become to him necessities of life. Well, allow all this, but what does it come to? You shut Macaulay, and go off and read Walpole; you praise the controversial strong-hating essayist, and go out to order the last edition of Walpole's letters. Who are we most glad to read for the authentic history of his times—Smollett or Walpole? Mr. Macaulay or Walpole? Alison the stupendous, or Walpole? Be thankful, the little man of the hill did feel inspired to spend sixty laborious years in chronicling Court small beer. Be thankful that the Georgian era, in spite of historians, is not a blank, because one Horace Walpole was vain enough "to record dinners and bets," to chat with blue stockings, and write little copies of complimentary verses on perishable topics of Ranelagh's and White's. Sometimes, where great men are wilful, blind partisans, little men are cool judges. There are men, my Lord Macaulay, who may think the gossip of White's as good materials for future history as endless parliamentary debates garbled or perverted. There are men who may think three thousand good letters as great a work as a dozen or two Whig essays, with the bitterness but not, as in Walpole's case, the wit of *Gaul*. There may arise a rash and violent posterity that may put aside as a party curiosity an unfinished parliamentary history, to read again and again the gossip chronicle of the despised fribble, though he did collect china and old curiosities, to herald the great Gothic renaissance. True he liked sham ruins and tinsel Gothic, but how can a man be much beyond his age?

Supposing even that Walpole's writings do not give him rank with Pepys and Boswell as a back-stair historian, would not the photograph of any man's life be valuable to the student curious in human nature? Now we see this man's soul as through a port-hole flung open when he writes those anxious letters, in which, as usual with the man of fashion, the virtuoso and the amateur author, the standard of the relative value of things is so curiously lost sight of. He certainly is not the simpering fool who now spends two hours at his dressing, belongs to the toilette-club, has a gold latch-key, and despises a man whose "tie" is not perfect; but still he is the small weak-minded man who, in the midst of all the agitation of his father's ap-

proaching fall, could write to his gossip, stupid Sir Horace Mann, at Florence, a lot of nonsensical enthusiastic anxieties about "four of the Volterra urns of the chimney-piece size." This is just the man. We must always keep him in mind, as he himself describes himself to George Montague—

"Sickly, slender, and not large of limb."

Like all puny men he is bitter in his hatred; it is not his temper to strike boldly in the face. His wit and his follies were both somewhat supersubtle and womanish. There is something affected and petty in his neat scraps of French and Italian: he seems generally to write on rose-coloured and scented paper, and to call his correspondent "Dear Child." His favourite exclamation in cases of fashionable expostulation is—"Good God, madam! could you think me guilty of such rudeness?" When he goes over Mount Ceniz, he is in agonies, and screams at seeing his pet spaniel Tony, "the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature," carried off by a wolf. Even at Eton he is a bit of a fribble, and corresponds with the poet Gray under the name of Orosmales, and with West under that of Almanzor. His republicanism has a very court-loving visage. His absurd, affected dread of being thought an author, was unworthy of the son of that great statesman, of whose capacity Horry sometimes seems to be a sharer; but still for almost his *petit-maitre* airs, fashionable affectations, and senseless love of so-called pleasure, some defence may not unfairly be brought forward. His friends, General Conway and Sir Horace Mann, were worthy men, and few will read his book for opinions on the '45, and Lord George Gordon's riot, but for gossip and facts, and colours to fill up chinks. His opinions and scandal have value from the very fact which occasionally renders them suspicious—their being written by a Whig. Then look at the great octave of time he strikes: what a gamut of events his three or four thousand letters (probably half as many again lie unpublished) describe! For begin with the marriage of that bitter-hearted fool, Frederic, Prince of Wales. Go on to Walpole's fall; Admiral Vernon's victory; pass on between tinsel shores of pleasant, sparkling gossip, the flowers of wit yet bright and unfaded, to the wars of Maria Theresa and that royal burglar, Frederic; then to Dettingen, and the Pretender's downfall—and all this in the first two hundred letters; the last picture in which, is a view of a string of Scotch corpses dangling before the butcher Hawley's tent. Then, mixed up with intrigues of patched and powdered beauties, Lord Hawke's victory; the rise of Methodism; the death of Bolingbroke; the Newcastle administration; the rise of Pitt and Fox; Byng's murderous execution; Wolfe's heroic death; and

so through his long letter-writing life, till he is presented to the future William IV.

Horace Walpole was a valetudinarian dilettante, who looked on the great stage of Europe quietly from a side-box. His box, too, was one of those quiet snug boxes, gilt outside and velvet within, which border on the equatorial line between the scenes and the audience—the much-believing, easily-befooled audience. In the enthusiastic hours of the first piece, youthful and fresh from his claret in Arlington Street, he could throw all his enthusiasm into the foreground passions,—the hand on heart, the bended knees, and all the aping of court apéry. In the duller moments of the long-winded tragedy or the strained after-piece, he could turn to the background of dirty ropes, smoky trees, and pasteboard palaces, and watch with stiff cynical smile and wrinkled eyes the hand on the brow, the hare's paw bloomed with rouge, the wrinkle-brush, and all the valet-de-chambre green-room preparations for the outer stage royalties.

In a word, to slough off the allegory, this French-Englishman, Horace, was peculiarly adapted to be at once the Pepys and Boswell of the Georgian age, both from rank and natural capability. He was as much made to be a spy on his age, as the woodcock's bill for the swamp mud, or the wasp's horny sting to pierce the enemy of wasps. He was the son of a great prime minister, which in Sir Robert's time was but another name for dictator and king. He was bred a Whig, which lent his natural keenness of satirical observation only so many more horse-power. He was born for a statesman, and yet was not a statesman; and this under the disguise of philosophical trifling and dilettante indifference, gave him the same hatred for statecraft that a monk has for vice, or a gambler for his lost estate. He had been the grand tour, and had friends and correspondents at all the embassies. By return of post, he could, if he chose, have special news from the Place Vendome, the Square of St. Mark, the Palace at Turin, or the Boboli Gardens. He was, fortunately for posterity, all his life an elaborate and careful correspondent, and kept Voiture and Balzac diligently before his eyes. He is the Froissart of the Hanover princes' court, the relater from the hearsay of witnesses of all state doings and national events. He lived to gossip, and gossip cleverly; to write, and write airily and wittily. He knew both tavern and palace, Italian singers and English actors. His visiting-book must have epitomised nearly all that was great or clever in England. Walpole, indeed, was just born in time to associate with a few of the Queen Anne men, for Spence, Pope's friend and the author of the *Anecdotes*, was with him at Venice in his youth,

after Gray had quarrelled and left him, and Dr. Bland, his master at Eton, had written a flattering Latin version of Cato's soliloquy for the "Spectator." The old Duchess of Marlborough, too, was in full virulence and bitterness in the drawing-rooms of Walpole's youth.

There was a time (Hume's time) when the shadowy muse of history, whose allegorical robe is tapestried with lies, scarcely condescended to give us anything but distant telescopic views of great men. Of the itch that Napoleon caught from the dead artilleryman, and of the wart on Cromwell's rugged left temple, she was sublimely unconscious. Now we have the abbey coffins remorselessly rifled open, and the departed great put under the microscope till we can read even the very pores of their skin. There will come a time, let us hope, when the historic glass will get shifted to its right focus, and some medium struck out, as in art, between the old Giotto generalities and the Pre-Raphaelite manner of ultra observation.

But let it not be imagined from this that we are not grateful to the Twickenham Horace for nearer views of the great-small and the small-great. It is like turning a Bude light on the Georgian page to see the thin Lord Chatham acting for immortality, of which he was too prematurely conscious; appearing with his swollen gouty aristocratic legs wrapped in black velvet boots, and his crutch, as if in mourning for the King of France, swathed also in black; crawling, languid and worn out, like a spectre of the late ministry, to the House of Lords—to blame every attempt to chastise the mutinous Bostonians, who had just been cooking as pretty a kettle of senna tea as any wry-faced nation ever had to drink. As usual, Dr. Doran steps in with a quiet smile, and changing the slide in a note, shows us the great statesman bowing so low at the levee that peers behind him can see the tip of his hooked nose, like a bean-pod, between his gouty legs. It is difficult, being behind the scene and touching the seamy side of the tapestry, not to be amused, on comparing Lord Chatham dying in Copley's theatrical picture, with the noble lord as Walpole shows us him, maliciously, mad with pride, sitting up in bed, wearing a duffel cape bordered with purple lace, a satin eider-down quilt on his inflamed feet, and a nightcap on his head, crowned by a flapping broad-brimmed hat. No wonder Thomas Walpole, who goes to hear the worn-out lion's explanation of his collusion with Lord Temple, and his intention if he got into power to tax the Americans by force if he could not get their consent—no wonder, I say, that he compared his meagre jaws and uncouth dress to Don Quixote—beaten, bruised, and rheumatic—receiving the Duenna. No wonder he left him moralising on the mean-



ness that the dregs of ambition, sitting on the grave's edge, but still thirsting for power, could dictate.

Of the turbid, smoky youth of Charles Fox, through which the clear fire never burnt but by flashes, we have not mere lightning glimpses, but careful Dutch lamp-light pictures. We see him in the House robust and turbid (1772), moving for the Repeal of the Marriage Act, which Walpole says he had not then even read. A few evenings only before he had ridden armed to Brompton on two errands—first, to consult Justice Fielding on the penal laws; secondly, to borrow ten thousand pounds for his countless vices, and for those debaucheries which he then considered a proof of genius. This very night he will go to Almack's Club in Pall Mall, to play with 50*l.* rouleaus till daybreak, before a green table which shines like the Field of the Cloth of Gold, with a wallowing pool of 10,000*l.* He and his wild-eyed friends, fresh from Covent-Garden iniquities, will peel off first their gold-laced clothes, put on frieze greatcoats, or turn their coats for luck and bravado. On their wrists, to save their lace ruffles, crisp and white, they will slip on leather guards, such as footmen use when cleaning knives. To prevent tumbling their hair, and to guard their eyes from the glare of the lamps or the starry twinkle of the countless wax candles, they will wear high-crowned straw hats with broad brims, stuck with flowers, and bound with ribbons; and if they play at quinze, these votaries of folly will put on black masks with two holes cut for the eyes, that no player may betray his fears except he have taken so much claret that the painted cards totter in his hand. By his side each gamester has a small neat stand with a large rim, to hold a tea-cup, or a wooden bowl with an ormolu edge, to hold the rouleaus. No wonder the wit, George Selwyn, called the outer room, where the dirty Jew money-lenders waited for Fox till he rose, "the Jerusalem Chamber." No wonder jokes were cut on the Shylocks, and on their loans to that fat-puncheon Stephen Fox, and on his ability to give them pounds of flesh if he broke his bond.

What far-seeing or high-souled legislation could be expected from a young statesman whose weak speeches on a bill for revising the Thirty-nine Articles were excused, because their maker had that week sat at hazard from Tuesday evening to five o'clock in the next afternoon. At four o'clock that day he had recovered 12,000*l.* that he had lost, and an hour after, at dinner, had again lost the whole all but a paltry thousand. On the Thursday he spoke in this debate, he went to dinner at past eleven at night, from thence to White's, to drink till seven in the morning; thence to Almack's, to win 6,000*l.*, and at between three and four to start for fresh glory at Newmarket.

Two nights after, fat brother Stephen lost 11,000*l.*, and on the 13th Charles threw away 10,000*l.* more; so that, as puny, astonished Walpole indignantly sums up, in three nights two brothers, the eldest no more than twenty-four, had lost at a fool's guess game not less a sum than 32,000*l.* No wonder that the father, Lord Holland, trusted Charles might soon marry, because then he would be in bed at least one night. No wonder that when Fox forsook lazy Lord North, the fashionable and every other world said that it was because he and his friend Burke, both speculative men of desperate fortune, had been refused grants of land in America. No wonder the dilettante Walpole talks of him as suspected by the mob of having robbed the Treasury, and denounces a young man so drunk with vanity and profligacy. He even tells a story of his brother Stephen advising Charles as a precaution to keep a list of the annuities he sold. "Pshaw," said the reckless adventurer, "I had rather pay those who have the impudence to claim annuities I did not sell them, than those who really made the purchase;" and when he gave in a list of them to his father, written in unblushing black ink, he forgot 5,000*l.* a year of them. It was, indeed, common for this English Alcibiades to make some of his most brilliant speeches the very day he had returned bled of all his gold from Newmarket, and hot and jaded from a day and night drinking, talking about a bill not then even drawn up, and only studied and diagrammed with a finger dipped in spilt wine on a tavern table. The old amateur of parliamentary business and retailer of gossip history, just as valuable and suggestive as sermons on history, takes great pains to analyse the eloquence of Fox, Burke, and Townshend. Fox, who was nineteen years younger than Burke, Walpole says, excelled him in shrewdness and common sense of argument, though inferior to him in the elegant flow of metaphors and in Ciceronian polish of style and method. When Burke had been tiring the house with speculative doctrines, as if he was addressing a Sanhedrim, and pouring out metaphors that to dull men seemed mere fireworks that lit, sparkled, astonished, but did not warm,—Fox, who had been running about the House talking to friends and enemies, and apparently scarcely listening, rose with spirit and all the memory of a good whist-player, to compare his rival's arguments, to reply to each of them with astonishing facility, and with that quiet, sober eloquence that is dear to the English parliamentary mind. Townshend excelled in abrupt wit, and shone without the patient preparation of Burke. As a young speaker he had given no evidence of talent: he suddenly rose like a rocket in the parliamentary hemisphere; but he was cowardly, false, flattering, and sarcastic, according to Walpole, trusted and believed

by none. Intellectually he was arrogant, and boldly talked of his superiority. Fox was vain; so was Burke, who had no political art, and wanted the insinuating art and address to command and lead a party. Fox was too commanding and overbearing, and as for Lord North, he is painted by our great letter-writer as indolent and good-humoured, without pride, frankly indifferent to applause, and only retaining power for the sake of aggrandizing his family. Those naps of the lazy minister in the House, when Burke used to compare him to Lazarus, cost us America—at every nod went a State, knocked down to Freedom as the highest bidder. It is when starting up from one of these fatal sleeps that Dr. Doran shows the lazy lord unconsciously carrying away on his dress sword the wig of Welbore Ellis, who sat before him.

Nor do the Bishops get off scot-free in this truth-telling scandal-shop at Strawberry Hill, for just after showing us Bradshaw, Lord of the Admiralty, to be a pimp of the duke of Grafton, he goes on to fling his vitriol at the episcopal lawn. He shows the Bishops eager to retain the power of the rack and thumbscrew, and anxious at least to keep the dogs of persecution in their kennels, even if they did not pull the slips. He shows us overbearing Warburton, unable to decide whether to be tolerant or intolerant; his adversary, good Isaiah Lowth, opposing a bill because the Americans refused to have bishops: Hinchcliffe of Peterborough, the son of a livery-stable-keeper, which is to his honour, equally violent; and all this at the debate where the Westminster Abbey hero, Lord Chatham, who used to pit his son against his friend Alderman Beckford's boy, declared that the Church of England had no system; that its Thirty-nine Articles were Calvinistical, the creeds papistical, and both the Church and Dissenters approaching every day nearer to Arminianism; and what, says the parish clerk in the old joke, is worse than that, your worships, except it be rheumatism and atheism? About that miserable pother of court intrigue, jealousies, and selfishnesses, the marriage of Lady Waldegrave with the Duke of Gloucester, we have more than enough in these journals. The ambitious lady, who paid so bitterly for her ambition, was the bastard daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, Horace's brother, by Dorothy Clement, a Durham milliner's girl (whose passion for rank she must largely and passionately have inherited), and dowager of the Earl of Waldegrave, governor of George III. and his brother: she had been privately married. Remembering the Duke of Cumberland's being prohibited the Court, and dreading such civil death, Horace, always cold-hearted and prudent, quietly lays down a scheme for the inevitable campaign. He did not wish to be driven from *the world*

like the Luttrells, and reduced to live in *solitude*: fancy the poor fashionable hermit of Twickenham: besides, the Duke of Gloucester, who had just heaped this doubtful honour on the family, had just mortified Horace's fast friend and agent Sir Horace Mann, the Resident at Florence. He determines to remain neutral, and share neither his sensible but restless niece's honours or disgrace. Hear the confession of the old man of the world. "This," he says, "was a conduct ~~more~~ prudent than affectionate or heroic, but I was cured (how easily some men are cured of such complaints) of sacrificing myself for others. I had *done with the world*, (we have just heard how he shuddered at the thought of being shut out from it,) and wished to pass in (voluptuous) tranquillity (*le pauvre homme*) the remainder of a *turbulent* life, (yes, war and perpetual thought,) in which I had given proof enough of spirit and disinterestedness." Yes, and of zeal in collecting noseless Vespasians, and energy in writing affectionate letters meant for the printer as yet unborn.

As for the king, with his angle of 45° forehead, Walpole in this disagreeable affair represents him as timid, crafty, and little short of a fool, who, but for being self-willed, would have appeared the perfect full-blown idiot that he was,—the bad son and the stupid unsuccessful father; the would-be tyrant who lost America, and but for Pitt might have lost England. About this humble, but by no means dishonourable marriage, the king seems to have cried and scolded, and put on the same unkingly, double, foolish, staring face as usual when he was angry and frightened, and angry because he was frightened at the threat of *Harry* whom he pretended to love. Harry behaved with timidity and irresolution, as if ashamed at the honest marriage he had effected. When the Duke of Cumberland married Mrs. Horton, he went to the king boldly with an account of the marriage in his pocket. The king would not read it. The duke said, "Sir, you must read it directly;" upon which, if we can trust Walpole, the good king broke out with the following burst of pride and hateful profligacy: "You fool, you blockhead, you villain, you had better have debauched all the unmarried girls in England;—you had better have committed adultery with all the married women: but this woman *can* be nothing,—she never shall be anything." Then the king foolishly sent the duke abroad, and declared his ministers had forbidden him to forgive his brother: so much for the good king with the forehead at the idiotic angle of 45. Then, till the final extorted reconciliation with the errant duke begins a long succession of miserable intrigues, jealousies, and heart-burnings, such as any honest pride would have burst through

like walls of cobweb. Some time-servers go to the duke but will not see the duchess, others go to worry the king, and others stop away to win his favour. The duke going to Foote's theatre is applauded; the rival duchess of Cumberland, who Walpole of course snubs, holds rival levées, which are a failure. Mean-nesses grow rampantly visible among the toadying nobles.

The duke, with proper spirit, is obliged to refuse to receive those who call on his daughter or himself and not on his wife. The duke, not much more than 23, said boldly, if he married like a boy he would at least defend his marriage like a man. The king tries first bullying, then cajoling. The duke threatens to throw up his regiment, and to summon the House Lords and appeal to them. At last, the legitimacy of the marriage is acknowledged, after every possible venting of pride, ill nature, duplicity, and cowardice. No poor village gossips could have been more inventive in their spite than this worthy king and his brother,—pride in the right and pride in the wrong. The king tries to persuade him to have the marriage performed over again, and refuses to stand godfather to the child and to review his regiment; the duke defies the king, and refuses to make concessions to his elder brother. No stiff-necked farmer, with narrow brain and hard heart, could have heaped more insolent indignities on an enemy than this good king did on his brother. The night the duke is supposed to be dying of a strangling asthma, the king and the queen went flaunting to the play; even the death of a little daughter of the duke's does not move the cold blood of the *anax androon*: the slights he received from the higher ranks, and the narrowness of his income, drive him even to think of writing to the House of Lords to intercede with the king for a provision. "But, no," he said, "nothing but fear will move my brother." Even when a kind letter might have brought life or death to the sick listener, Lord North brutally tells the duke verbally that the king will have nothing to do with him; but anger is a tonic in illness, and the duke gets well and goes abroad to shelter himself from these indignities, exaggerated by the lowest lackey of the palace. But what can we expect of the stupid heart and proud selfish head of a king who, after the recovery of his favourite brother from a family ailment, said to him, with a foolish stare, "Why, somebody said they had cut off your arm?"

The debates on the American war, pithily reported, are a specially interesting part of these two volumes of memoir gossip-history. They enable us to realise the wrongs of that colony, then ripe to fall off whatever happened, and the violence, folly, and cruelty with which the colonists, wishing only their rights, were

treated. Lord North on one occasion says, four or five frigates would carry out his measures, and proposes to destroy Boston as a port, censure and warning being of no use. Then "Devil Montague," a promising son of Lord Sandwich, said, America must be part of the constitution; two souls could not live in one body: upon which another member pronounces the "*Carthago delenda*." Dundas is more violent still; he should have been sorry had there been any other way to reduce the Americans but by the sword. . . . He hoped the bill might starve them. Ministers propose to burn every town on the coast; calls it remance to think of the Americans fighting; and Lord North is even coldly cruel enough to say, that if the people of England suffered from the war, they would at least have the satisfaction of making the Americans suffer more.

In these memoirs we see Wilkes but in half-length; his waxen wings of mob popularity melted; his name only kept alive by his blasphemy, insolence, and riotous ribaldry. Yet even in 1773, Burke describes the climate of the House changing as soon as the dreaded name of Wilkes is heard, the doors being barricaded, and strangers being refused admittance; and this at the very time when General Burgoyne was publicly in the House denouncing Junius as an assassin, liar, and coward, in the debate in which Wedderburn, the Solicitor-General, had the effrontery to quote "*Junius*," which the court and Lord Mansfield had pronounced to be libellous.

This Burgoyne, a bastard of Lord Bingley, while quartered at Preston, secretly, though penniless, married a daughter of the Earl of Derby. Junius, in fiery blackening satire, denounced the unfortunate commander, but successful comedy-writer, as a gamester and sharper, and alluded to the Preston election, which he had been fined for carrying by display of armed power. Not a spotless man we should all say; yet foremost in that pack of bloodhounds that tore down a rough-handed but still brave and resolute conqueror and executer of national policy, bad or good—Lord Clive. That dark, ill-featured man (second sight might already have seen the thick red line across his throat) is accordingly pronounced by the House to have obtained by military force, a sum of no less than 20 lacs and 80,000 rupees; besides having encouraged assassination, and deceived his enemies by false treaties.

One way and another, Walpole carries us right through the Georges. He had been taken as a little boy by the old Sir Robert, that thorough brave-hearted English minister, to kiss the hand of George I., just setting out for Hanover. In after life to the Miss Berrys he described the king as a little man in a snuff-colour coat, with a blue riband and a star. Horace was then such

a little premature bean as we see him depicted in his early pictures; thin and invalided, with long laced waistcoat, and coat without a collar; a little curled flaxen wig spanning his neat but super-delicate face.

Horace was born in Arlington Street, 1717; went to Eton in due time, and from thence to King's College, Cambridge, where he learned the civil law and mathematics, and in due time, after French and Italian, to dance, fence, and draw. At a reasonable age, he went into Parliament, and obtained some patent sinecure places which a warming-pan had kept for him.

The choicest morsels in the book are the scraps of parliamentary eloquence, noted down as the rarest things in long nights of debate, when Burke, Fox, Mansfield, North, Townshend, Wilkes, &c., made the air electric with the coruscations and flashes of their wit. For instance, we have Burke laughing at Burgoyne's bombastic threats, and ridiculous and shameful negotiation for scalps with the seventeen Indian nations whom he had absurdly entreated to be merciful, and to scalp only the dead; and concluded by saying with inimitable wit, whose colours have not even yet faded, that the invitation was "just as if at a riot on Tower Hill, the keeper of the wild beasts had turned them loose;" but adding, "my gentle lions, my sentimental wolves, my tender-hearted hyenas, step forth, but take care not to hurt men, women, or children." No wonder the ministers themselves shouted with laughter, that Lord North and Digby reeled in their seats, and that even down Barré's cheek stole iron tears. To match this, we have spirts of venom by Wilkes; such as when he complains of his fifteen years of injuries; laments the exile of the Duke of Gloucester, the pinched income of the Duke of Cumberland; ending by insidiously extolling the king of France for his affection for his two brothers, who find in him an affectionate friend, not a gloomy tyrant like Louis XI; and finishes up by sneering at Dr. Johnson for being in the Pension List; David Hume for being rewarded for writing against Christianity; and Beattie for writing against Hume.

The journal, from its earliest notice of the Prince (George IV.), augurs bad of that fine gentleman and unapproachable scoundrel. Even at the age of ten, though kept in a hermitage, he is pronounced untamable. The king, from the first, seems to have determined to seclude him. While his brother Clarence was fighting over his midgy's chest at sea, George was treated like a child; kept among the lower and nursery servants, and even compelled to wear a frilled shirt like a baby. "See how I am treated!" he said one day to a servant, rebellion in his eye. And what do these selfish precautions of the timid, dissimulating king lead to? Why that the Duke of Cumberland got the boy into his power in order to persuade

him to force the king to acknowledge his duchess. He drank publicly in the drawing-room; talked there with open irreligion and indecency; bragged publicly of his debaucheries; and laughed at the king to his face. With all the folly and evil nature of his grandfather, Prince Frederic, he drew on persons to abuse the king, and then betrayed them. He spoke of Lord Chesterfield with contempt, yet was always sending for him. To Mrs. Robinson, his mistress, he called his sister the vilest names. Of one of his greatest revels, at Lord Chesterfield's in Blackheath, Walpole gives us an account infamous enough to be worth abridging. One night as soon as the king had gone to bed, the Prince with his tutor in vice, his uncle Cumberland, and his young associates, St. Leger, Windham, and George Pitt, went to Blackheath to supper. Lord Chesterfield, being married, would not allow any of the Prince's female friends to be sent for. The youths all became immediately drunk, and the prince went to lie down on a bed. On his return, pale and staggering, one of his insolent Falstaffs rose and proposed as a toast, "A short reign to the king." The Prince, just conscious of the insult, drank a bumper, stammering, "Long live the king." The next feat was to let loose a ferocious house-dog, and George Pitt, a strong man, cruelly trying to tear out his tongue, the dog, breaking from him, bit Windham's arm, and tore a servant's leg. At six in the morning, when the Prince had to leave, Lord Chesterfield, in trying to light him out, fell down the area, and it was supposed fractured his skull. This accident spread the story; the king, shocked at it, had no sleep for ten nights, and fell ill. From worse to worse went this corrupter of England: his evil Mentor the duke of Cumberland, who would not speak to the king, kept a faro bank for his pupil in vice, and in the queen's very house brought many lenders and courtezans to the Prince's apartment. If the Prince had to dine with the king, the son usually made the father wait a full hour. The father longed to check these insolences, but dared not for fear of his son leaving him, breaking out into open badness and heading the opposition. One day when the chase ended in a little village a long way from Windsor, the Prince and duke took the only cart that was to be hired in the place and left the king to go home as he could. Gradually the duke of Cumberland's folly, vulgarity, and habit of calling the Prince "Taffy," alienated his promising nephew from him. Yet, proud as he was, the future king used the language of footmen and grooms, and with all this want of parts, spirit, and steadiness, Walpole hints, we are afraid too justly, that the jealous king was perhaps pleased that this depraved and licentious life could never make his son his rival in popularity.



But what could we expect of the son of a man who had let his brother, as he believed, die rather than make the smallest concession from a silly pride, or who could treat the woman he once loved with such heartless coldness, as George III.? What could we expect from the hereditary virtues transmitted by a grandfather, the enemy and bitter foe of his own father?

The glimpses of great men yet in bud are specially interesting, and they are innumerable. We find Mr. Gibbon, merely indicated as the writer of a "Roman History," praising a speech of Fox to Walpole; "Young William Pitt," when Lord North fell, declaring he would not take a subordinate share in a new administration—an arrogancy much condemned by Horace; Franklin blamed as irresolute; and mad Lord George Gordon, becoming known by starting up and denouncing Lord North for offering 1,000*l.* to the Duke of Gordon to keep him out of the house; soon after we come to Sheridan, described as "a most dissipated young man, overwhelmed with debts." The Lord George Gordon's first popery riots are as well sketched in bright fire crimson and yellow as they can be; but the small struggles of the American war are given more by rumour and despatches than by any formal method of history.

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### III.

#### THE NEWSPAPER—DAY AND NIGHT.

BY A QUONDAM "SUB."

IN the dying number of the "Cambridge Essays," is a paper by Mr. A. J. Beresford Hope, M.P., on newspaper writers, wherein the claims of the class to the respect of society, or to a reception equally sympathetic with that which is accorded to the members of other professions, are generously and successfully urged. Mr. Hope has been amongst them, and is pleased to think their company as agreeable as that of the more strictly fashionable and aristocratic sets with whom the greater part of his leisure is spent. He is very good, and we wish to thank him in a manly way for his services. In the meantime, his remarks have brought us under the lorgnettes of the curious, and some wonder is excited as to the real nature of our vocation. A day and night in the office of a daily journal, must be a round of experience, people say, very unlike the ordinary ways of business; there is some-

thing of mystery in the matter, and they wish to learn the actual operations. There is no objection that I see, to telling them: the movements are multifarious, and swiftly executed, but they are simple enough and easily understood. An idle hour may perhaps be spent without causing any one in the end to feel bored, in giving a matter-of-fact description. Nothing shall be said to magnify the details into great occurrences; and the accusation of dullness is preferable to the suspicion of putting in colours for the purpose of effect.

The postmen, despite the regulations of Mr. Rowland Hill, are always sure of a handsome Christmas-box at the newspaper offices; and if they deserve it at any hands, it is at those of "our people." There is the great packet of letters by the early post; the huge bundle of papers from every corner of the British empire, and, in turns, from every civilized part of the globe; and lesser rivulets run in all the day long. If I were to break the seals, and begin to scan over the lines, I should want all the pages of this number of the "Eclectic" to myself. The "letters to the editor," in a regular way, form a respectable part of the morning journals; but the unprinted myriads, who can describe!

It is known by the learned, that a letter-writing madness is a distinct and definite form of lunacy. I have found people write long pages, week after week, to a journal for a series of years, without a single line ever obtaining admission; and yet, every letter clearly indited with that object. There is a lady in London who scatters printed letters over the land, in which verses of Scripture are incoherently mingled with allusions to current events. She spends a handsome income in this mission; but I never saw one of her letters in a newspaper. I remember the sensation produced one evening, by a card with her name upon it, being sent up; the unknown was at our gates; the interpreter of prophecy was at our bidding. She came in an elegant carriage, and her pair of dappled greys were the admiration of every beholder. She had her interview; but as strict orders were given that for the future she was to be courteously sent away, it must be supposed that her conversation was not more intelligible than her epistles. Another unfortunate creature sends, nearly every day, a card, on each side of which are extremely absurd ejaculatory expressions, for the special behalf of the editor. Sometimes (when the moon is at the full) the outer cover of the envelope is similarly ornamented. In short, a more medley heap could scarcely be collected, than that which is forwarded to the editor's room, and lies there biding his coming.

But we have a form of mental derangement more troublesome  
ll, viz. "calling to see the editor." No amount of denials will

intimidate some ; nor the assurances of the most gentlemanly of secretaries, satisfy others. The errand is often richly ridiculous. The story is told, that a day or two after the death of a gentleman known "to be connected" with the *Times*, a person in a threadbare suit called in Printing House Square to learn "if an editor was wanted?" And I can believe it. But of course they never see the great man. When the hour of the first editorial visit arrives, say two o'clock in the afternoon, quite another order of beings are admitted to his presence. First, let him fill his waste-paper basket, tear off the wrappings from the parcels of books from the publishers, examine the cards of "private views," or first representations, and determine their fate, and then our favoured friends shall step in. How soon the room resounds with pleasant laughter ! Stories from the clubs and the law courts, and gossip anent the broadsheets of the morning, carry off the first half hour, and lead the way to suggestions for the morrow. Mr. Hope does not think so, but newspaper writers *do* go into society a good deal, or at least into "representative" circles, where they can observe and gather the opinions of the outer crowd. At a dinner the other day, a vivacious and clever lady was drawn into an argument with the gentleman who was her nearest neighbour, and she combated his views with a considerable degree of spirit. The conversation on her part was forgotten, but was recalled to her mind in a startling and unexpected fashion before the week was out, by finding not her sentiments only, but her anecdote, her illustrations and very language, printed in a leader in a certain tremendous organ of public opinion. She intends, when at that house, for the future, and when intrusted to the charge of a stranger, to ask the hostess if he is a "gentleman of the press."

The sub-editor of a morning journal is usually in his room of an evening by eight o'clock. A box, his box, lies on the table, and the printers, some distance off, are restlessly waiting his inspection of its contents. There is the heavy packet from the city editor ; a host of parcels from the country, and reports of public meetings in the metropolis, saying nothing of the reams of "flimsy ;" but it is not long before his decks are cleared. Off fly wrappers and envelopes, snap goes the string, and in a few minutes the printers have each a morsel to stay their insatiate appetites. I never knew any one yet who could define a sub-editor's duties ; who could trace out his province, and clearly indicate the boundary line. Often he is the editor's closest confidant ; and contributors who scarcely are aware that a sub-editor exists, have not a tithe of the sympathy from their chief, which is enjoyed by the resolute and industrious sub. The two criticise in company, they take counsel together, they, perhaps, alone

feel a personal, individual interest apart from professional duty, in their work. Atlas not unfrequently shifts his burden to the Junior's shoulders, and has no uneasy fears as he ruminates in a rural retreat, or joins the gambols of his children on the beach. A good "sub" has a rarely-erring instinct that detects the false news from the true. There are so many rogues and fools who can write, that he needs sharp wit to preserve him from the hoax. Occasionally a trick is tried,—the death of a celebrated personage, a sham murder, or a fictitious "state document." A graphically-narrated story was received one night, setting forth that a boy had crept into a baker's oven somewhere at the West End, had fallen asleep and been shut in; how the fire was kindled, the child suffocated, and his "charred remains" (those were the words) afterwards raked out with the bread. The baker's name and address were given, and tallied with the Directory, so a messenger was despatched to inquire if "a boy had been baked there that day?" How intensely horrified the tradesman must have been, may be guessed, when I tell you that he was a man remarkably fond of children, and peculiarly proud of the attention with which the process of baking was carried on in his establishment. The foregoing is a specimen of the annoyances a sub-editor is liable to experience. But though often with no other guide than his common sense, scarcely ever is he caught in a trap.

The lamps are lighted in all the rooms, and the brains of the workers are quickening into play. The sub-editor has given some portion of the drudgery to one assistant, and another portion to another, while he himself is engaged upon a pet task; the development of a luminous idea; a discovery in the regions of "intelligence," something at which he is to gaze triumphantly to-morrow, and with which he will inwardly taunt his contemporaries. The foreign editor is reading the *Independance Belge*, while the *Allgemeine Zeitung* is at his elbow, and the *Débats* upon his knees; and within call is a translator painfully deciphering the MS. of an Italian correspondent, dating from Turin. The reporters' room is beginning to fill. Heavy debates are proceeding in both Houses, and a cab every half hour brings up gentlemen mentally burdened with notes that are disagreeably copious, and who have the prospect of a similar jaunt when the transcription is completed. The conversation is but fragmentary, and in whispers. It is best to avoid interrupting them. The expression upon a reporter's face when his notes are abundant, is not the most amiable he can summon. He scowls rather than looks at his book, and there seems to be a yell suppressed, as he bends over the leaves. In the printing rooms the men are at work at what they regard as a comfortable pace.

The readers are not goaded at present for proofs; and in their closets, also, there is as yet tranquillity. The reading boys (the shrewdest lads in the world) snatch a "fearful joy" at odd intervals, by continuing "Peter Simple," or "Dombey and Son," borrowed from the Compositors' Library, and which they huddle away in an odd corner at the first sound of an alarm. The hours pass to the worker, as minutes pass to the idle. As the night deepens, the exceptional characteristics of newspaper production become prominent. The high houses on either side are in darkness, the shutters are up, every blind is unrolled, and, excepting it may be the faint light in a sick room, there is nothing to disturb the aspect, not so much of rest as absolute extinction: so the contrast of night and day always presents itself in London. You can hardly suppose those dwellings are full of sleeping people; that tired limbs lie there in rest; that eyelids are closed in peaceful sleep; they rather appear as if deserted; as though life had fled. The sounds, too, of London, the rattle of wheels, the din of voices, the monotonous hum, have died away. But the gas burns steadily, brilliantly, passionately, on every floor, in every room of the newspaper offices. Life is beating there; the "tick" of the type as it is picked out of its abiding place, is faster and faster as the stillness of the other world becomes more profound. The sub-editor wades in a sea of papers; the translator has three dictionaries open, and his eyes are straining at the MS., as though a railway train were behind him; the assistants throw hurried glances of despair at the accumulation of "flimsy" which is yet to be made intelligible and grammatical; and boys, with long strips of paper in their hands, are shooting about like swallows. One look of respect in the editor's room:—more visitors have come and gone. The second and third leaders are swiftly passing from the written scraps into the printed column; but the *first* still hovers between heaven and earth. One House of Parliament is still sitting. The chambers, say the messengers, are crammed; whippers-in fit across the lobby; mysterious button-hole conferences are improvised at the corners; and a little crowd stands within the doors watching the eloquent Mr. Greekstone, who is streaming like a meteor across the sky of the debate. Nothing can be done to the first leader yet. Thus there is a pause. Failing proofs, the Prime Minister of this perfect little government pulls to him the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, or *Punch* (if it is Tuesday night), or *Fraser*, or the *Saturday Review*, and reads. But there is little pleasure in reading when the thought of a "leader" is pressing with leaden weight upon the mind. He looks at the clock by the side of the mantel-piece (there is a clock in every room, and all are made to keep exact time) and sees that the "statement."

will soon be sent up. This "statement" creates a nightly sensation. It is an account, in brief, of the progress of the night's work. Thus, we suppose that there are forty-eight columns in a newspaper. At twelve o'clock at midnight, the head printer (a master mind, a Sir Charles Trevelyan in shirt-sleeves, and with a white apron) takes a cord of a certain length, and measures the number of "columns" which have been composed, *i. e.* put into type, and fills up a printed form, stating the details, the number of columns of leaders, foreign intelligence, advertisements, Parliament, &c. respectively. When these are added up, the editor sees at a glance the quantity of space at his disposal. This printed form is always taken first to the editor. Sometimes it is a very disagreeable document indeed. Figures are infallible; you cannot deny them. Your first inclination on finding that at twelve o'clock at midnight you have already filled your next morning's paper, is to turn round and abuse your printer; but he is in a fortified position, he can wait your attack, and is hatefully strong. How unfair, how irrational at times are the wisest of men! I have heard a shrewd, methodical man, and an admirable mathematician, tell a printer pettishly that "This *must* go in, and so must that, and THIS is more important than anything," when he was aware all the time that these things would in their entirety swamp the whole journal, and leave a quantity running over. But in such cases, could there be anything more provoking than the demeanour—the imperturbable, impassive demeanour—of the printer? I knew a man, who, when you appealed to him, after you had exceeded the limits of the space, if he could not see the imperative necessity of forcing room for this and for that, would always reply in the coolest way, "Yes, sir; but there can only be eight pages in the paper." How can you respond to such a speech? How intensely disgusted you feel at such commonplace argument! I know another who has more poetry in him; who affects to be warmed by the generous ardour that fills the editorial mind; and who has always a ready affirmative: "Certainly, sir, very well, sir: we must do the best we can;" but who, truth compels me to add, does not succeed in getting the whole into a part of the whole; but when editors have departed, quietly omits just the particular one of the "necessities" convenience suggests. Still, he does not fling truth in your face, and if he thinks to humbug you, it is with your own connivance.

But great as is my reverence for the editor's room, my heart, let me confess it, is with the "sub." I could grow eloquent, I dare to believe, in dilating upon him. I should be certain to class him with the great powers of the earth, or the "unnamed demigods," as Kosuth has it. When I imagine his first look at

that "statement" on a heavy Parliament night, I feel moved, but will repress such sympathy lest I make this narrative pathetic. I have referred to his cherished hope, his love's young dream, his secret gem. This printed form destroys it—

"'Twas odour fled  
As soon as shed."

The editor has bespoken so much for his communications, that room to-night would be impossible for the treasure trove of the poor sub. Perhaps it is the report of a parliamentary committee exclusively obtained: perhaps a remarkable event, which would set every one gossiping, which has turned up in the Indian, Australian, or American files. No matter, it must wait; for even if the editor had been less exacting, the parliamentary debate would have pushed it aside. Those columns of debate march on through the night in "serried masses:" thousands of pigmies fall in, standing compactly together, and silently everything retreats before them. The sub-editor's rarity has gone long ago; now markets, lists of the prices of shares, news of all kinds, are trodden off; soon the two leaders will follow; and at last all in the paper that is not hard, solid speeches is a "thin line" of news at the edge, protected by one leader as an outwork.

But the true newspaper child, after the first sigh is over, sets cleverly to work to baffle his enemy. The lazy or incompetent hand is content with inditing a line regretting that "the great pressure upon our space obliges us this morning to omit many articles of intelligence," but the thoroughly efficient one has a desperate struggle with any such relief. He sets his colleagues to work to re-write, to condense, to give the essence or the quintessence—any alternative is better than downright omission. The Paris *Moniteur* arrives by special parcel after midnight: trains from the north bring sheaves of news from Leeds, Liverpool, and Manchester. Let them come: there are three or four pens will deal with them, and the public be no great losers. The reporters' room is gradually gathering to itself the whole interest of the scene. The cabs come up more frequently: the gentlemen who rush from the steps to their room are more hurried than ever in the few phrases they exchange. Words rush from their mouths with astounding velocity. Each one has a myrmidon—a printer's devil if you like to call him so—at his elbow, and every five minutes the young imp darts to the printing-room with the precious manuscript in his outstretched hand. Between 12 and 3 o'clock in the morning the pressure upon the reporters is occasionally tremendous.

Before the latter hour the editor has heard intelligence which will suffice for the completion of his great article. One or two of his contributors have been to the House, and he will use their descriptive sketches to-night if he can; if not, he will import the substance of their communications into his own performance. The creation of this one article is a fine achievement of intellectual energy.

I am in a still and darkened room: at a table, bestrewn with books, pamphlets, letters, and litter, sits a tall, noble-looking man writing under the light of a shaded lamp. There is something towering and lofty in his presence. There are men who remind you of eagles, they seem ever ready to rise to a higher air, and he is of them. As I enter I hear the scratch of his pen. If I stand at his side I see his hand moving as swiftly as the eye can follow. No shorthand writer in Mr. Gurney's staff can write faster than that, and yet the thoughts, the style, the mere knowledge which is carried off on those strips of paper, the ink still wet, would make many a laboured review in an orthodox quarterly seem a very tame production indeed. He used to say that with him the process of composition was completed before he sat down to write. The whole essay, with the sentences in lawful succession, with the component paragraphs, and even the commas and semicolons, lay out before him ere he touched the pen. He thought it into existence while he was looking in the fire, or walking backwards and forwards with his hands in his pockets. His chief difficulty was in making his fingers keep pace with his thought. At such a rate, we may suppose the article soon accomplished and the proof of it revised. He now rings his bell and orders his cab, and while the messenger is away, steps to the sub-editor's sanctum, and after a word or two, by way of general review of the night's proceedings, bids his faithful colleague "good-night." As his cab rolls off, the reporters who have come up with the last "turns" are finishing their task, and so precious are the moments that the head printer himself is down at their elbows, and will snatch away a line at a time if they will let him. At length their room, too, is vacant: the last pair have donned their great-coats and lit their cigars, and as they turn some corner the sharp sound of their walking-sticks on the pavement is lost to the ear.

The sub-editor is usually the "last man." The young dramatic critic who comes in to write a notice of a new farce played perhaps at the end of the night's performances, or the musical critic after a grand revival at Covent Garden—both are liable to be dreadfully late, but the sub-editor is later than they. Even his assistants depart before him. Often he catches the noise of the "mallet" concluding the printer's operations, and the mysterious



groanings of the machine as it is roused for the climax of the toil. He knows the night so well that he can tell the exact half-hour by the lull or swell of its voices. A grave and careful bachelor has arrived in an adjoining house some hours ago, and if the wires bring mighty or contemptible news he is at hand (poor wretch!) to be roused, but the sub lingers still. In the summer-time the daybreak steals upon him, and he knows the touch of the wind which

“ Whispers to the fields of corn  
‘ Bow down and hail the coming morn.’ ”

The printers, with the exception of two or three who are relieved at a later hour, have gone their various ways; and, though the errors they have overlooked should haunt them as spectres, the readers are sleeping the untroubled sleep of the good. The sub-editor departs at last, and boys hasten into his rooms to clear away the wrecks of the night. The machine-man, who loves his engine as a bride, and admires her with the freshness of the youthful heart, is surrounded by his aide-de-camps, and the paper is brought into being. The first sheet is rigidly scanned, but time is up,—we are late (newspapers are always late—always aiming at an ideal never to be reached)—the machine-man shouts to let the steam play. Away go roller, strap, and “table,” and layer after layer soon form a pile large enough for the early trains. The publisher will be here presently, and in his track come the flying carts of the news-agents and the swarm of young London whose wants he will have to supply. I leave him in their midst, shouting louder than they, and pray him a safe deliverance and his paper a miraculous circulation.

#### IV.

#### BLUNDERS OF VISION—COLOUR BLINDNESS.

SOME years ago a party of gentlemen were discussing the question of blindness over their wine in the mansion of a northern noble. It was stated by one of the company that persons had been known to lose the power of vision, so far as one eye was concerned, long before they had any consciousness of the defect. Polite doubts were expressed on the point. Every one would admit that a man might labour under a mental or moral cataract without being particularly alive to the infirmity, but physical opacity was too conspicuous an evil to be long concealed. More

in jest than with any suspicion of the result, the loudest of the sceptics was requested to ascertain whether his own organs were "all right." Closing one eye, he exclaimed, with a start of horror, "Why, bless me, I can scarcely see at all!" He himself was in the very predicament he had refused to accredit.

However startling such a case may seem, there are undoubtedly many persons who suffer from eccentricities of vision without ever discovering the defect until they have ripened (in their own opinion) into perfect men. Perhaps not even then. Entering any assembly consisting of a thousand individuals we might safely exclaim, "Ladies and gentlemen, there are probably twenty people in this respectable company who are more or less affected with chromatopseudopsis, otherwise parachromatism, otherwise dyschromatopsis, otherwise dyschrosis, otherwise Daltonism." Of course the audience would be greatly alarmed by this announcement, and the fairer portion might become quite indignant, naturally supposing that some wicked imputation lay concealed under such learned terms. To pacify them it would be necessary to explain that certain persons were incapable of perceiving certain colours, or that they confounded one with another; in fact, that the human eye was subject to a variety of chromatic heresies, although the owner might think himself as orthodox in vision as every man deems himself in the Faith.

Cases of colour blindness must, of course, have frequently occurred amongst our forefathers, but these esteemed individuals do not appear to have systematised their observations at all. Every now and then a person conducts himself so strangely that his friends are compelled to conclude that a "screw must be loose" either in his eye or in his brain. The writer of this article well remembers how he first discovered that such a visual peculiarity existed. Walking out with a companion—let us take the names of Jones and Jenkins for the moment—the latter happened to make a remark about the colour of a door, which he (Jones) declared to be red, and we (Jenkins) knew to be green. Thinking that this assertion was a mere specimen of boyish fun, Jenkins laughed as Brother Martin might laugh when my Lord Peter assured him (in Swift's wonderful Tale of a Tub) that a loaf of bread was a shoulder of mutton. But when Jones repeated the observation with perfect gravity, and, spite of all remonstrances, protested that the door was just as fiery looking as a soldier's coat, Jenkins felt it incumbent upon him to take high ground, and to break a lance in the cause of Truth. Sharp words were soon exchanged. "What on earth," he asked, "can make you say that the door is red?" "And what on earth," replied Jones, "can make you say that the door is green?"

"Why," replied Jenkins, fiercely, "it is as plain as possible that the door is green." "No," retorted Jones, in great anger, "it is as plain as possible that the door is red." Well, there was nothing for it apparently but a battle. We were just at an age when knotty controversies are extremely liable to finish with a fight. War was accordingly proclaimed. If Jones had beaten Jenkins, we presume the door would have been decidedly red; if Jenkins had beaten Jones, the door would have been as decidedly green—such is the logic of physical force. Fortunately, when the two belligerents like the knights of the silver shield, were on the brink of an engagement, an acquaintance came by, and the matter was referred to arbitration. "Pray," said Jenkins to the pacificator, "will you tell us if that door is green?" "Certainly it is green," said he, "and so must you be to put such a question." On further inquiry, when Jones was sufficiently cool to submit to an examination touching his chromatic perceptions, it appeared that the two hues were indistinguishable to his eye; that he gave the name of red to every object which belonged to either class; and that, in his opinion, a brick building in the distance was of the same tint as the lawn on which it stood!

Until recently, little has been done to investigate this infirmity upon an extensive scale. Dr. Dalton of Manchester was the first person in England who drew any marked attention to the subject. He himself could only perceive two, or at most three, distinctions of hue in the solar spectrum; and, therefore, a rainbow must have seemed to him like a tame arch of yellow and blue. He could perceive no distinction between woollen yarn whether dyed crimson or dark blue. Specimens of claret-coloured cloth bore a strong resemblance to mud. If stockings had been spotted with blood, he would hardly have suspected that the stains were anything more than mere dirt. He compared a florid complexion to a dull blackish blue upon a white ground; so that a ruddy countenance produced the same impression upon his retina as dilute black ink smeared upon writing-paper. And when he mounted his scarlet gown at Oxford, he pronounced it to be of the same hue as the grass of the fields.

It is, however, to Professor George Wilson of Edinburgh, that the public is indebted for the largest collection of facts on this interesting topic, and to his researches we are indebted for some of the illustrations of chromatic error about to be adduced. Let us premise, however, that though colour blindness is a defect, it is not exactly a disease. It is generally born with the individual, and continues with him during life. The eye appears to be complete in its structure, and in other respects discharges its duties in as exemplary a manner as the most respectable organ of the frame.

First, there are cases in which persons are perfectly unable to distinguish colours at all. They know that black is black, and white is white; but as to the prismatic tints they are completely in the dark. Not many years ago there was a man in Edinburgh who was in this unlucky condition. By some freak of fortune, almost as whimsical as if a deaf person were apprenticed to an organist, this poor fellow was brought up a house-painter. Compelled to dabble with colours continually, he would have fallen into the most egregious blunders; but marrying a woman whom he could trust to choose and mix his pigments, he was enabled to pursue his calling without any very violent breaches of propriety. On one occasion, however, when this valuable helpmate happened to be from home, the husband undertook to paint a room in a public building. He prepared, as he thought, a capital stone-tint, and was rapidly covering the walls with the mixture when he was arrested by some one who told him that he was decorating the place with an unquestionable blue.

Instances like this, however, where there exists a total insensibility to all the leading tints, are comparatively rare. More frequently it happens that the individual is blind to one particular colour, or at least incapable of detecting any marked difference between two very discrepant hues. Red is, generally speaking, the shibboleth of those who are imperfectly versed in the language of vision. As we call an object black when it reflects no prismatic ray to the eye, persons thus circumstanced will see little more distinction between blood and tar than a phlebotomist would perceive between the blood of an Englishman and that of a Spaniard. A clerk in a public office frequently astonished his superiors by signing his name to official documents in red ink—he believing that he was doing it in the legitimate Japan. A gentleman who had sent a letter to his family whilst on a journey was surprised to learn on returning home that the first part of the epistle was in black ink and the latter in red. A banker in London made such repeated mistakes in this way that he was at length compelled to keep his inks in standishes of a different shape. Sporting gentlemen have been known who could not discriminate between the black coats and red ones in the field, particularly when the light was waning. To eyes of this description a regiment of soldiers would appear as mild in their habiliments as if they were a regiment of civilians, and but for their arms and the warlike cut of their garments, a file of heroes might almost be mistaken for a funeral procession. Many comical mistakes have arisen from this source. A gentleman relates in the "Philosophical Transactions" how he was shocked just before the marriage of his daughter by the appearance of the bridegroom in a suit of

black; for in earlier times it seems that colour was indispensable to matrimony. Papa insisted that the poor fellow should go home and assume some less melancholy attire; but the bride, who would probably have married him in sackcloth, like a noble woman—at least so we suspect—rushed to the rescue, and declared that her lover was correctly clothed in a rich claret-coloured dress. Such was the fact. One day, after service at church, a gentleman went up to a lady and inquired, with great concern, for whom she was in mourning. For no one, was the reply: why should he imagine that such was the case? The querist explained—was not her bonnet a deep black? Certainly not: it was crimson velvet! A person who had lost a relative greatly scandalized his friends by sealing his black-edged letters with red wax, just as many an heir-at-law would probably do if, after testifying his regard for the memory of the departed by using a sheet with the deepest and darkest of borders, he were at liberty to symbolize his genuine sentiments when he came to the seal. But this was nothing to the blunder of an upholsterer's apprentice who was sent to purchase some black cloth to cover a coffin, and returned with a quantity of scarlet, under the impression that it was as sorrowful a sable as the occasion required.

Next, let us mention a series of cases in which one colour is simply confounded with another. Red, for example, may be habitually mistaken for green, or crimson identified with blue. Take the former species of defect; for the clashing of green with red is one of the most popular forms of heterodoxy in regard to hues. A gentleman was asked if he saw any object stretched upon a hedge. He declared there was none. The fact was that a red cloak happened to be thrown over it, and though the exact position was pointed out to him, he could not perceive any difference in colour between the garment and the green of Nature. Boys have more than once become acquainted with their parachromatism—not certainly under that title—by finding that their companions could make easy havock amongst the cherries whilst they, from inability to discriminate between the hues of the fruit and leaves, were compelled to explore the trees laboriously, and to commit their depredations on a very unsatisfactory scale. The same difficulty has attended their operations whilst foraging in the strawberry-beds. Other most amusing instances are on record. A gentleman was requested to pick out all the greens from a number of pieces of stained glass: he selected the red, brown, claret, yellow, and pink; and when asked to say which was the most emphatic green of the group, he unhesitatingly fixed upon the claret. A surgeon called upon his tailor intending to order a pair of brown pantaloons: he selected the cloth himself; but when the garment

came home, the colour proved to be as sanguinary as if he were on the point of starting for the wars. He went on another occasion determined to secure his favourite brown, but not being properly aware of his defect, the result was just as unfortunate as before: this time the colour adopted was a violent green; and the poor fellow was compelled to get the articles dyed in order that he might not be mistaken for a soldier or a huntsman. A nobleman, whose vision was similarly affected, began to banter his lady one day for wearing a scarlet dress. Her ladyship was at a loss to understand the joke, for her dress was as verdant as the garb of spring. A gentleman who was fond of drawing used to perpetrate landscapes in which the trees were adorned with red foliage; and when he attempted to execute a marine view, his waves—contrary to all precedent, except they were intended for the Red Sea—were tipped with fine crimson crests. A medical student discovered his defect in a curious way. Whilst attending a course of chemical lectures, the professor performed the usual experiments to show how the colours of vegetable extracts might be changed by the action of acids and alkalies. Pouring his alkaline solution into an infusion of red cabbage, he announced that the liquid would finally become greenish. The student watched the process, but the red cabbage seemed to be very refractory. He waited long, expecting every moment to see the little prodigy performed. The professor, meanwhile, did not appear to be at all distressed. There was no chuckling on the part of the students at his discomfiture. On the contrary, he seemed to retire from the experiment as if he were perfectly victorious; and the pupils on inquiry asserted that the vegetable tincture had succumbed without demur, and that the operation had come off with flying colours.

There are many varieties, however, of chromatopseudopsis—that abominable Greek compound again! In one large class of cases, namely those in which people are required to distinguish between the more delicate shades of composite colours, Professor Wilson considers that inability is the rule and not the exception. Want of space forbids us to touch upon these, and for the same reason we must abstain from discussing the different theories which have been adduced to explain the phenomena of colour blindness. Dr. Dalton, who had a right to express an opinion on the subject, since his name has been attached to the infirmity, suggested that one of the humours of the eye might be tinged with some hue which, in his case, he supposed to be “some modification of blue!” Consequently the light transmitted through the optic chamber would be affected upon the same principle, as if a little window of stained glass were inserted in the organ. But when, after the chemist’s death a scientific

inquest was held upon his eye, the humours were found to be perfectly pellucid, and the crystalline lens exhibited the yellowish tinge which is customary in the aged. Failing to detect the cause in the liquids of the organ, Sir David Brewster conjectured that the *retina* might possibly be coloured; but of this there is no satisfactory proof. Besides these and other chromatic hypotheses, there are theories which refer the defect to some speciality either in the nervous apparatus of the eye, or in the brain, or in both. A phrenologist of course settles the question by pointing to the region immediately above the eye but beneath the eyebrow, and if he finds it unsatisfactorily developed, he exclaims, "Sir, number Twenty-six is miserably deficient, what can you expect?\*" Thank your stars if you can tell a judge in crimson from an undertaker in sable." It need scarcely be added that as the cause of the infirmity is so subtle, and its exact seat not yet ascertained, all theory must rest upon a basis of mere conjecture.

But whatever may be the true explanation of this phenomenon, colour blindness has been productive of much inconvenience, and in some instances completely cripples the patient so far as certain occupations are concerned. A bookbinder had an apprentice whom he was obliged to discharge, because the youth ran him into frequent scrapes with his customers by binding books in all sorts of unexpected hues. An artist had a disciple who was compelled to abandon painting, for in copying a picture he made the roses blue, he flushed his sky with crimson instead of azure, and a horse which ought to have figured in the landscape in a modest brown hide was dyed a bluish green. A milliner once mended a lady's black silk dress with crimson, and a tailor at Plymouth, to whom a dark blue coat was sent to be tinkered, returned it patched at the elbows with pieces as bright as arterial blood. A tailor's man, who had just been promoted to a post which required him to match colours for the journeymen, applied to Professor Wilson in great distress, saying that he must lose his situation unless he could be cured. Number twenty-six appeared to be in a state of insanity, for, amongst other freaks, it had persuaded him to order green strings for the back of a scarlet livery waistcoat, to mate greens with browns, and to put red stripes on some trousers in place of blue. A haberdasher was asked what became of shopmen whose number twenty-six was sadly at fault. From his reply it seems that these unfortunates frequently take refuge in mourning establishments, where of course no appreciation of tints is required, either in the "deep affliction hue," or in the "mitigated sorrow

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\* Colour is numbered 26 in Spurzheim's system.

department." Chemists have been embarrassed in their pursuits by inability to determine the colours of their precipitates, and a geologist has been known to take a person with him whilst examining a red sandstone district, to point out in the distance where the herbage ended and the red rock appeared. We remember a question of title arising with regard to some property described on a plan, and stated in the deeds to be coloured red. But there was a fine long slip of ground which manifestly exhibited the same tint, though judging from certain extrinsic evidence it ought to have been painted green. Had not the parties concerned been amicably disposed, the mistake of a colour-blind clerk might thus have given rise to a superb amount of litigation. Imagine, too, a young painter madly in love, endeavouring to portray the idol of his heart. What would be her consternation on discovering that her soft blue eyes were a flaming red; that her nose was of the greenest tint, and that her locks hung in rich purple ringlets upon a neck of spotless drab?

There is one very serious form, however, in which colour blindness might be productive of disastrous results. You are travelling by railway; you observe in the distance a man waving a flag. If that flag is red it indicates danger; if green, it simply denotes caution. By night the same purpose is answered by the employment of lamps of corresponding hue. The train goes rushing on. There happens to be some obstruction in the road. Then follows a crash; and in an instant scores of men who, but a moment before, were full of life and perfect in limb, lie mangled beneath the shattered vehicles. How is this? The person whose duty it was to hoist the signal of danger is colour-blind, and has seized the wrong flag, or the driver, whose business it was to interpret it, is dead to the difference between red and green. It may be true that catastrophes clearly traceable to this cause may never have occurred on our iron highways; but considering that red and green are the hues which are most frequently confounded in colour blindness—that red is especially treacherous during twilight because it soonest disappears—and that until recently signal-men were never subjected to any practical examination to test the integrity of their vision, we may well shudder at the thought that our lives have repeatedly been staked upon the chance-sufficiency of an official's sight.

There are three or four points connected with colour blindness which we can barely note. First, it is frequently hereditary in families. A Dr. Earle, of the United States, ascertained that amongst his own relatives there were at least twenty individuals who suffered from this oddity of vision. Secondly, ladies are said to be comparatively exempt. Professor Wilson states that



in his researches he never heard of more than six feminine instances of colour blindness in this country, and of these he only succeeded in capturing a single decided specimen. Cases however have turned up which show that the men do not bear the exclusive burden, as all polite individuals would doubtless wish the sex to do. Thirdly, it has been alleged that the number of colour-blind persons amongst the Society of Friends is inordinately large, and an attempt has been made to explain this inference upon philosophical grounds, for it has been said that the practice of wearing apparel from which all gay tints are excluded, must ultimately tell upon the eye, and in the course of several generations the consequences will mount up until they appear as a decided physical imperfection. Unfortunately for this theory Quakers are not always looking at their clothes, nor are they shut out from the varied hues of nature and art, nor does their defect bear any distinct relationship, complimentary or otherwise, to the prevalent drab of their denomination. The fact that Dalton was a member of their persuasion, and that consequently minuter researches may have been instituted amongst the body, will explain why they have furnished so large a contingent of patients. Lastly, it has been calculated that one individual in every fifty is decidedly colour-blind, and taking milder cases into account, it is conjectured that one in every twenty may be more or less affected.

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## V.

### TOWN AND FOREST.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### HAINAULT FOREST.

HAINAULT FOREST! What a delightfully romantic name! What ideas it conjures up of grassy glades amid old, old trees frequented by owls and squirrels, with violets and primroses growing at their roots, and hares and rabbits slipping here and there through the fern, and groups of startled deer rushing across and out of sight, and wood-pigeons cooing afar off, no one can exactly say where. But where is Hainault Forest? There was a Sir John de Hainault in olden times, of whom Froissart tells pleasant stories—how that he was a handsome, brave young knight, wondrously taken in by cunning Queen Isabella, wife of our Edward the Second, to whom he swore fealty, and in whose cause he came over from Flanders with ever so many gallant soldiers to fight in her defence.

Well, but that brave young Sir John de Hainault had nothing to

do, maybe, with our Hainault Forest. The province of Hainault is in the Netherlands; but Hainault Forest is close on the skirts of smoky London.

"It is difficult to believe," said John, "that in former times the whole county of Essex was one immense forest; yet such, Mr. Bolter tells me, was really the case. In the reign of Charles the First, when its boundaries were greatly diminished, its extent was estimated at sixty thousand acres, forty-eight thousand of which have been since inclosed, leaving twelve thousand acres of waste and woodland.

"You know, Ellen, we were lately reading an account of the famous Fairlop oak, and how its branches formerly overspread a circuit of three hundred feet. A fair used to be held in its honour, and under its shade, on the 22nd of July, when the days are long and the weather is generally pleasant enough. Many a loving couple has doubtless strayed among the green glades and alleys thereabouts at such times, and many a sociable party has been grouped round a cold pigeon-pie in the shade, and many a girl has munched gingerbread and many a boy blown his penny whistle under that old oak. Had this been all, it would have been harmless enough; but unhappily drinking and gaming became the two prominent features of this fair, as they do of most. On Fairlop Sunday, 1839, seventy-two gambling-tables and a hundred and seven drinking-booths were counted round about the spot where the old oak once flourished—for it has long since been cut down, and the pulpit of St. Pancras church was constructed of the timber. Earlier in the year, when the trees are clothed in green, a better place for a gipsying party than Epping Forest can hardly be imagined; and one does not wonder that numbers of vans with their looped-up curtains and gay streamers, filled with joyous men, women, and children, not forgetting well-packed baskets of provisions, should briskly trot along the road to the sound of flute, horn, and fiddle, amid shouts and shrill huzzas. On arriving at the forest they drive up to some well-known public-house, alight, form into small parties, and straggle off, some one way some another, as the fancy takes them; some leaping over bushes, some slinging at boles of trees, some chasing squirrels, some sitting in the shade, or straying along in harmonious chat, till summoned to dine on the grass."

"Pleasant enough, too," said Ellen.

"Pleasant enough, only not so innocent on a Sunday as on a week-day," interposed Mr. Bolter.

"Still, when you consider," said John, "how many poor fellows at that side of London are shut up at their looms from morning to night in close lodgings, you cannot much wonder at their wishing to inflate their lungs with a little fresh air one day in seven—as I could not help thinking this morning while the lark sang over our heads and the thrush and blackbird from the bushes. Every minute my step grew more elastic, I drew up my head, threw forward my chest, and felt twice the man I was at starting! After walking a considerable way, the road was becoming rather lonely, when sud-

denly a wild-looking gipsy-man sprang out upon us from behind a bush."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Ellen.

"He had a small tattered piece of printed paper in his hand; and, holding it close to Mr. Bolter's face, pointed with his finger to a row of large letters, and said, eagerly, 'What are those?'

" 'Selling off,' said Mr. Bolter.

" 'Thank you, thank you,' said he, gratefully; 'perhaps you will read me the whole line.'

" 'Selling off under prime cost.'

" 'Thank you, thank you!' " and away he was darting, when Mr. Bolter said, " 'May I ask, my good friend, for what purpose you inquired?'

" 'Certainly,' said he, looking rather surprised at the kind tone and expression. 'I am trying to learn to read; and, having neither book nor teacher, I sometimes stand beside a finger-post till some one goes by, and then ask them the name of the letters composing one or two short words.\* You cannot think how pleased I was to find I could read "To London."'

" 'You must be a spirited, persevering fellow,' cried Mr. Bolter, 'to encounter so many difficulties with so few encouragements. How is it you can get neither book nor teacher?'

" 'Ah,' said he, with a half-melancholy smile, 'I am one of a despised race. Who would teach the poor gipsy?'

" 'I would!' said Mr. Bolter.

" 'Would you?' cried he, joyfully. 'Then give me a lesson at once.'

" 'I am pressed for time now,' said Mr. Bolter, 'for I want to reach a given place by a certain time; but come, walk along with us a little way, and we can talk as we go.'

"The gipsy cheerfully complied.

" 'Is there any particular book you want to read,' continued Mr. Bolter, 'that makes you so desirous to learn?'

" 'Certainly there is,' replied the gipsy.

" 'What is it?'

" 'Why—it escapes me at this moment, but yet I am told it contains a good deal about my ancestors. It is called—hum!—I shall forget my own name next!'

" 'What is your name?'

" 'Pharaoh.'

" 'I confess I started.'

" 'Pharaoh Smith,' continued the gipsy. (What a come-down!)

" 'I'm descended from King Pharaoh.'

" 'There were many kings called Pharaoh, my good friend.'

" 'Well, I'm descended from one of them—perhaps from all. That makes me so anxious to read the book, because I think I may find in it something to my advantage.'

" 'That you are pretty sure to do if the book be what I think—the Bible!'

" 'That's the very name!' cried Pharaoh, with delight. 'Oh, do teach me to read it! I'll shoe your horse, if you have one, for nothing.'

" 'Without shoeing my horse (which I have not), you shall learn of me to read if we can but fix on time and place suitable for us both; but, if I give you a reading-lesson at all to-day, it must be a very short one. Come with us, however, where we are going—to a certain spot in the forest where I shall hold a meeting for all who like to come and read some of the very book you want to read so much yourself. Will you?'

" 'Thankfully!' replied the gipsy; and, as we walked onward, Mr. Bolter began to teach him the names of the letters of the alphabet by rote, in their regular order. Presently we came up to a small river or brook, beside which a man and boy were fishing. 'I must speak to this couple,' said Mr. Bolter, quietly. 'Go you forward together, and continue the alphabet, and I will join you in a few minutes.' We did so, and, therefore, of course I cannot tell you what passed."

" 'But I can,' interposed Mr. Bolter, who for some time had felt inclined to chime in. 'I offered the man a tract, and observed, I was sorry to see him fishing on a Sunday. He replied, he was confined to a close workshop all the week, and thought there could be no harm in getting a little fresh air on that day. I observed, there was no harm in fresh air, but a great deal of good, and the same might be said of fishing, with limitations. Some of Jesus Christ's disciples were fishermen, but they did not pursue their calling on the Sabbath. He replied, he did not believe in Jesus Christ. 'Ah,' said I, 'we none of us can believe that of which we know nothing; and perhaps you know little enough of Him.' 'I have read the New Testament,' replied he, carelessly. 'And remember that passage, doubtless,' said I, 'where He called his disciples away from their fishing, saying, He would make them fishers of men. And yet, in the lawful pursuit of their calling, He twice vouchsafed them a miraculous draught, insomuch that their net brake.'

" 'Oh, yes, I know all about that,' said he, with some impatience.

" 'Know, and yet do not believe,' said I. 'How comes that?'

He was silent.

" 'Come,' said I, putting my Testament into his hand, open at the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, 'tell me how do you understand that?'

He looked annoyed, but took it in his hand, and soon returned it to me. 'I confess,' said he, 'I cannot understand it at all.'

" 'Ah, my friend,' said I, 'I expected to find it so; and why? It is written, 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' It is plain, therefore, that the reason this book is foolishness to you, is because you are as yet only what the Scriptures call a natural man, however clever, as a natural man, you may be.'

" 'And, pray, what are you?' said he, with an air of pique.

" 'A fisher for souls,' replied I, quickly, 'and therefore in the

lawful pursuit of my calling, even on the Sabbath, when fishing for you!"

"Ah! I shan't bite, though," said he, playing with his rod.

"Many a fish thinks that before he's caught," replied I, cheerfully. "Come, put up your tackle and come along with me.—I'll show you better sport than that."

"Where?" said he, irresolutely.

"Where I fish for souls."

"Well—if I do, it will only be for a bit of a lark—"

"For a lark or no lark, come along."

"Let's go, father," says the boy.

"Come along, then," said he, briskly collecting his things together, "the fish won't bite *here*, at any rate, to-day, and we may as well have sport of one kind or other."

"And I've a pleasant companion to introduce you to, a little in advance," said I.

"Oh, well, all the better," said he, his good-humour rapidly rising, "I like a good companion any day of the week."

"Much obliged for the compliment," said John, laughing. "I'm afraid it was only a bait for a silly fish. However, I won't take the word out of your mouth."

"Now, you go on."

"No, you."

"No, I'm tired—I like to hear you."

"Well, Ellen, when I saw our friend coming along with two more disciples at his heels, I began to wonder whether he would have *twelve* before our walk was ended—he was evidently at our Lord's own work. As soon as we joined forces, we all fell into easy talk about the weather, the country, the late harvest, the forest, the comparative amount of inclosed and uninclosed land, which brought us all familiarly together, and which Bolter knew how to make interesting and entertaining to all. The gipsy and little boy were the only silent ones, but they listened attentively, and gave us a bright glance now and then, the one with his black, the other with his blue eyes. Presently, something being said about the birds singing all about us, the gipsy found a subject on which he really had a great deal to say that was curious. Just in the midst of it all, as we were passing, almost without noticing, a straggling row of shabby houses with a public-house in the midst, and a crowd of idle fellows hanging about it till the door should open, Bolter said, 'Go forward, all of you, till I join you—or, stay, you can help me, if you will—let us give each of these people a tract—' and, before another word could be uttered, we all to our surprise found a handful of tracts stuffed into our hands, and ourselves distributing them in silence, while our chief addressed a few words to each—words so appropriate, Ellen, that I thought 'if I could speak like that, I'd become a missionary this minute!'"

"It would come to you quite naturally," said Mr. Bolter. "Our Lord's standing orders are the same 'yesterday, to-day, and for ever'—'Take no thought what ye shall say, neither premeditate, for it shall be given you—'"

"Well, then, it was a promise fulfilled," said John, "for it certainly was given *you*. The little boy, as we walked away, said, artlessly—

"That was a jolly lark, wasn't it, father?"

"Jolly!" replied he, hardly knowing whether to look pleased or not; but the next instant I saw the boy's hand locked in his.

"To think of *my* being a tract-distributor!" said he.

"Ay, 'tis you educated fellows that are hardest to win," said Bolter, cheerily; "Just as it was with St. Paul—how he *did* hale about the poor Christians, to be sure, before he came to a better mind!"

"I could see at a glance that the assumption of his being an educated man, pleased our companion.

"Anybody can disbelieve," pursued Mr. Bolter. "It is only the well-informed that can believe, and give a *reason* for the hope that is in them."

"That never struck me," observed the other.

"Here now," pursued Mr. Bolter, "is an ignorant poor fellow, who would willingly believe if he could, but does not know how—he does not know how to read, and therefore of course cannot read the Bible, though it is the book he wishes to master above all others, because he expects to find in it something about his own particular friends and relations."

"Our companion looked askance, first at Bolton and then at the gipsy, as much as to say, 'what *can* you mean?' and I confess I thought he was on dangerous ground, especially with the gipsy, but a glance at him reassured me.

"This good man," pursued Bolter, "is of Egyptian descent, nay, he has been led to suppose, even of royal extraction. Now, I need not tell a man of your reading that there is a great deal about Egypt and the Egyptians in the Bible. It gives us the very earliest notices of them that we have,—it tells us of the nature of the country—flat, scorchingly hot, destitute of rain, and liable to be parched and absolutely uninhabitable, were it not watered by a most wonderful river, the Nile or *Nahal*, which signifies *black*—"

"Just so!" ejaculated Pharaoh, drawing closer to him.

"You see—" said Mr. Bolter to the other, with a significant look. "He corroborates the truth of the Bible, though he can't read a word of it."

"Go on, sir, please!" cried Pharaoh, "go on about my country!"

"This wonderful river," continued Mr. Bolter, "overflows its banks at stated seasons, and waters the ground so thoroughly that the Egyptians, who in early times seem to have had more wisdom, as regards this world, than any other people upon earth, knew how to turn this superfluity of water to the best account, by digging innumerable little channels through their fields, which received the overflow and supplied the want of other moisture. Hence a country naturally sandy, became clad in herbage of the most vivid green, and abundantly brought forth juicy luscious fruits and vegetables, cucumbers, gourds, melons that melted in the mouth, and were called *abdelerin*, or 'slave of sweetness.' But mark what

befel; the Egyptians, not content with being grateful for their noble river, began to be grateful *to* it, and at length to worship it as a god! Just as if we were to worship the river Thames!

"In this way he went on, and you may imagine, Ellen, our interest in hearing him. We were interrupted by coming up with a man with a gun, going out to shoot small birds. Of course Mr. Bolter had a parley with him, and *he*, too, was persuaded to join him. I cannot tell you how time passed, nor what distance we went, we 'took no note of time,' but presently we saw people coming out of a neat church—we stopped and counted how many, only nineteen! And there had been twenty waiting at the public-house. 'I wonder, sir,' said our friend with the fishing-rod, 'that *you* were not in church this morning.'

"'My dear man,' cried Mr. Bolter, affectionately, 'I should have liked it of all things, but I would gladly be away from it one Sunday, ay, twenty Sundays, to save *you*!'

"Ellen! the man was overcome! he was on the very brink of bursting into tears, but did not, which I was glad of, especially before his little boy, because it would have humbled him too much. He wrung Mr. Bolter's hand. 'Oh, sir,' says he, 'oh, sir! You've subdued me! You've nearly unmanned me! What a man you must be! Sure nobody can withstand you.' Mr. Bolter responded warmly, and then resumed a more equable tone, though all of us were more or less affected. At length we reached the spot, an open space near a country public-house, where crowds of pleasure-seekers were assembled. Mr. Bolter then briefly told us his plans, and arranged with us to keep near him and form a nucleus, as it were, for a congregation, while he commenced an open-air service. He intended to hold three or four in the course of the day, but settled to meet Pharaoh beneath a certain old oak at a certain time before dark, to give him a reading-lesson. He did not keep his appointment, however, for the service was prolonged rather more than he was aware of, and at its conclusion, a portly man-servant in rich but plain livery, came to him with a message, and detained him so long, that when we reached the oak, it was nearly dark, and Pharaoh was not there."

"What a pity!" said Ellen.

There was yet much to tell and talk over; and the evening concluded, like the previous one, with fervent family prayer.

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## CHAPTER V.

### COUNTRY QUARTERS.

As Ellen proceeded to Mrs. Meeke's the next morning, she thought of Margaret; and, remembering that Mrs. Meeke contemplated the purchase of a new carpet, she considered whether she might with propriety induce her to let Margaret make it, after stating what she knew of her story. All this was driven completely out of her

head, however, by the news that awaited her at "the Square." Mrs. Meeke came to her with a face of woe, to tell her that the two youngest of her children, who had seemed so poorly on Saturday, now proved to have the scarlet fever—a disease she particularly dreaded, having lost a fine little girl by it already. It was, therefore, her great object to remove the three others immediately from the danger of infection; and as Mr. Meeke's elder brother, a much richer man than himself, was at present on the Continent, and had left his country house at their disposal for the next month, she wished to send them thither immediately. Unfortunately she had no one to whom to entrust them—her own sisters were in Scotland. Would Miss Miller undertake the charge?

Ellen said she would most gladly do so, but for her brother and the shop; however, she would hasten back and consult him. Betsy Brick would perhaps attend to the shop in his absence, and Mrs. Fuller, her aunt, would see that he wanted for nothing.

Mrs. Meeke begged her to make all the haste she could, as the fly was already sent for: the distance to Tranquil Vale was but thirty miles, and though they could go quicker by rail, a fly would be safer, and time was no object. The old woman who was left in charge of Tranquil Vale had been desired to expect them at any time, therefore they would not take her by surprise.

Tranquil Vale! there was a charm in the very sound. Ellen had always heard much of the beauty of Kent in general, and of Tranquil Vale in particular; therefore, as she hurried off to John, she thought less of being about to do a very kind thing than a very pleasant one.

John, who was always very grateful to Mrs. Meeke for her kindness to his sister, was sincerely glad Ellen could show her any kindness in return. He hoped she would enjoy herself very much; there was a full fortnight of October yet, and he expected she would live on the fat of the land, and ramble about the country with the children from morning till dusk, and write him the nicest of letters, and come home as fresh as a rose. As for Mr. Bolter and himself—oh, they should have jolly bachelor doings in her absence, he promised her!

Ellen, well satisfied with his concurrence, next sought out her neighbour, Mrs. Fuller. Quiet Mr. Fuller was, as usual, peering over his watchmending in the little shop; he looked up, nodded, smiled, and told her she would find his "good lady" within. Now Mrs. Fuller, though a stirring woman, was likewise a kind one, very partial to Ellen, and capable, as she often said, of doing twice the work of her own little house. Therefore, when this opportunity offered of doing the work of two little houses, she did not feign reluctance, but closed with the offer at once; and when Ellen expressed regret at giving so much trouble, she said, heartily, "My dear Miss Miller, don't name it; nothing is a trouble that we can do for you! I will attend to your brother and your lodger as carefully as you could do yourself; and, in their absence, Betsy shall look after the shop."



So, what could Ellen do but express her grateful thanks, and leave her love for Betsy, who was out, and then hasten to pack up her things for the country? To one who so seldom left home, it was a pity that so much pleasure must be packed and squeezed, like her clothes, into so small a space. Had she known of it a month beforehand, the very anticipation would have delighted her all the month. However, it is no good, when we have one apple-pie given us, to regret that it is not two: the thing was very delightful as it was; there was no drawback but the illness of the two children, and she hoped and had very little doubt they would do well.

Having finished her packing, therefore, and found a man to carry her box, she hastened back to Adelaide Square, where the fly was already being loaded at Mrs. Meeke's door, and the children in the hall, ready to get in. Mrs. Meeke was very glad to see her, put some money in her hand, hasty farewells took place, and away they went. With three very lively little girls for her companions, and an entirely new road to travel, it was no wonder that Ellen did not think of Margaret.

The tall poles still stood in the hop-fields though the hop-picking was over. Every fresh turn of the road brought something beautiful, picturesque, or interesting in sight; country inns, country villages, country churches, country-seats, country lanes, country commons and heaths, sprinkled with geese and goslings, donkeys, rough ponies, cattle, and now and then a gipsy-tent, called forth continual emotions of pleasure in Ellen, who endeavoured to convey the same impressions to her young companions. Ellen's mother had been the daughter of an artist, who had imparted some taste for the beautiful in nature and art to his children; hence her eye was not wholly unaccustomed to look out for happy effects and good groupings; and if this often gave a passing interest in the ordinary, unpoetical things around her, how rapturous was it to look around where nothing met the eye but sights of bliss and beauty! The children were in high spirits, and willing enough to be amused at anything or nothing, but by far the greatest treats of the day to them were the cold dinner eaten in the fly and their passing through a country fair with plenty of gay booths and gingerbread-stalls.

The sun was gloriously setting when they turned off into a by-road with steep banks and high hedges, which brought them, first to a turnpike, then to a straggling little village and village church; then to a sudden break in the hedge and bank, which disclosed, at about two hundred paces from the road, overlooking a smooth-shaven lawn, an antique little Elizabethan mansion with

"Three ancient peaks, that nodded o'er  
An ancient porch, which nodded more."

"Tranquil Vale!" shouted the children: and truly it deserved its name. The lawn was only edged by a stone coping, and divided from the road by a sunk fence, which any one with a run and leap might easily have cleared. Two or three white and red cows were chewing the cud in the shade, a peacock stood on the parapet, and

a wreath of thin blue smoke was rising from one of the old spiral chimney-stacks against the dark background of a rookery.

Ellen thought the place looked a perfect Paradise. The driver got down to open a swing-gate, and then drove up to the house. A large dog began to bark, and an old woman, the neatest of the neat, came to the door, shading her eyes from the setting sunlight, which glittered on every diamond-shaped window-pane. She came out smiling and curtsying.

"All's ready, miss," said she; "bless the little dears! Master told me to expect them at any time. The beds are aired, and I've plenty of bread and butter in the house, for I've always been looking out for a charrot-full o' children!"

It was very pleasant to be so heartily welcomed. Ellen paid the man, after seeing the luggage taken out; and then entered the house all smiles. The children were already scampering round the quaint flower-beds, gay as a patchwork counterpane, with the great Newfoundland dog, Neptune.

The coloured glass in the hall-windows made the hall rather dark. It was of stone, with a Turkey carpet in the middle. There were old oak chairs, an old oaken table, a barometer, a curious clock, and a large dark mahogany chest or coffer, bright as glass, and lined with faded green baize, that would have held all Mrs. Meeke's children, and left room to spare. It reminded Ellen of the old story of the bride who played at hide and seek on her wedding-day, and shut herself up in an old oak chest, which she was unable to open again, because she did not know the secret of the spring lock.

"I were lonesome, biding here all day by myself," said Mrs. Quain, "though I had Kitty to sleep with me! so I'm glad you're come."

Kitty was a girl of fourteen, with cheeks as round, hard, and glazy as apples, and eyes as black as sloes.

Mrs. Quain showed Ellen into the drawing-room, which had a tall, wide lattice-window at each end, and looked very snug, though there were no lady's nick-nacks to be seen, nor yet a piano—old Mr. Meeke being a bachelor. The dining-room was oak-panelled, low, dark, and snug also. The staircase had two or three landings and very shallow oaken stairs, carpetted with red drugget. The bed-rooms were small, but pretty, with chintz furniture lined with green, blue, and yellow. Mrs. Quain shook out her master's warm dressing-gown, folded it up, and put it away.

"That gave me a precious fright one night," said she to Ellen. "I'd hung it out to air (for we're bothered with moths), and, coming up at dusk to turn down the bed, took it for a man! It gave me quite a turn; for we've had some very bad robberies in these parts."

"I think the less you say of them in the children's hearing the better," said Ellen.

Mrs. Quain gave a knowing look, as much as to say "Trust me for that," and hurried off to bring up more packages. When that was done she left Ellen to unpack, and went off to get tea and boil

a liberal supply of eggs. As neither hunger nor the means of appeasing it were wanting, the meal was a very hearty one, seasoned with abundance of harmless mirth; and the children being very tired were glad to go early to bed.

Ellen lingered on the same floor till they were fast asleep, and then went down stairs to look about her, examine the books, enjoy a good lounge in an easy chair, and feel a luxurious sense of novelty tinged by the slightest touch of awe. This apprehensiveness was not diminished when Mrs. Quain brought in her supper, and lingered to tell her all the horrible stories she had conscientiously bottled up before the children.

"You will frighten me so," said Ellen at last, "that I shall not be able to sleep a wink."

So then Mrs. Quain begged pardon, and said she had not thought of that, and she hoped nothing of the kind might happen now, for that she looked very carefully after all the fastenings.

Ellen hoped she did; and began to feel that even a paradise may be spoilt to us if we live in apprehension of thieves.

She went to bed, timid as a hare, and thought she should not sleep; however, fatigue brought its own remedy, and she did not even dream. When the bright morning sun streamed into her room she laughed at her midnight terrors, and rose, fresh and cheerful, while the children in the adjoining room were waging a mock fight with their pillows.

These active young spirits kept Ellen pretty much on the *qui vis* from six in the morning to eight in the evening; so that it was quite a refreshment to her to leave them asleep and quietly return to the parlour, to dip into some old book, or indulge in reverie. Though her days were fatiguing, however, they were highly enjoyable. She was of a sociable turn, and fond of the companionship of children; and she took them long scrambling walks, and helped them to hunt for blackberries, nuts, and wild flowers. They soon found out she was a capital story-teller; and they would cluster round her, begging her to tell of Whittington, or Prince Arthur, or Goody Two-shoes, or the aforementioned spring-lock, till they scampered off to chase a rabbit or squirrel.

Two books were especially amusing to Ellen during her solitary evenings—Defoe's "History of the Plague," and the "Life of Thomas Ellwood the Quaker." They were thin folio volumes, printed in large type, with a plentiful sprinkling of capital letters, which pleased her eye, and often, she thought, gave force to the meaning. She was deeply impressed by the account of the way in which the plague at first broke out in London, and at length desolated the city; and she delighted in the adventures of the three poor men—the soldier, the sailor, and the joiner, who made themselves a little tent, got a small horse to carry their luggage, and resolved to live in Epping Forest till the pestilence ceased: how they "went away east, through Ratcliffe Highway, as far as Ratcliffe Cross, leaving Stepney Church still on their left hand:" how the watchman placed on Bow Bridge would have questioned them, and

how they got out of his way : how they journeyed on till they got into the great north road on the top of Stamford Hill : how they then felt weary, and resolved to encamp and set up their tent for the first night ; which they did, against the back of a barn, having first ascertained that the barn had no one in it : how, while two went to sleep, the third, being a military man, resolved to keep sentry and guard his companions : how he gravely paced to and fro, shouldering his gun, till he heard a sound of many people approaching, whom, when they got quite close, he startled by crying " Who goes there ? " On which one of them said to the others in a melancholy voice, " Alas, alas ! we are disappointed : here are some people before us, and the barn is taken up ! " Then it went on to relate how that, after much parleying, it proved that the newcomers were a large party of harmless people, well-provisioned, who had reckoned on this barn for shelter ; in consequence of which the three comrades gave it up to them on the morrow and started for Epping Forest. They then began to find their horse rather more plague than profit, because it was needful to keep on some kind of an open track, and they could not hastily slip him out of sight when they saw any one coming. Being warned off Walthamstow by constables and watchmen, they began to fear they should be starved, and, finding an exaggerated report of their numbers had got about, John the soldier resolved to take advantage of it, and obtain by stratagem what he could not have done by force.

Towards dark, therefore, having artfully disposed his companions among the trees, and lighted several fires, he himself patrolled the edge of the wood, shouldering his musket, in full sight, and presently was accosted, as he hoped to be, by a terrified constable who kept at a safe distance. John the soldier had no scruple in leading him to suppose that a considerable body of desperate men were lurking in the wood who were nearly perishing with hunger, and if not supplied with food would certainly burst into the town during the night and help themselves. Consequence was, the Walthamstow folk sent the wily old rogue twenty loaves and three or four large pieces of beef, and thanked them for being contented.

There was a good deal more about these men, and the various adventures they had in the forest. The book enthralled Ellen for several nights, and when she went to bed it was to dream of a merry camp-life in

" The good green wood,  
Where mavis and merle are singing."

Then she attacked the " Life of Thomas Ellwood," whose father, a country justice, kept his coach, his hunters, his greyhounds, and lived in an old house hung with armour, pictures, and coats of arms, though he appears to have been not much richer than Don Quixote, and only kept a man and a maid.

Sweet Guli Springett seemed to give a hawthorn-perfume to the book. First, there was Little Tom, riding with her in her child's

coach, drawn by a man-servant, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Afterwards, Tom, when a young man of twenty, took a fifteen-mile ride with his father to call on Guli's mother, Lady Springett, who, meanwhile, had married a rigid Quaker, Isaac Pennington. While the old lady and gentleman are conversing, Tom finds his way into the garden, where he meets Guli, attended by her maid. Young as she was, he found her so stiff-starched that there was no getting on with her; and, as he and his father rode home, they agreed that their old friends were changed for the worse.

Tom, however, was smitten, and soon found his way back to Lady Springett's, where he soon received Quaker impressions, and began to make a conscience of withholding titles of respect from his friends; and keeping his head covered in his father's presence. This greatly displeasing the old gentleman, he made it his point of conscience to pluck Tom's hat off his head and throw it out of window, and then drive him to his own room, buffeting him by the way, and now and then "giving his ear a good whirret."

Having lost all his hats, and also his cap, one of the hats was restored by the relenting, though hot-tempered father, at the entreaty of Lady Springett, in order that he might pay her a visit of some little duration; that is, "from the time called Easter to the time called Whitsuntide." Tom returned home more of a Quaker than ever, of course; and on his sitting down to table in his hat, his father coolly observed, "Tom, if you can't dine without your hive upon your head, you had better dine somewhere else."

His ensuing course is both highly diverting and interesting. His father kept him almost in captivity. At length one day he took to his heels, his father after him; but the old justice, being scant of breath, was soon distanced, and pausing to recover himself, muttered "Nay, an' he *will* take so much pains to go, let him go if he will."

Thenceforth, Ellwood followed his own devices, which often led him into difficulties. At one time he was secretary to Milton.

All this to read did Ellen seriously incline.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### GREY NUNS.

ON the Monday which saw Ellen conveyed to Tranquil Vale, Mr. Bolter started early for the scene of the preceding day's adventures. As time was an object, he took an omnibus, which carried him some miles out of London. He then turned into a well-kept bye-road, skirted, to the right, by an old gray park-paling, enamelled with varieties of minute green and gold-coloured mosses, and overhung by noble trees that occasionally shed an acorn or horse-chestnut at his feet.

A little way up he reached a pretty rose-covered lodge, and, passing through the swing-gate, he proceeded up a carriage-drive to

a fine stone-built mansion, with all due adjuncts of coach-houses, stables, conservatory, forcing-houses, aviary, and fish-ponds. Several varieties of rare water-fowl disported themselves on the latter; partridges, gold and silver pheasants, plovers, and peewits, fed on the grass; tame hares darted across the lawn; and even a fox, aly fellow, seemed dozing in his kennel, though whether he were shamming was past the wit of man to determine.

This place as completely captivated Mr. Bolter's fancy as the humbler beauties of Tranquil Vale delighted Ellen. He murmured to himself,

"Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven—"

and lightly ran up the portico-steps, and rang the deep-toned house-bell. The rosy-cheeked footman who had accosted him the previous day, answered the summons, and, with a silent smile, ushered him at once into a lofty, spacious, cheerful morning room.

All the furniture of this room, except the fine net under-curtains, was drab of various shades, "each under each," matching each other like Duke Theseus' hunting-dogs. There were no pictures on the walls, but plenty of brilliant flowers arranged about the room, together with gay foreign birds and beetles, brilliant shells and sparkling minerals, under glass cases. The principal table was covered with beautifully-bound books; circling round a thick quarto Bible. There were gold and silver fish darting within a glass globe; there was a cockatoo on a perch, and a Persian cat on a cushion. The view of lawn and garden from the window, closed in by the forest, was charming.

Here Mr. Bolter was joined by a fair and fresh-looking lady, between thirty and forty, dressed in silver-gray silk, and

"With sable stole of Cyprus lawn,  
Over her decent shoulders drawn."

Very little of her white throat was to be seen; but an artist might have been proud to model the arm and hand of this lady. Her fair, smooth-parted hair, little concealed by a transparent cap, shaded a brow that betokened intellect as much as her mouth indicated sweetness; her complexion was what Sir Joshua Reynolds would have described, when he advised his pupils to "think of a pearl and a peach," and her calm, placid, holy aspect reminded one of the lovely lady in Comus.

"I fear," said she, in a peculiarly sweet voice, "that thou hast studied my convenience at the expense of thine own."

"By no means, madam," said Mr. Bolter, "my wish is to pass all the remainder of the day in the forest."

"This is not thy district, however," said the lady. ("Let us be seated.")

"No, I am only on temporary duty here during the illness of a brother missionary," said Mr. Bolter. "He is better, however, and,

in a few days, I shall commence work in Hopkinstown—the far less inviting district to which I am appointed.”

“I want to hear all about Hopkinstown,” said she, drawing her writing-case towards her. “Give me minute details.”

So then he told her all he had already told the Millers, and a great deal more. She set it all down, and now and then looked up at him with intense interest, and gave one or two sighs.

“This is sad,” said she at last. “Something must be done. What is the first and greatest want?”

“Men,” said Mr. Bolter, readily. “The right men for the right places.”

“Ah, thou art right!” said she, again sighing. “Instead of saying with Jeremiah, ‘O that mine eyes were rivers of water,’ I am ready to exclaim, ‘O that I were twenty home-missionaries!’”

“You would not supply the demand, madam,” said Mr. Bolter.

“And therefore,” said she, “I will abstain from wishing. It is better to pray than to wish. Let us unite in prayer.”

And, instead of waiting for Mr. Bolter to take the initiative, she herself, after a short pause, poured forth a stream of prayer so fervent, so moving, so imploring, that Mr. Bolter thought he had never heard anything to equal it, and was deeply affected when she proceeded to pray for himself. After another short pause,

“Now,” said she, softly, “do thou go on.”

He did so; and concluded with feelings strengthened and elevated.

“Ah,” said she, “if we oftener agreed as touching a thing we should ask, *and asked it*, it would oftener be accorded.”

“That’s what *I* say,” rejoined Mr. Bolter, “or, rather, it is what our blessed Lord has said, which is more to the purpose.”

Mrs. Truebury having rung the bell, a man-servant entered with chocolate and rusks, served on silver. The refreshment was very acceptable to Mr. Bolter, who was set at his ease by her partaking of it with him.

“Yes,” resumed she, “men are the chief want, and the wonder is they don’t come forward. They will go on a forlorn-hope to the North Pole, or penetrate Central Africa, for purposes of science and commerce, nay, they will try to force Christianity into regions that as yet are really impenetrable—while they leave a fearful amount of undone work at home. A few converted at Jerusalem is made much of—are there no Jews in Mary Axe? An enthusiastic young lady gets our government into trouble by distributing the Scriptures in Italy, against the law of the country: are there no Roman Catholics in Seven Dials? A brave, romantic man attempts to convert the gipsies in Spain: are there none in Epping Forest? Truly, they may say to us, as my little boy did to his nurse, when she attempted to cut his meat, ‘Interfere with thine own plate!’”

Mr. Bolter could not help laughing.

“Ah,” continued she, “for the man who aims to be, *rather than appear to be* a hero, there is plenty of work at home. As one of your own writers has said, ‘It is true that, for the Golden Valley,

he may have the Commercial Road; he may have streets for villages, courts for hamlets, the pool for his nearest lake, the sewer for his rivulet, and the scum of all the earth for his disciples; but such were the very scenes in which the apostle of the Gentiles fought with beasts and bearded the lion in his den. In the eyes of heaven, smoke-stained walls are as bright as leafy groves, the dusty street as the flowery mead, and the artisan's wan child as the blooming village maiden.\*

"True, quite true," said Mr. Bolter, "and therefore I would not, if I could, exchange the fetid lanes of Hopkinsville for the glades of Hainault and Epping, though I shall be glad when my seasoning is over."

"I shall make special prayer for thee," said she, simply. And then, after ruminating a little over her notes, she said,

"Though rather deeply engaged already, I and a few Christian sisters, like-minded with myself, will aid thee to the best of our ability and judgment. We will engage at once a large empty room, for schooling, whether morning or evening, first-day or any other day, and for exposition and prayer-service."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, madam!"

"I will also obtain a grant of school-books, Testaments, and slates—"

"Oh, thank you!"

"And forms, and a long writing-table. Those I will *myself* supply, and also a washing apparatus, a few pounds of soap, and a few yards of coarse towelling."

"Delightful! Oh, thank—"

"Dost thee not think a lending library might be started?"

"If we had any books, and if any of the people can read."

"They will soon learn when there is a temptation. This is all I can undertake for the present."

"All! you have set me afloat."

"May God prosper thy undertaking! Don't *sleep* in that horrible place."

"No; it will be my interest as well as comfort to remain where I am. Pure air at night must repair the effect of foul air by day."

"Dost thou feel it affect thee much?"

"At present. On Saturday I returned to my lodgings so excessively depressed by it that I was quite ashamed afterwards that the kind persons I lodge with should have seen me so low. Yesterday, in the forest, I was as strong as a lion."

"Well, I will now speak of the matter for which I sent to thee. There are many gipsies hereabouts, and my husband is not very fond of my visiting them—he thinks them more in thy way than mine. The day before yesterday a gipsy-woman applied to me for relief for another woman who was ill in the forest. I gave her temporal relief, and talked to her a little, but made very little impression. There was something very repelling to me in her 'dear

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\* "Times," Nov. 20.



lady,' 'beautiful lady,' and so forth, by which she meant to propitiate me, but which had quite the contrary effect. She did not seem to have the faintest idea of religion. Wilt thou seek out the encampment of these people, and try to find out what is their state, what aid they require, and whether there be any opening for good?"

Mr. Bolter readily accepted the commission, and Mrs. Truebury, saying she would show him the nearest way to the forest through her own grounds, took a parasol, and led the way through a window opening on the lawn.

The weather, the walk, and the companion were charming. As they went, Mr. Bolter related to her his singular meeting with Pharaoh, to which she listened with much interest, and they had a good deal of desultory talk on the outcast race to which he belonged.

At length they parted at a little wicket-gate, which she looked after him; and she remained watching him till he disappeared among the trees. Then she turned homewards, and was presently greeted by a lovely little boy who came running from the house. Grey Nuns was its name; it probably stood on the site of some old conventual dwelling, though not a vestige of it remained.

Mr. Bolter walked on in a most cheerful, happy frame, and thought how delightful it was to see wealth, intellect, and goodness so combined as in the instance before him. He had had an education superior to that which his present position seemed to demand, and could keenly relish refinement and intelligence though he voluntarily laboured among those who possessed neither.

A few scattered leaves of a book lying among the fern and brambles induced him to pick them up and examine the nature of their contents. They were dirty and tattered, but as soon as he caught a glimpse of the words "Forest of Arden" he smiled and read on as he walked, the birds singing over his head, and the rabbits running right and left.

And he read how an elder brother turned a younger brother out of doors, and called his venerable old steward, old dog. And how the younger brother of a reigning duke plotted against his elder brother, and chased him from his dominions, and reigned in his stead; and how many good men and true followed the banished duke into the forest of Arden, where they lived as merrily and a good deal more honestly than Robin Hood and his foresters bold. And how young Orlando found his way to them, and also the good duke's daughter Rosalind, and the wicked duke's daughter Celia, who dearly loved her cousin; and how they dwelt in a little sheep-cote buried in olive-trees on the skirts of the forest. How that. . .

Here ensued a gap of sundry pages, much to Mr. Bolter's regret. Next he came to a song, which, amid his immediate surroundings, seemed charming—

"Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to live with me,

And tune his merry throat  
 Unto the sweet bird's note.  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither !  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,  
 And loves to live i' the sun,  
 Seeking the food he eats,  
 And pleased with what he gets.  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither !  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather."

Oh, world, thy slippery turns! Orlando's cruel elder brother Oliver, thinking that to be sure he shall find countenance and acceptance with the banished duke's younger brother Frederick, finds himself, to his dismay, called to account for Orlando's disappearance, and threatened with confiscation and exile unless he brings him to light, alive or dead, within a twelvemonth. All this, and how Oliver found his way into the forest, and there wandered about in most wretched guise till almost starved and brought very low in body and mind, Mr. Bolter had not the means of reading. He found him coming up to Rosalind and Celia in a forest-glade, and showing them a blood-stained handkerchief, telling them he had been charged to account to them for Orlando's being unable to keep an engagement he had made with them, by a relation of facts. Orlando, he said, was straying along, in melancholy thought, when he perceived a wretched, ragged man, sleeping under an oak, just on the point of being stung by a large snake that had wound itself round his neck. Just as he thought it was all over with the poor man, the snake suddenly glided away, and Orlando then saw it had been scared by a lioness crouched under the bushes awaiting to spring on the unhappy sleeper when he awoke—

—————"for 'tis  
 The royal disposition of that beast  
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead."

The brave youth therefore approached the sleeper, and found him to be his elder brother! whom he had no reason to suppose in pursuit of him except to take his life! What should he do? He had nothing to do but to walk away and let things take their course! *Should* he? *Could* he? Oh, no! The voice of his brother's blood would cry to him from the ground! He would sooner die, if need be, for his brother—

*"Kindness, nobler ever, than revenge,  
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
 Made him give battle to the lioness,  
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling"*

(says Oliver, bursting into tears of penitence and affection)—

*"From miserable slumber I awoke."*

Imagine the surprise of Rosalind and Celia, who knew his previous character and conduct, but not his person. "What!" say they in amaze, "are *you* his brother? Was it *you* he rescued?" He sobs out an affirmative; and, when a little more composed, tells them that a most tender reconciliation then ensued, and that poor Orlando, being sadly torn in the arm by the lioness, was unable to come to them, and sent them his handkerchief as a token that the bearer was a credible witness.

"Matchless Shakspeare!" thought Mr. Bolter. "This play is too long for modern taste; and I have little doubt that if a playwright wanted to reduce it to suitable dimensions, this charming passage would be curtailed, or altogether left out; and yet, to me, it is one of the noblest things in the drama! What a practical sense Shakspeare had of the beauty, the magnanimity, the imperative duty, of forgiveness! He must have had some notable injuries to forgive in his own life; for this is the writing of a man of experience. A common hand would have made the two brothers draw upon each other in the forest, Oliver die after a few passes, or at any rate limp away with the additional burthen of an odiously affable 'Thou art forgiven—get thee gone for ever;' but Shakspeare could not have slept in his bed if he had made things end so! His spirit of forgiveness so overleaps even its boundaries that it extends to the wicked brother of the duke, and, in spite of the risking the charge of repeating himself, which no one could better have known was not good art, he must make even that hateful man in a way to be good and happy, *in this world and the next*. He represents him coming to the forest with the relentless purpose of hunting down and slaying his brother, when—

'—meeting with an old religious man  
After some talk with him he was converted,  
Both from his enterprise and from the world,  
His crown resigning to his banished brother,  
And all their lands restoring them again,  
That were with him exiled.'

"To the mass of playgoers this sudden and real conversion would appear about one of the most improbable things in the whole play, which would just show that they knew nothing at all about it! Shakspeare knew better: and that man has had little experience of himself, and made very superficial observation on the characters and history of others, who does not feel that, in this incident, he suggests nothing that might not naturally have occurred."

"Shakspeare, with all thy faults I love thee still."

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## VI.

## GOING UP THE YELLOW RIVER.

We enter the Flowery Land through a gate flanked with tinkling pagodas, and come at once into a region of pig-tailed narrow-eyed men; the willow-patterned plate background is become to us a thing of life. Men in thin silk robes and crimson caps, gilt-knobbed and emerald-blue-eyed, with peacocks' feathers, knock their foreheads before us as we advance with our conquering lance—the pen—to claim the tea country as our own. Strings of illuminated lanterns dangle around our path, batteries of fireworks snap and bang like rejoicing musketry in the sunny air; great painted junks, their decks crowded with pig-tailed brothers, polite according to the great book of etiquette called the '*Rites*,' written by Confucius, ko-tow to us; mandarins of every button from pearl to diamond wave their fans at us in welcome. Why is it that they are so civil to us, the "red-haired foreign devils of the west?" It is because they learn that we are a bachelor of letters—a mandarin of literature loving to disport ourselves in what their poets call "the forest of pencils." This is the bond of sympathy. These people who welcome us are the Chinese literati—freemasons of the same pen-and-ink lodge—brothers of pen and ink: they are going with us up the Yellow River.

Now these people—too good to ban and over bad to praise, like Rob Roy—are, we know, our very antipodes in customs and manners, but we must bear with them. They wear white at funerals, we black; they play at battledore with their feet, we with our hands; their old men fly kites, and our children; they read from top to bottom, we from right to left; their brides wear colours, ours wear white; we for politeness take our hats off, they keep theirs on; we shake friends by the hand, they shake their fists at them; we begin dinner with soup and end with dessert, they begin with dessert and end with soup; we in duels shoot each other, there each man stabs himself; their surname precedes their Christian name, ours follows it; we blacken our shoes, they white-lead them; we use milk with tea, they leave it out; we launch a vessel edgewise, they sideways; we mount a horse the left side, they mount at the right; our schoolboys face the master, theirs turn their back on him; we think odd numbers lucky, they think them ominous; we boil our crawfish, they eat them alive:—never mind, I'm going up the Yellow River.

But long before I get into the varnished and highly painted junk, my polite camerados of the Flowery Land beg to assure me that half my English notions about their pagodaed country are false. Because I meet itinerant rat-catchers in the streets I must not suppose that Chinamen, unless starving, eat rats. Starving Irishmen, I blush to think, have in my lifetime, been forced to eat more horrible things than rats, but my Chinaman does not know the Irish language, which indeed has no literature, and so I escape.

What Englishmen take for worms in Chinese soup, are crab and other fish cut into vermicelli shapes. Fish maws and sharks' fins they do eat, and very good they are; and as for the jelly nests of the sea-swallow, they are quite as gelatinously delicious as the belly of the Indian turtle, and are indeed worth twice their own weight in silver. Like many other misstatements about China, these arise from modern travellers going for a few weeks only to a country so immense, ignorant of the language, misunderstanding everything, and going home to mix up wrong notions with old stories of bygone books.

We are warned not to believe the charge of infanticide: even the cramped-foot slander requires modification; nor could I, looking round among my literati, see, except in a few instances, those long finger-nails in silver cases I had heard so much of. Yet I could not help smiling to see the labourer at work in the rice-fields with a fan in his girdle, the schoolmaster rapping with his fan his pupils' knuckles, the officer waving it as he would on the very field of battle itself; then, when I look into a shop and see a master weaver lashing his apprentice with his own pig-tail, I find I am in a new land, take notes of it on my thumb-nail like Hogarth, and am silent. Never mind—I'm going up the Yellow River.

I am led off to my junk, as a great magistrate is led, with coloured trains of lanterns, day fireworks, red and yellow flags, and bands of heralds who run before me with red boards inscribed with my titles. Some cry out, Silence,—Retire,—Clear the way; others beat thunderous gongs strung on knotty bamboos between two of their red-tassel-capped men, the number of strokes indicating my rank. Then came my chair-bearers, rattan-bearers, whip-bearers—you would think I was a giant surveyor, a royal postmaster, by the whips and chains of my retinue. My special palanquin follows lettered with Chinese proverbs. The bearers of my official umbrellas, pipes, card-cases, and fans run by its side; after me follow more bamboo chairs, with my secretaries, scribes, parasites, fly-flappers, and hangers on. What care, beggar on horseback that I am, if my train run over and pound to death some itinerant street druggist, or an open-air pastrycook? Why don't they get out of the way of great people with their noses in the air going up the Yellow River?

I am grieved, and think it proper to turn up the whites of my eyes, when my blue silk-robed friends assure me that there are no public libraries or reading rooms in China; but they point me out verses of *Confootze*, and stanzas from the "Poetic Garden" of Tse-ma-Konang, wherever we walk, written in all colours—vermillion, cobalt, gamboge—on tea-cups, plates, vases, and fans; on the façades of law courts, on the ledges of pagodas, on the signs of shops, the doors of houses, the walls of corridors, the cornices of parlours—even in the poorest houses. "All China is one immense library," rightly says my friend Father Huc, who knows nearly as much about the celestials, as Albert Smith—whom the Chinese called "the hairy one." I try to convince my literati friends of the peacock's feather caps, that their "braves," their heavy-

hooped matchlock men have not brought them reliable accounts of us English. Our sailors have not legs without joints, they are not stone blind, they have not breeches so tight that if they are thrown on their back they are unable to rise, they are not afflicted with eternal constiveness, being devoid of the medicinal rhubarb; thus to not kill them, they are not amphibious nor compelled to live seven days at sea and seven on shore. At supper, in my new country, I acquit myself wonderfully with the ivory chopsticks. The "quick lads" throw the rice by spadefuls into my mouth, dry with much talking. I am in the chief mandarin's room, which is hung with red, and stamped with large black-letter sentences from the divine poems of the sweet-mouthed "Whangs." The mandarin's executioners in red wait on us. Crimson, green, purple, and yellow lanterns, gay with rain-dragons and golden-roofed summer-house garden scenes, dangle and shine from the roof. Two officers of the crimson tail are at my side, and being Mantchous talk to each other in a low voice of the blue tents in the dreary wastes of Tartary, of the great Tibet caravan, of the long-haired oxen, and fur-capped herdsmen in the yellow grass plains. My host is a squab man, with a square nose, long shining ears, violet lips, a dirty-white complexion, and a general look of unloveliness,—who talks to us of "going up the Yellow River."

Hichan is in splendid robes, the imperial dragon flaming in gold and silver shines upon his breast, a globe of red coral (the first class) tops his cap: a perfumed chaplet hangs round his neck. We talk of the Blue and Yellow Rivers. Our entertainment is suddenly interrupted by the judge being required to go out and see a poor fellow, who, for calling us "foreign devil," has been put in the "Cangue;" his shaven head I find thrust through a huge block of wood, which rests with crushing weight on his shoulders. His sentence is written over his head on strips of white paper. I intercede for him and he is forgiven. Now at last for going up the Yellow River.

With many bows and ko-towings, we part from our friendly mandarin, who leads me under a triumphal arch erected to my memory, hung with red silk—a frontage of coloured lanterns, and tinsel flowers. As I pace to my junk I meditate on several learned things which the mandarin told me over our tea; such as that we Europeans got the word China from the name of the emperor Tsinga, who lived three centuries before Christ. The Malays caught the word, and gave it finally to the Portuguese. Our word silk is the Russian chelk, derived from the Mongol sirk. The wise man also told me that the Chinese called theirs "the Central Empire," from a certain province which is the centre of China. To-morrow, I thought, I shall be chewing these philological kernels, and gliding up the Yellow River.

We go on board our junk with the mat sails. It has a hawk's beak and two helms, so that it can move backwards or forwards without tacking. Its bottom is built in water-tight compartments. It has huge monster eyes painted on the prow. They beat the

*tam tam* to bring the crew together, and to bid farewell to the shore. Our hold is crammed with melons and salt; our two mandarins, Ting and Tang, are down in the cabin with their little lamp and opium pipes built in with a thick white fetid vapour that is balm to them.

Hurrah! the wind springs up and strains the sail. At last we are going up the Yellow River. Now for sea-slugs and such delicacies; now for the hot wine in china cups; now for the coloured paper napkins; now for the fried silkworms and dog hams; now for the solemn bowings, and the groans as signs of repletion; now for long reaches of swampy rice-fields crowned by whitewashed pagodas, temples with gilded roofs, lantern-lit tombs, ice-houses, canals, endless tobacco-fields, flower-covered mountains, maize-plains and sugar-cane patches; now for the country of three hundred millions of people—the old fossil country of the willow pattern; now for long shores with broad-hatted people on it, writing, reading, riding, bowing, but always smoking; now then some rice wine, and a slice of puppy—I am hungry. And now, as loosening my thick-soled satin boots, and my red and yellow sash, I yield myself on the deck of the junk to more serious dreams, I think of the great victories over these three hundred millions that Christianity is yet to make; of the progress of those truths that are hateful to all wickedness, because they cannot breathe or live in the same atmosphere; that have said to slavery, “Do as ye would be done by;” that to tyranny point out the smitten Herod, to Phariseeism the forgiven Magdalen; that preach to the proud the loving Saviour, living with and loving the poorest of the earth; that show to the swollen bishop, the fox’s hole; to the intellectually proud, the black earth that chokes up sooner or later the ambitious greedy mouth.

But the stars fade and wane, it gets cold, I must go below, and to-morrow will perhaps discourse more of going up the Yellow River.

## VII.

### LONDON TO ARRANMORE.

By midsummer I was sick of London. I had been disappointed in one of my ambitions, and, like a true philosopher, was fretting myself into illness. I had fallen into that painfullest condition of the studious man, when night brings neither shelter nor repose from the tyranny of thought. While the world and all its interests lay quiescent, the brain, like some great wheel, spun wearily on. I held conversations with persons whom I had never met in the waking world: all the dead whom ever I knew came back to me in these visions. I had to suffer over again, all my painful experiences, and so morbid and wretched did I become, that I dreaded slumber, as the slave, whose back is yet smarting with yesterday’s lash, dreads the gong which calls him to labour beneath the over-

seer's eye, and within reach of his formidable whip. Night had become the reality, and day the dream. In this dismal state of things, I found one morning on my breakfast table a note from my old friend John Penruddock—once a college chum, now a substantial farmer and breeder of prize cattle in some remote district in the north of Ireland—urging me to pay him a visit for a week or two. "If I cannot talk about books," wrote the honest fellow, "I can promise you a hearty welcome, a horse and a gun, and a fine country to ride and shoot over; and I dare say, to one with an eye and taste like yours, the neighbourhood will not be found altogether destitute of character—queerly-twisted and knotted specimens of humanity. The days you can spend as you please, in the evenings you can have my society and as much talk as you like, over ancient times and companionships. If this bill of fare is at all acceptable, come as soon as you can. I am sure you will be the better for it. As a further inducement, I may mention that I am happy in a house-keeper, who warms my slippers and nightcap, and remembers me in her prayers every night, and whose apple dumplings are famous for twelve miles round." Here was a way of escape opened up for me; here was promise of experiences fresh and invigorating. Besides, thought I, I shall have solitude alternating with cheerful society, and cannot have a finer opportunity for finishing my great work on the philosophers. I'll write to Penruddock by the next post, telling him that I gladly accept his offer, and shall be with him in twelve days at furthest.

The letter was despatched, and the next evening I took my place in the down train from Euston Square. My destination was Carlisle, for the old ballads were singing in my brain, and it was not till noon of the third day, that I entered Edinburgh for the first time for several years. I was anxious to see the grand old town again, and as the carriage drove across the North Bridge, I glanced out of the window and beheld passengers struggling in the grasp of a whirlwind; gentlemen steadying themselves with difficulty, or leaning against the blast, ladies endeavouring with both hands to subdue rebellious dresses; while a hat flew past me and disappeared over the parapet into the abyss beneath. Arthur's Seat was still as of old, the cave of Eolus, and the hill of winds! The city was little changed since I saw it last. Precisely the same men seemed to be walking about the streets. The buildings on the mound were yet unfinished, and a house which five years ago I remembered to have seen workmen pulling it down, had workmen still employed on it for that purpose. The stream of time in London, rushes on rapid and cataract to the sea: in Edinburgh it lapses quietly away, with perhaps some poor frame bill of a "reform" afloat upon its surface. But the east wind!—well, well, without it Edinburgh would be too good for this world. It is evidently a thorn in the flesh, lest it should be exalted above measure. In spring the sunshine is faultless as a crocodile's tears. When you look out of the window, the day smiles so blandly, looks so very like summer, that you disdain your dreadnought and sally forth unprotected, go on for a few paces



dreaming perhaps of violets, or lamb and early peas, when at the turning of a corner, with a howl of suppressed delight, down comes the east upon you, bearing in its heart the concentrated bitterness of a thousand winters. The villanous day cuts your throat and smiles in your face all the time, too. It was plain that I had visited Edinburgh at an unpropitious period: the east wind was everywhere, it bore undisputed empire, it penetrated into every nook and cranny with its icy breath—from it there was no escape. I was asked to dinner, the east wind was in the countenance of my host. I went to church, a bitter east wind was blowing in the sermon; the text was that divine one, "God is love," and the sermon that followed was full of all uncharitableness.

Glasgow, my next stage, is a huge dingy manufactory or workshop, breaking out of smoke towards the west, into squares, crescents, and terraces of almost princely magnificence. For so large and rich a city, it is somewhat deficient in lions. Many of the public buildings are fine, but to produce a proper effect on the spectator, they require a breadth of airy space around them, and that in so populous a community apparently cannot be had. I have never seen uglier statues, I think, than here. The only really fine work of art I could discover is the figure of Sir John Moore. I do not know what the opinion of the citizens may be, but it struck me as very noble and modest; with something even pathetic in its unassuming and heroic sweetness. Of course, to strangers like myself, the college and cathedral are the chief points of interest. It was vacation time, and I spent an hour in the empty courts of the university, and the adjacent grounds. There is something imposing in that broad space of antique silence and meditation, dwelling in the very centre of a city's uproar and strife. When you walk out into the street again, you seem to leave the quiet stateliness of history for the rude and brawling present time. The cathedral stands gray with years, among a thousand graves. The flat tombstones make a pavement all round it, lettered with the names, dates of births and deaths, and other such-like frail memorials of the dead. The remarkable thing about it is the crypt, used in the olden time as a place of worship. It seemed to me that the minister must have preached to the pillars, so numerous are they. It is beneath the ground, has a damp charnel smell, and with its dusty light and thronging pillars looks like a Druid grove of stone. Very strange, very uncomfortable, and very dreary! About the last place one should like to spend a night in, although I believe one would be perfectly undisturbed. It must be an eccentric ghost to haunt such a place. Mark Tapley couldn't be jolly here. See the slime on the walls, the obscene sweat on the stone! Faugh! let me up to the dim day, that I may refresh myself with a mouthful of smoke, for, like Manchester, Glasgow has no air.

What glimpses of Glasgow society I was privileged to obtain at the house of Mr. H—, was on the whole satisfactory. At many a table I have heard a great deal less common sense, and a great deal more about the fine arts. The gentlemen were good-natured,

intelligent, hard-headed fellows, not without a certain flavour of humour or sarcasm, if occasion required. Their education for the most part did not seem complete, rather picked up by fits and starts as they went along, and they indulged occasionally in an undress manner, and a breadth of tone caught from the license of the commercial room. The ladies were their wives and daughters; that is perhaps all that can be said. It was evident, from what I saw and heard, that the almighty dollar was looked upon in Glasgow with quite other feelings than contempt. I remember at dinner the conversation turned on the question whether men were born equally clever. One gentleman affirmed that they were, and that education and circumstance determined whether the infant puking in the nurse's lap should turn out a numskull or a Milton. Backwards and forwards the ball was tossed. "Na, na," quoth a gray withered man who sat opposite, trifling with his port, "Na, na, if men are born equally clever, they wad mak the same quantity o' siller; noo as we see that they *dinna* mak the same quantity o' siller, it follows that they canna hae been born equally clever." I could not forbear a smile at this characteristic logic. He had made a fortune in the cheese and bacon line, and the flattering inference was inevitable.

People conversant with Edinburgh and Glasgow have told me that a considerable amount of civil dislike exists between the cities. Edinburgh, seated high up in the cold clear east, looks with scornful eye on her swart and rainy cousin of the west, who under a canopy of smoke keeps thumping away day and night with innumerable hammers, sets a hundred mills in motion till eye and ear are dizzy, and crams cart-loads of coal down the throats of furnaces, compared with which that seven times heated one of Nebuchadnezzar's was but a holiday bonfire. That this should be the case is amusing enough, and yet grave matter of sorrow. They have no cause to be ashamed of each other. Their envy furnishes laughter for the enemy. The touring cockney, in his metropolitan contempt, wonders what they find in each other to hate. Professional Edinburgh, returning from the Parliament House, with white choker and slim umbrella, sniffs disdain on vulgar Glasgow and his showy wife who have come up on a visit. Mercantile Glasgow chucks his swollen purse in the air and renews his offer to complete the national monument, provided Edinburgh would allow the well-known blazon of tree and fish, bird and bell, to be placed upon it; and further intimates his willingness to buy up the whole city from Newington to Stockbridge. This is pretty much the relation which exists between the cities. The one is proud of its brain and breeding, the other of its wealth. Edinburgh, like Mr. Disraeli, stands on its head. Glasgow, in a spirit of useless bravado, slaps its breeches pockets with ungloved hand. They may well cry "quits." The one produced the "Edinburgh Review," the other created steam navigation. That old Whig gentleman, the Review, now desperately shaking in the knees, totters into the sun regularly every three months, clad in antiquated garments of buff and blue. Steam,

the stripling giant, has made America but as it were a morning's call; he has in his keeping the foamy pathways of the sea, and will yet bring every outcast tribe into the great family of man. There is something to me very noble in that temper, as of steel, cutting its way through every impediment, which seems ever to have distinguished the natives of Glasgow. Mr. H. told me afterwards that the gray, wizened man who trifled with his port and gave such invincible reasons for his disbelief in the thesis that men were born equally clever, was one of their richest citizens. Yet he started life as a tobaccoconist boy, slept on stairs, and washed his face at a pump.

The passage to Belfast was disagreeable enough. There was a head wind with a nasty chopping sea, and for a couple of hours we lurched and tumbled about in a manner that would not have disgraced the Atlantic at its wildest. The noise, motion, and closeness of the atmosphere, fragrant the whole time with brandy toddy, of which two commercial gentlemen partook largely before turning in, made sleep impossible; and when we reached our destination, about four o'clock in the morning, I went on deck, and found it raining heavily. As wretched and comfortless a sight as ever I saw. Every object was obscured by a heavy mist. The lamps looked bleared and miserable through the clammy vapour, and half a dozen damp cars, with drivers in drab great-coats, looking equally raw and damp, were waiting on the quay. One of these I engaged, was conveyed to the nearest hotel, and was speedily in bed, which seemed to heave and roll about in a most unaccountable manner. I awoke about eleven, and, as the rain continued, resolved to proceed at once. In a clammy car, under the care of a clammy driver, I reached the railway station, and after the usual delays, with a snort, a pull, a sharp ear-piercing whistle, we were off. In an hour the rain ceased, the sun shone gaily, and, looking out of the window, there was Ireland visible at last. Without specially striking features; a soft, undulating country, with slow black watercourses, thickly fringed with willows that whitened in the wind, less mountainous than Scotland, more flowing in outline than England, and greener than either. The stations were numerous; their strange names and the people that crowded the platforms were full of interest. Florid, comfortable fellows enough, with hearty tones in their voices, and hospitable faces that warmed one like a fire newly stirred. Somehow I expected to see beggars, traces of misery on the hill side, deserted houses, fields uncultivated and running to waste. In these fears I was disappointed. I never saw a people on whom care sat so lightly, or who bore ampler evidence of good dinners. Still one felt one was neither in England nor Scotland. The members of the constabulary force with sheathed bayonets and dark green uniforms were new; so also the frankness, unrestrained mirth, and jolly address of the people. At one of the stations a lady asked the guard if her terrier—said terrier confined in a kennel beneath the carriage, and howling in a distressing manner—might be placed in the compartment beside her, at the same time

urging for excuse that she was the sole occupant. "Sartinly, ma'am, sartinly," said the official, with a gallant bow, and in a brogue the richness and rotundity of which were remarkable; "on this loine we never say *no* to a lady!" When I left the train at Ballymarig I immediately became a bone of contention to a number of omnibus drivers, sent by the hotels in the town—situated at the distance of a mile—to pick up passengers. Bewildered by the noise, wild and rapid gesticulations, and unblushing flatteries of these worthies, I helplessly allowed the most brazen of them to take possession of my things, desiring him, at the same time, to have a conveyance ready for me within the hour, as I meant to proceed into the country. The fellow touched his hat, and the bevy of omnibusses drove off, the drivers "chaffing" each other as they went. Lighting a cigar, and picking up a small black bag, the remainder of my luggage, I prepared to follow, when a wild-looking boy came trotting alongside: "Carry yer bag, yer honour? carry yer bag, yer honour?" "No, no; I'll carry it myself." "Has yer honour got such a thing as a ha'penny about yer?" "Get off with you; I haven't got a ha'penny." "I belave ye, sir!" the face lighted up with a malicious smile as he touched his ragged cap and dropped astern. I have heard of the quickness of Irish repartee, thought I, this is a specimen I suppose; I find I am going to be the dull grindstone on which these people will sharpen the knives of their wit.

When I reached the hotel I found a jaunting car with my things strapped on waiting at the door, and a singular figure standing beside it, who touched his hat and announced himself as the driver. "Do you know Mr. Penruddock of Arranmore?" said I. "I do, sir; many's the one o' the quality like yer honour have I driven there." "Very good; start as soon as you can." We mounted, rattled down the crooked streets, and were soon in the open country. The road was flanked by green meadows, through which a slow black stream wandered and coiled itself about in a circuitous manner, as if resolved to take as long a time as possible to reach the sea; the banks, as usual, adorned by rows of pallid willows. Whitewashed farmhouses were plentifully scattered about with pale willows crowding round them. Willows were everywhere; willows seemed the only timber the soil would tolerate, and their abundance gave the whole country a soft and whity-green appearance. We passed through a whitewashed village some miles on, in which I remember seeing a wretched hovel with the device National School painted in splayed and dislocated letters on a board above one of the windows; a huge pile of filth lay in front, and an iron-gray pig, with a white patch over one eye, and wonderfully long legs—looking, by all the world, like a porlæser on stilts—stood in the doorway. The driver pointed it out to me with the information that "that was the schoolmaster!" Along the road frail country carts came trotting, each containing an ancient native in crushed hat and blue swallow-tailed coat, and a weather-beaten female in clean white head-dress, and wrapped in a dark-coloured cloak. With these and the men by the road-side, also attired in crushed hats and

blue swallow-tailed coats, seated on piles of whinstone, and leisurely chipping at a refractory mass between their dis-spread legs, Jehu held a flying skirmish of words, and not unfrequently had his good-humoured sallies returned with interest. Every one seemed to know him too! Surely never before had man such an extensive circle of acquaintance.

By this time the west began to redden to the afternoon, and the country through which we were passing looked fair in the coloured light. Whitewashed farmhouses, half hidden by stacks and pale willow-trees, were plentifully sprinkled over the undulating hills, and the stretches of low meadow-ground, dotted with haycocks, or purple-gray with clover. Far and wide, the land waved with harvest, large flax-fields skirted the road: some of these gay with a few flowers, calling to mind the heroines of German romance, with tresses yellow as the flax, and eyes blue as its blossoms: in others, bands of reapers were engaged, and to these my guide, placing his hand to his mouth, never failed to send some salutation, and in reply, a short, or a gay sentence or two, came singing back through the elastic air. "Mr. Penruddock lives just down there," quoth he, pointing with his whip to a noble clump of trees, through which was half visible the gleam of a whitewashed bridge. "His house is on the side o' the hill, so we can't see it from here." In a few minutes we rattled across the bridge, and pulled up in the spacious farm-yard beyond, gathering up in one flying glance all the special features and characteristics of the place: the tawny mastiff stretched on the ground, his black muzzle resting drowsily between his extended fore-paws; the dusty mills opposite, a great black wheel on the side of one of them, spinning rapidly in its watery mist; the tree-swung bell to call the servants to labour at dawn, its long rope, knotted at the end, hanging to the ground; half a dozen mighty-uddered kine, from the deep rich pasture, sweetening the whole place with their fragrant breath; a string of geese, the white gander at their head, waddling down a little rising ground with all the absurdly-dignified air of their race; and the long, low, whitewashed, comfortably-thatched dwelling-house standing against the sunset, its front full in shadow, the walls gay with creepers, wreaths of smoke curling indolently from its hospitable chimneys, and high over all, a troop of snowy pigeons wheeling and tumbling in the rosy air. All this was caught in a moment; for at the sound of wheels the mastiff sprang to his feet and gave forth a deep bay, and the next moment a door opened among the climbed scarlet flowers, and through the little garden John Penruddock himself came running, six feet two, his face red as a sun-burnt pippin as of old. "I didn't expect to see you for an hour yet—but God bless you, old fellow," cried he, crushing my hand in his mighty palm till the water started into my eyes. "Let me unstrap your things for you, and go in. Miss Cargill will have tea ready in a trice. You must be very tired, I'm sure."

"Thanks, thanks; but I have a small bit of business to transact with this gentleman."

I went up to the driver and poured what loose silver I was possessed of into his hand—not much to be sure, after all.

"I wish," exclaimed that worthy, touching his hat and glancing at the coins at the same time, "that I had the driving of yer honour to Arranmore every day o' my loife!"

On the delivery of which sentiment, he climbed into his seat, seized the reins, and driving slowly over the whitewashed bridge, disappeared behind the trees.

By this, Penruddock having got my things placed up stairs, led the way into a little parlour and introduced me to Miss Cargill. She was an ancient lady, and wore a gown of black silk, with a kind of white fleecy shawl over her shoulders pinned with a small brooch in front. She looked the very image of neatness and silence. A distant relation of John's by his mother's side: she had never married: had kept house for him for many years, and the greatest affection subsisted between them. She had nursed him when a little boy, and in her eyes he was a little boy still. It was amusing to hear her lamentations when John was caught in a shower; her distress when the swarthy giant got his feet wetted in a bog; her anxiety to have his stockings changed, producing at the same time a dry pair warmed at the fire by her own hands. Many a singular condiment was he forced to swallow; of many a basin of gruel have I seen him partake with a wry face enough to prevent imaginary coughs and colds. "I always find it better to have a cough or something of that sort on the premises," said John to me once; "for the dear old creature would be perfectly miserable if she had no excuse for coddling and spoiling me." In a short time the tea-table was arranged, at which Miss Cargill presided with much dignity. It was liberally supplied, if the articles were miscellaneous: eggs, ham, cold fowl, the remainder of a roast, honey, and several kinds of jam; to all of which, as my appetite was considerably whetted by my journey, I did ample justice, to the great delight of John and the old lady, the latter having always something new to recommend, and in spite of all protestations and prayers to the contrary, heaping my plate with the same. "How many cups of tea have I had, ma'am?" said John, handing up his empty cup and saucer for a fresh supply.

"Only five, my dear," said Miss Cargill, with a pleased smile; "seven is your usual number. Shall I ring for more hot water?"

"Well, since you have finished, and as Burdett there seems unwilling to have anything further, I think Matty may take away the things."

The tea-things were removed, the candles brought in, and Miss Cargill, placing a small basket on the table filled with different coloured wools, was soon busy in the creation of an enormous rose. John threw himself down on a sofa beside me and began talking about his mills, the value of his stock, how much he expected to clear on his crop of turnips, and other cognate matters, when tumblers, glasses, a small brass kettle, and ingredients essential to the manufacture of punch were brought in and placed on the table.

"Sit in, Burdett; you will be the better of something hot after your voyage last night and your long drive to-day. May I have the pleasure of making you a little, ma'am?"

"If you please, John; but don't use so much sugar as you usually do. You are falling into a bad habit of putting too much sugar in your punch. Nothing can be worse for the throat."

"I trust I shall brew, on the present occasion, to your satisfaction," said John, carefully preparing the liquid in a tiny glass. "Do you approve?" asked he, handing it across.

Miss Cargill lifted the glass to her lips, sipped as much as a bee might, and then said, "Thank you, John: it is very nice."

When she had finished her punch, she lit a taper, gathered up her wools, shook hands with me, kissed Penruddock on the forehead, and bade us both good-night! "I need make no excuse for retiring so early. You have a great deal to say to one another, and I feel rather fatigued. I hope, John, you won't keep Mr. Burdett up too late. He has been travelling, you know, and must be tired. I say this for your own sake as well as for his. The last time you had a visitor, you had a headache all next day, and—here a droll smile broke on the old loving face, a flash of former fires it seemed to me—you told me that the headache was caused by sitting up too late."

John coloured a little as he said, "I trust we shall not offend in that way to-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Burdett—good-night, John," and with a smile Miss Cargill retired.

We had much to talk about: old times, old places, old companions, and the changes which time and fortune had brought to our familiars long ago. To some she had given riches and reputation, to some wives and children, to some quiet graves in country churchyards. Some were wandering in foreign lands, some toiled desperately in this; one or two had perished in Crimean snows, or been shrivelled to a cinder in a gush of flame from the Redan. In spite of my interest, fatigue would have its way, and at last John's voice seemed to murmur as in a dream. Then he got up. "I think you had better turn in now: I'll lead the way." He lighted me up a small carpeted stair into a still white room with a window with diamonded panes. "Here is your den. I'll be up early; and we breakfast at eight: if you wish to preserve the good impression you have made on Miss Cargill, I'd advise you to be punctual. I hope the bell will not fright you from your propriety. You are very sleepy. Good-night."

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## VIII.

## LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND GOSSIP.

*Mélanges Scientifiques et Littéraires.* Par J. B. Biot, Membre de l'Académie des Sciences et de l'Académie Française. 3 vols. Paris.

NATIONS as well as individuals have their outer and their inner life; one of strife, commerce, and diplomacy, and one of intellectual and spiritual progress; but the former is so prominently set forth in history, as almost to shut out the other from all consideration; and it is with a feeling of surprise, of improbability, or incongruity, that we turn from the external life of a nation, to contemplate its quiet and peaceful internal workings. It is not without an effort to reconcile ourselves to a sensation of anachronism, that we can picture to ourselves our own stormy seventeenth century as the age of Harvey, Sydenham, Boyle, and Ray; of Dugdale, of Fuller, Tillotson, and Jeremy Taylor; of Locke, and of that mightiest of human intellects, Newton. Perhaps not altogether free from impatience is our glance at Sir Thomas Browne writing quietly his treatise on "Popular Fallacies," with the clatter of Prince Rupert's cavaliers and Cromwell's Ironsides ringing even into his study. For Milton the "many sided," we can readily find a place, as in him the inner and outer life of the nation touch.

But if these considerations suggest the feelings alluded to, how much more is it the case when we have the fact impressed upon our notice, that France between 1790 and 1858 has a history of its own, which is not one of carnage and destruction, which has no connection with war or its rumours, with the tyranny of the one, or the greater tyranny of the many; but which peacefully takes its accustomed part, and its full share too, in the general advancement of knowledge and science, which is gradually elevating the intellectual condition of Europe. Yet so it is; in the three charming volumes before us, we have a record of much literature, much science, and much speculative philosophy—clearly little more than an infinitesimal part of what was going on—showing plainly that the human intellect will not wait for its development till the angry passions of men have exhausted or consumed themselves. Whilst in the ordinary history of these times, we see nothing but blood-stained pictures, and nations convulsed with internal throes, or at rest from exhaustion or despair, we have here the records of men who were investigating abstract truth, who were surveying the earth, sounding the depths of the sea, and calculating the laws which



preside over celestial motions, as peacefully as though the Augustan age had returned, and men were to know war no more.

Strange enough, too, it is to see the occasional approximation of these two worlds. Let us look back some sixty years, to a meeting of the National Institute in Paris. There is a scene which in many points of view is not unworthy of note. A young and unknown student of mathematics is about to make his *début* before this learned assembly; his is the confidence of genius, (with a little added from another source, to be seen by-and-by); but it is an assembly that might well shake the nerve of even a more experienced man; for amid many great names, there are some that the world will always know. There is Monge, unrivalled in geometric analysis, and chief of the *Ecole Polytechnique*; there is the veteran Lagrange, whose criticism our young aspirant would have feared, but that there was also the author of the immortal "*Mécanique Celeste*," Laplace: for to him had the young man been the day before, and had shown him his calculations; he had seen on his face an expression of surprised satisfaction, and had been told by him that his was the right method; he had received from his matured experience, a hint to stop short of some far-sighted, but as yet too hasty inductions; he knew also that Laplace had spoken favourably of his work to some of those present. And there was another there, an undersized, rather slouching, perhaps rather slovenly looking man, who had just returned from Egypt, where he had made some noise; he had made some in a certain street or two in Paris also, since his return, and would make more shortly. But in the interval he was here, *why*, it might be difficult to say: perhaps brought by his old friend M. Monge; perhaps come of his own accord to keep up his character as a mathematician, of which he was proud; perhaps sowing beside all waters, looking to the time when he might make ministers of marine, and councillors of state out of some of these men. From whatever motive, there sits citizen Bonaparte; he draws around the table with the other geometers, and looks on whilst the young man, our friend M. Biot, lucidly explains his views, illustrated by chalk and a black board—looks on, no doubt, with much apparent attention, for when the *séance* is over, when all have congratulated M. Biot upon his most assured success, the commission appointed to report upon his researches, consisted of citizens Laplace, Bonaparte, and Lacroix, all men of some mark. After this peep into the quiet world of thought, citizen Bonaparte doubtless returned to his artillery and other disturbances; we lose sight of him at present, but we must follow M. Biot to dinner. He goes to dine with M. Laplace, and having saluted Madame,

he is invited for a moment into the great man's study. There Laplace opens a closet, and extricates from a chaotic mass some papers, yellow with age, which, after pledging him to silence, he shows to M. Biot. These prove to be the same calculations which have been the subject of his young friend's paper of the day; the same results which he had obtained years ago, which out of the fulness of his noble spirit he has kept back, that the young aspirant may enjoy undisturbed the merit of the discovery. He also had arrived at the above-mentioned conclusions, which he considered premature, and so had laid the whole away for years. M. Biot tries to describe his feelings on the occasion, as a mixture of gratification that he had in some degree "thought side by side with Laplace; of some little regret that he had even silently been forestalled in his discovery; but above all, of a most profound and unspeakable appreciation of the nobility of sentiment manifested by M. Laplace." How rare, indeed, are the instances of such scientific abnegation as this! And this was the opening of M. Biot's long and distinguished career in literature, and more particularly in the exact sciences—a career which might have been closed at its outset, and its valuable results lost to the world, by one selfish word on the part of the great mathematician.

The three volumes before us contain a record of some portion of the labours of more than half a century. It is pleasant to look back upon writings of this character, extending over a period of time almost unparalleled for its startling events in the history of the world. Between the first and the last of these essays, France passed from democratic anarchy and coarseness, to the elegancies of monarchy and empire, through almost countless political revolutions, overturning rank, fortune, and individual position. Yet during all this time, there was a steady intellectual progress, of which we have here testimony, apparently unaffected by the confusion around. The secrets of ancient Egypt were investigated; the languages, religion, and doctrines of the by-gone oriental nations were studied, and erroneous opinions with regard to them rectified; expeditions of discovery were made into unknown seas, and unexplored continents; a more extended intercourse was instituted with man in all his varieties of condition and manners; and the progress of the physical sciences was rapid beyond all previous experience.

When we speak of intellectual progress, we must not be understood as conniving at the hypothesis of some vaunted improvement of the human mind in itself. Perhaps it is not going too far to deny any such improvement altogether. Plato and Aristotle thought and observed as justly and as accurately as Bacon and Descartes; what does really make progress is the grand

mass of perpetually accumulating material for thought to exercise itself upon, and the continually refined and perfected means of observation. In such of these papers of M. Biot's as were written fifty years ago, we observe necessarily an ignorance of some of the scientific facts which have been so rapidly flowing in upon us during that half century ; but in dealing with science and literature in their then condition, we remark a clearness of thought, a quick detection of logical error, an acute perception of scientific adaptation, an almost prophetic intimation of what must be the next discovery, and an accuracy of inductive reasoning, which can be equalled by few, and excelled by none in the present day, when our actual amount of knowledge is so much greater.

If this stationary aspect of mind be considered by some as humiliating, there is another reflection, which the reader of these volumes will make for himself, that may be a little more consoling, though negatively so : that is, that we do not write more foolish books than they did fifty years back. The follies of men and of authors may in various ages assume various forms ; but their intensity and amount seem to be tolerably constant. Of this we shall find a few illustrations shortly ; but in the mean time we pass on to make our readers acquainted with a portion of the contents of these volumes. These consist of reviews of books, of literary and scientific essays, of voyages and travels, of accounts of geodesic operations, and of biographical sketches. All are interesting, but it is only a very small part of them to which we can even briefly allude ; most of the purely scientific papers are incapable of condensation, and the most important of the biographies, as that of Newton, are too long, and likewise too familiar to be suitable for extract.

In the year 11 of the republic, M. Biot was requested by the minister of the interior to visit the department of the Orne, to investigate the circumstances attendant upon, and the phenomena connected with, a remarkable meteor which had appeared there, discharging quantities of stones with repeated violent explosions. The whole history of the journey is most instructive, as an example of the careful *weighing* as well as accumulation of phenomena and testimony—a point too frequently neglected in such inquiries. We must content ourselves with the summary of the facts as finally ascertained, connected with what M. Biot considers as “one of the most astonishing phenomena ever witnessed by man.”

On Tuesday, the 6th Floreal, year 11, about 1 p.m., the weather being fine and clear, there was observed over a space of about thirty leagues, a fiery globe, very brilliant, moving with considerable rapidity in the atmosphere. Some minutes after,

violent explosions, lasting five or six minutes, were heard ; three or four were like cannon, followed by a sound as of a *fusillade*, and then one like the rolling of drums. The air was still, and the sky serene, except a few small clouds.

This noise proceeded from a small cloud of rectangular form very high up in the air. It appeared immovable during most of the time, except that, at the time of the explosions, streams of vapour projected momentarily from the sides. Simultaneously with the explosions was heard a hissing sound, as of projectiles, and the people saw at the same time a multitude of solid masses fall, exactly similar to those known as meteoric stones. These fell over an extent of country, about two and a half leagues in length by one in width, its form being elliptical. The largest stones fell first at the S. E. extremity of the long axis of the ellipse, and the smallest at the opposite point. The largest stone found weighed seventeen and a half pounds ; the smallest seen by M. Biot about two and a half drams : the number he calculates between two and three thousand. Analysed by M. Thénard, these stones were found identical in composition with other meteoric stones, consisting of silicon, oxide of iron, and magnesia, with two per cent. of nickel, and five per cent. of sulphur. These stones appear to have been very hot when first fallen, but no accurate observations were made on this point. M. Biot very modestly contented himself with reporting facts, leaving to others the deductions that might be drawn from them. It would have been more interesting to have seen an expression of his own theory of this very remarkable occurrence.

But M. Biot is a stern foe to speculation where it may lead to error—a pitiless demolisher of hasty inductions—an enemy even to poetic license where it dares to trespass upon his darling domain of exact science : the fact, the whole fact, and nothing but the fact, seems to be his watchword. St. Pierre receives a most sharp castigation for meddling with science in sentimental guise ; and M. Chateaubriand's eloquence, when directed against experimental philosophy, is set off in absurd light enough. M. Chateaubriand objects to cabinets of anatomy and of natural history, calling them "*Ecoles où la mort, la faux à la main, est le démonstrateur ; cimetières au milieu desquels on a placé des horloges pour compter des minutes à des squelettes, pour marquer des heures à l'éternité.*" M. Biot recognises that these are "fine words," but is very strongly of opinion, that had M. Chateaubriand the misfortune to break an arm or a leg, he would not call to his assistance some sentimental traveller, accustomed to wander in deserts, and who had "brought only his heart to the study of nature," but would rather address himself to some

skilful surgeon, who, having long frequented these doleful cabinets and schools, and having long and painfully practised his profession and studied every detail of our organisation, would have acquired the certainty, dexterity, and composure, which perilous operations require. Nor does he consider that, having received these useful attentions, it would be either just or civil to inform him *qu'à force de se promener dans l'atmosphère des sépulcres, son âme a gagné la mort.*

M. Biot is so purely a man of science, that he recognises *only* scientific reasoning and data, and rejects all appeal to the higher spiritual part of our nature. It is said that the First Consul once asked Laplace why there was so little reference to a Deity in his works. The philosopher replied that he did not "require the hypothesis." Whether there be any truth or not in this relation; whether, if true, the answer may be considered a *mot*,—an epigrammatic method of intimating that science did not deal with first causes, but with laws or collections of phenomena,—a true atheistic sentiment—or finally a biting satire upon the wholesale rejection of a Creator from his works, which had marked some of the late revolutions in France, we have no means of ascertaining. But one thing appears certain, that M. Biot does not *need the hypothesis* of a God—in the place he seems to set up statics and dynamics. He is no fierce sceptic, constantly obtruding his views. He is even tolerant of those who (it may be weakly) fail to perceive the all-sufficiency of projectile and gravitating forces in ordering the universe; for the most part he quietly ignores all this, only in two or three places allowing his views to appear. And this is the great defect of his book, and one upon which we feel it necessary to pause for a moment, as the errors of deep-thinking men like our author, are of much more importance than the rabid outpourings of the coarser infidel.

In the "*Génie du Christianisme*," M. Chateaubriand offers an eloquent, though it must be confessed rather unscientific, picture of the consequences to be apprehended were the universe to be left for a moment unaided by the "constant and immediate action of the Divine power." This M. Biot curtly sums up as a revival of ancient popular prejudices, the empire of which has been fortunately for ever overthrown by the advancement of science. In fact, it is just because the universe *is left* to the reciprocal action of particles and masses of matter that any order whatever is maintained.

But the fullest exposition of our author's views on such matters as these, is found in his elaborate and brilliant analysis of the character and writings of Montaigne. It has been objected to Montaigne that he is a sceptic. "Truly! and what would you

have him to be?" The strong and irrefragable reason why he must necessarily be so is, that he lived in times when the most profound night of ignorance obscured a knowledge of *nature*. Why, not only was man ignorant of the arrangement of the universe, but he knew not even the laws of motion, the properties of matter, or the relations of attractions; "in a word, all his positive knowledge was confined to a few geometric propositions!" How could man *believe* anything when he *knew* so little? No word of revelation, or faith, or immortality—these do not belong to the exact sciences, nor can they well be scientifically analysed. Yet M. Biot is a believer in "moral faculties" in some sort, and defends their existence, even against Montaigne, in this wise: "Is not the power of the moral faculties of man most evidently attested by his very existence—he who is *thrown upon this earth, naked, without arms, without shelter, without any succour but his reason?* But what need has he of other help? By means of his reason he has possessed himself of the forces of nature, and turned them to his service; he has extricated the fire that was buried in the stones; he has therein melted metals and fashioned them to his purposes. He has made arms more terrible than those of the tiger or the elephant; he has felled the forests and built himself dwellings; he has cultivated the earth and utilised the waters; the seas themselves have become his servants, to bear upon their bosom his fleets. He has *created* powers greater than his own; and with them he has penetrated the immensities of space, and has discovered the motions of the stars and their laws. Enlightened by his grand discoveries, he has recognised, without trembling, the smallness of the atom to which he is attached; and this view, annihilating him, as it were, in his own estimation, has made him feel that all his power is in his thought. Such is the grandeur of man!"

And such, we would add, is the littleness and shortsightedness of man, who can feel conscious of these godlike attributes, and yet fail to perceive that the divine spark must have had a divine origin; who can penetrate thus deeply into the laws of the universe, yet see no indication of a lawgiver; who can watch the gorgeous mechanism of the heavens, and take refuge in an eternal attraction and repulsion; who can feel his own insignificance before the wonders of creation, and stand helpless and abashed amid the confusion of the elements, yet can only look for aid to his own reason, and will say with his lips (for he cannot in his heart), "There is no God."

We have given this view of M. Biot's religion in full, not in the intention of discussing it, or controverting it, but to show how bald, dreary, and soulless a thing is the picture of a godless world, drawn even by the most graphic and vigorous fancy. We

willingly turn from this fatal flaw to notice further some of the contents of this work: in doing which we are troubled, in more than an ordinary degree, by the embarrassment of riches. We commence by a few ideas from his essay on "Charlatanism," of which, in all its protean forms, M. Biot is a most ruthless enemy.

The true philosopher is much more occupied with the pleasure of making discoveries than with the care of publishing them. He seeks the suffrages of the minority, of instructed men in the same department; he wants *judges*, not admirers. The charlatan, on the contrary, appeals to the uneducated multitude of loose observers and still looser reasoners; and, far from desiring scientific judgment, he ever refuses it, and taxes it with undeserved severity, if not with envy and injustice. The public press is his arena, where he boasts loudly of his discoveries, which can never be demonstrated. When Franklin drew the lightning from the clouds, he merely announced it, not as a great inspiration, but as an experiment to be submitted for investigation to the learned men of Europe. When Volta made his discoveries, they were at once laid before the Royal Society of London and the Institute of France. Jenner gave his invention to the world as soon as he had tested its value. M. Biot contrasts these with the performances of the mesmerists, biologists, &c., but more especially alludes to the professors of *rabdomancy*, the users of the divining rod. This art is of ancient date, mentioned frequently in the writings of the alchemists. Paracelsus speaks of the divining rod as a thing well known; and Melancthon, even in 1560, mentions it as a proof of the sympathy between vegetables and minerals; for, in those times, it was only used for the discovery of metals: for detecting springs of water it appears only to have come into vogue in 1674. At first, the wonderful properties of this bifurcate stick were attributed to the stars; but, in 1659, Gaspard Schott made the notable discovery that they must be attributed to the power of the devil. One of the most notorious diviners was one Jacques Aymar, a peasant of Dauphiny. He discovered, by means of his rod, murderers and robbers, clothes and stolen money. On one occasion he followed a murderer forty-five leagues by land and thirty leagues by sea, guided by this astonishing stick. One of the learned doctors of the Sorbonne rejoiced openly on this discovery, and upon the benefits that must accrue to religion and morals therefrom. Unfortunately, Aymar allowed himself to be brought by Prince Condé to the test, and turned out a very ridiculous impostor. Being discovered, he made a merit of confession—he was poor, and wanted money. After Aymar appeared a famous hydroscope, by name Bléton, who performed wonders, but was unwise enough to let himself

be brought to proof: his pretensions faded, and he himself disappeared. This one was succeeded by another named Pennet, greatly patronised by M. Thouvenel. He also did marvels before the dauphin, but was not acute enough to save himself from detection. A metallic and aqueous test having been prepared for him in a large enclosure, he was observed, the night before the performance, getting over the wall with a ladder, which some misbeliever withdrew, and he was left there, not altogether with his previous credit. M. Thouvenel does not deny the relation, but naïvely asserts that Pennet's morality did not affect his physical qualifications! We need not follow M. Biot further in his illustrations of quackery. His concluding observations have force enough to deserve quotation. They relate to the difference between harmless and hurtful quackery.

"Let a man," says he, "shout ever so loudly that he has decomposed iron, sulphur, or phosphorus, he will do no harm to any one—they remain still to every one what they have been and will be. But if physicians begin to invent absurd systems, to spread, teach, and practise them, there will be no surety for any one. Let the world rave on chemistry, physics, or philosophy; but beware of raving on medicine; each error kills its man, and we may justly say,

'Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.'

This was written in 1808, in 1858 M. Biot adds:—

"The prodigies which I have recounted are no more in vogue; but, as human imaginations require continual illusions, these are replaced by others yet more marvellous and more widely spread. Instead of mesmerism and rabdomancy, we have turning, dancing, and speaking tables; and, as the latest miracle, rapping spirits, which certain individuals suppose may be evoked from the night of the tomb to answer our idlest and most flippant questions. Timid spirits withal, that can only manifest their presence under tables covered by a long, hanging, thick cloth, and surrounded by a circle of believers: yet, thus sheltered, they present the singular anomaly of immaterial beings, who touch, press, pull, and knock, none being well able to say whether the agency by which all this is accomplished be good or evil. So are occupied, not the *people* only, but members of the highest society, to the great honour of philosophy and of those intellectual lights on which we pride ourselves so highly. To these follies of our times we shall see others succeed, which will be seized upon and embraced with the same ardour,—a just chastisement to the incurable presumption of our nature which, unable to endure doubt, or to submit to the ignorance of those things which are concealed from us, and unwilling to confine the operations of our reason to patient exploration, renders us always ready to hear lying voices which cry to us, as did the Tempter to our first parents, *Eritis sicut Dii*—Ye shall be as gods."



M. Biot's fiercest wrath is directed against those who invent and promulgate systems and theories, without having taken the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the phenomena to be accounted for. Seeing the complacency of the public for system-makers, we cannot but wonder at the singular longing for everything which appears like explanation. Few care to inform themselves whether such explanations be exact or precise, whether they be founded upon well-observed facts, or confirmed by phenomena: let them but go far enough, and they must be well received. Yet what should we say of a man, who, without examining the interior of a watch, should promise from its external appearance to explain the principle of its movements, and the cause of their regularity? We have had lately at the Athenæum an assembly of above four hundred reasonable beings, met to hear a Professor explain, in five lessons, the whole system of the universe. This man has much ability, and expresses himself with imperturbable fluency—he doubts of nothing. The disposition of the heavenly bodies, their form and movements, the phenomena produced by their reciprocal attractions, the innate properties of bodies, the most profound mysteries of physics and chemistry—all these are plain to him—all are, or ought to be, in his system. He employs only two principles to account for everything: an expansive force produced by rotation, and a compressive force from without, called *stellar radiation*. These are made to act as he pleases; and to produce such phenomena as he pleases, and truly objections fall pointless and harmless against such a theory. For a system to be attackable, it must offer some coherent unity: this presents only hypotheses, false observations, and inexact ideas, so closely packed together as to admit of no response. With a lively imagination, the author has dreamed out his system in solitude, without any knowledge of the phenomena. Having formed it he forces nature to conform to it, but does not inquire whether it be according to nature or not. It is not wonderful in this case, that he himself should be penetrated with admiration of his method: the really astonishing part of the matter is, that he can find rational beings to listen to it.

To the writer of an extremely foolish book on chemistry, which is anonymous, M. Biot addresses some small consolation for his criticism.

“You are not the only one who invents absurd systems; for some time past all the world does it, from literary men to physicians. But all have not your wisdom: the most part of them take especial pains to endorse their books with their name, whilst you have the modesty to conceal yours.”

We intimated above, that, notwithstanding the ceaseless flood of books which is hourly pouring from our press, a glance over those noticed by M. Biot, fifty years ago, will convince us that our ancestors were not behind us in the extent to which absurdity and ingeniously-solemn trifling, both in literature and science, might be carried. Of this we must give one instance, amusing in itself, and not without its own serious lesson in philology.

It has been a frequent observation amongst learned men, who have entered deeply into the physical and moral history of different nations, that even those which are most distant from each other, and separated by apparently impassable obstacles, present singular analogies in some details of their customs, the style of their monuments, or the elements of their languages. Struck with these resemblances, philosophers have sometimes supposed that all civilization, now spread over many different people, proceeded originally from one single, great, and powerful nation, eminent in sciences, virtues, and genius. Plato relates that according to an ancient tradition, there existed formerly an island called Atlantis, as large as Europe and Africa together, whose inhabitants presented a model of happiness, wisdom, and perfect civilization. This island was swallowed up by an earthquake, and nothing in it escaped. This, then, was the original centre of knowledge and refinement. The existence, however, of this island, has not always appeared to be certain, notwithstanding Plato's history, much less has its precise locality been agreed upon. Some have located it in Tartary, Hindostan, China, Egypt, or Greece. Other writers, jealous for the honour of their own country, have placed it in Sweden, Prussia, Brittany, or Wales. M. Charles Joseph de Grave, a councillor of state of Flanders, has ultimately settled the question to his own perfect satisfaction; he places definitively the Atlantis in that part of Flanders which is situated between the mouths of the Meuse and the Rhine. It is difficult to compress his argument into a space small enough to correspond with the subject; but it is nearly as follows. The Druid priests of the Gauls were learned men, and they taught their pupils that the nation was descended from Pluto. But Pluto was king of the infernal regions, which must therefore be sought here, together with the Elysian Fields. Now, Homer in the *Odyssey* gives the characters of these neighbourhoods, as being at the extremities of the earth, where reigns the red-haired Rhadamanthus, where men have an easy life, where the winter is short, and the ocean constantly sends refreshing breezes. The winter necessarily excludes all tropical localities, and all the other conditions are marvellously fulfilled by Flanders—for where can men have an easier life than there?

and where is wind more plentiful? For the red-haired Rhadamanthus, it is well known that most of the Flemings are fair, and Rhadamanthus is the same as the Raedmans, the name of the present magistracy. Again, Virgil alludes to the extremity of the earth being at the embouchure of the Rhine. This was once formed by two arms, of which one was called Helium, according to Pliny, which, in the language of the Lower Rhine, became *Helisch* or *Helish*; hence most clearly the Helischen or Elysian Fields. But further, *Hel* in this language signifies the infernal regions, and thence is derived its present name of *Hel-land*, corrupted into Holland. In like manner Hel-voet is only the foot of the infernal regions; and that this part of the country corresponded to the Fortunate Isles is plain, for Zealand is not derived as has been supposed, from Zee (the sea) and Land; but from the Saxon *Zel* or *Zalig*, happy or fortunate. Hence the isles of Zealand are the Fortunate Isles.

The travels of Ulysses are traced with similar philological accuracy: his adventure with Circe proves to be a visit to the primitive church (Kirchen, Kirken, Kirkœa, or Cirœa, all one) of Flanders, where he went to be initiated into the mysteries of the Atlantides. Tyre and Sidon are also clearly shown to be Gallic; but we must not linger further than to show that Homer himself was no Greek, but a Belgian. To be sure, he wrote so perfectly in Greek, as to deceive the Greeks themselves; but that he was not so is shown by his using all the dialects indiscriminately, so that none could be his own; but most positively by there still being a town (St. Omer) which bears his name!

Amongst all the nations, there is none which bears a greater or more mysterious interest for the historian, the moralist, or the man of science, than China. Late events have given it to us, also, a political importance, which, until recently, did not attach to it. Dating from a period when probably the greater part of Europe consisted of impervious forests and swamps, and its inhabitants of naked savages—from a time anterior even to our own most fabulous records—certainly far older than any now existing nation; probably far advanced in a civilization not very remote from its present state, when the Chaldean empire was in its infancy; having laws and customs and forms of government which seem even on the most moderate calculation to have continued almost unchanged for above 3000 years,—from these and many other causes, anything which tends to throw any light upon its chronology, or its internal economy, is of extreme interest. In the volumes under consideration, we find two papers relating to this subject. The first containing some calculations, with a view to settling some parts of the chronological questions,—the second, an abstract of an ancient book,

called Tcheou-li. With reference to the former, we would merely premise that M. Biot is one who receives no evidence that is not sifted and weighed to the very uttermost, so that what he accepts may well be considered worthy of much attention; and that his chief authority in some matters is Père Gaubil, who has spent thirty-six years in these investigations, and who is a sincere believer in revelation, having for his chief object the discovery of truth, and the reconciling profane with sacred history. The whole details cannot be given; but we will attempt a sketch. One of the principal questions relative to the Chinese Empire relates to its antiquity, which M. Biot proposes to solve by a reference to the records of certain astronomical observations, supposed to have been made from the earliest periods. These are not so numerous as might be wished, owing to the following circumstance. In the year 213 B.C., the emperor Tsin-Chi-Hoang instituted a bitter persecution against learned men and books, excited by a minister who feared the growing influence of literature. It was ordered that in forty days all historical books, except those relating to the royal family, and those of astrology, medicine, agriculture, and divination, should be given up to mandarins appointed for the purpose, to be burned. The exceptions named proved the pretext for saving many books, particularly the Yking, commented upon by Confucius; but the greater part were destroyed. At the same time the learned men were put to death in vast numbers. In one day four hundred and fifty perished in the imperial city alone. After the death of this prince, his successors attempted to repair the evil that had been done, and to some extent succeeded: the rescued documents were put in order, and a commission appointed to compile a history from them, which was done about one hundred years B.C. This history is that known as Tse-Ma-Tsiene; and since that time there has been an uninterrupted tribunal engaged in continuing it. This destruction naturally caused much confusion in the precise chronology, and many fabulous legends have accumulated around it. It does not appear, however, to be impossible to arrive at some kind of truth; for Père Gaubil has made wondrous research for records of such investigations as might have escaped this wholesale burning; and amongst others are some accounts of early astronomical observations. Now these, having been investigated by M. Laplace, furnish singular results: either they must have been made at the time at which they profess to have been, or they have been invented afterwards to lend probability to legends connected with the antiquity of the empire. In the former case they correspond accurately with the truth at that time, making some slight allowance for their imperfect admeasurement of time by means of the

clepsydra. In the latter case, we are met by the almost impossible supposition, that their errors of observation at a later period, have always been of such a nature and amount, as to bring out the truth for these remote periods by chance. Thus in the reign of Tcheou-Koung, he himself puts on record the position of the solstices, and the inclination of the ecliptic about 1000 B.C. But the laws by which these change have only been recently discovered; and it is therefore incredible that an impostor, 2000 years after, should be able to state these accurately for that period; and M. Laplace finds that the data given by Tcheou-Koung correspond within a very few minutes of a degree with the real position as it would be 1100 years before our era. We are compelled to accept the more probable supposition that these observations were actually made 3000 years ago, four hundred years before the observation of the three eclipses noticed at Babylon, and reported in Ptolemy's *Almagest*; sufficiently refuting the idea that the doctrines of the Chinese were derived from the Chaldeans. Père Gaubil places the emperor Fohi about 2500 B.C., and does not consider any earlier accounts other than fabulous. He appears to favour the notion that the Chinese empire was founded immediately upon the original dispersion of men after the deluge. It seems agreed, according to him, that at the time of Yao, about 2155 B.C., (as defined by the records of a solar eclipse,) China was very populous, and that there were even inhabitants in the islands of the Eastern seas. They composed verses, they had colleges, and shortly afterwards they knew how to define the positions of the solstices and equinoxes. They were acquainted with the length of the year, as  $365\frac{1}{4}$  days, and practised the intercalation of days.

They observed the stars, they worked in copper and iron, they had silks, and they made vessels, in which they even visited the Eastern Islands. Père Gaubil adds:—

“Whatever calculation we take, we must conclude that the founders of this empire were very near to Noah and his children. From the country where the dispersion occurred to China is a great distance, and the journey must have been long and difficult. To reconcile Chinese chronology with that of the Scriptures, it would be necessary to know what is the most true calculation that might result from a comparison of the various versions of the Bible. That is what I am not able to ascertain.”

A considerable part of these volumes is occupied with biographical sketches of a highly-interesting order, of which we can only notice briefly a few. About three-fourths of the first volume consists of essays on the life and works of Newton, whom M. Biot designates “the most exalted intelligence of human beings.” We have the familiar traits of our great countryman

brought vividly before us; the workings of his genius traced; the enmities that were provoked; the quarrel with Flamsteed; and an amusing picture of Hooke, ever lying in wait for some fresh discovery of Newton's, that he might claim priority of invention.

This account of Newton is almost entirely that of his intellectual life. M. Biot disapproves entirely of pursuing a man of science into his familiar and daily life to satisfy prurient curiosity; and so it is that there is little domestic detail in any of these sketches. The life and opinions of Galileo are drawn at considerable length, as well as his trial and recantation. Our author throws entire discredit upon the anecdote related of Galileo, that he said immediately after his recantation, "And yet it *does* move." Besides that it is not mentioned by any contemporary writer, M. Biot justly suspects that the old man would naturally feel himself too happy to have escaped safe and sound from the hands of the inquisitors to be likely to arouse their wrath so soon again by a vain bravado. *Ce "e pur si muove" est un de ces mots de circonstance, inventés après coup, que la tradition adopte et rend célèbres, mais qui n'ont jamais été prononcés.*

Charles-Marie la Condamine was a man of whom it might truly be said, that his life consisted of curiosity, to which alone he seems to have been indebted for all his success in the sciences, in literature, and in the world. It was, however, a curiosity united to ardour, courage, and constancy. He was born in Paris in 1701. On leaving college he went voluntarily to the siege of Roses, where his dominant passion had nearly proved fatal to him. He was examining a battery most leisurely with a telescope, from an elevation, a scarlet cloak which he wore making him a conspicuous object for the balls, which fell around him altogether unheeded: he was with difficulty compelled to withdraw. Leaving the military career, and having been elected a member of the Academy, chiefly because of the active curiosity which had led him to peep into the arcana of all the sciences, he was associated with Bouguer and Godin, as a commission to travel to the equator, to determine the figure of the earth. Though not equal in science to his colleagues, he was of immense practical utility to them as regards conciliating the inhabitants, treating with authorities, surmounting endless obstacles, and in so many other ways that, had it not been for him, in all probability the expedition would have been useless. On his return, he published his observations, which Bouguer attacked intemperately. La Condamine answered pleasantly; and the public, not being able to judge of the scientific merits, sided with the one who amused them. Some most amusing instances are related of the exercise of his ruling passion. In one of the royal collections,

he was shown a vase made, as it was said, of a single emerald, whereupon he immediately attempted to scratch it to test its hardness. On another occasion, visiting a small village by the sea-shore, he saw a taper constantly kept alight, and was assured by the priest that if it was extinguished, the village would be inundated by the waters. "Are you sure of that?" he said; and at once blew it out. Fortunately he was able to escape from the fury of the people by a prompt retreat. One day passing by the apartment of Madame de Choiseul whilst she was writing a letter, he could not resist the temptation to come behind her and look what she was writing. The lady perceiving him, continued to write—"I would tell you more, but M. de la Condamine is behind me, reading what I write." "Ah, madame," said he, "nothing can be more unjust; I assure you I was not reading." Another time he was caught by M. Choiseul looking over his papers; the minister could not help smiling, but begged him very seriously not to revisit his cabinet. The end of his life was characteristic. Attacked with a complication of diseases, he could not go to the Academy, but still kept himself acquainted with all the proceedings. There he saw that a young surgeon had proposed a new and bold operation for the cure of one of his maladies: he sent for him, and requested him to try it upon him. "But if I have the misfortune not to succeed?"—"Well, that will not affect you; I am old and ill; people will only say that nature has not seconded your skill. But if I recover, I will myself read an account of your proceedings at the Academy, and your fame will be made." The young man consented, and began to operate; but the patient would persist in seeing every step. "Gently, I beg—I must see; if I do not see your method of operating, how can I describe it at the Academy?" He died after this operation, in 1774, his gaiety, courage, and philosophy unaffected to the last.

Clouet, the inventor of steel in France, seems to have been a strange, eccentric character. He left school rather than submit to what he called the minute details of the toilet; and this was the first act of a life-long opposition to all the usages of civilized life. When he was appointed to direct a large establishment for forged iron to supply the arsenal of Douai, he constantly supervised the works by day, and wrote his correspondence by night. He required but one hour of sleep, and that without lying down, some say without shutting his eyes. When this establishment was fully formed he quitted it. His accounts were found very exact, with one omission—he had forgotten to make any director's charge. His garden had furnished him with food, and his journeys were taken on foot. When about to visit Paris, he took in his pocket bread and brandy, and set off;

he never stopped to sleep or rest, but only to renew his provisions when exhausted. Arrived in Paris, he took a small unfurnished chamber, threw upon the floor some straw for his bed, and he was at home. He made his own garments and cooked his own food. He died in 1801, of a colonial fever, alone, leading almost the life of a savage. Commenting on his character, M. Biot says—

“Was he happy in having so rejected all the resources of civilization? It is a question to which it is impossible to give an answer. But his life shows us a hard and painful existence, terminated by a miserable death. It is scarcely worth while separating one's self from humankind to attain that.” •

Having given a short biographic notice of Coulomb, the distinguished inventor of the *balance of torsion*, M. Biot makes the following additional remarks:—

“These two remarkable men, Coulomb and Clouet, offer to us the most complete contrast of character and existence that can be imagined. Clouet, filled with fierce pride, held himself aloof from human society, like a savage. Coulomb lived with patience amongst men, only separating himself from their passions and errors, keeping himself always just, calm, firm, and dignified, *in se totus, tres, atque rotundus*. Which of the two has the best employed the gifts of nature? Which of the two has been the most honourable and the most happy?”

Our readers have had a long journey with us,—let us hope not a tedious one. We will take leave with a formula from the Tcheou-li, before referred to, prescribed 3000 years ago, and used ever since. When the emperor receives an ambassador, he says, “You have had much to suffer in so long a journey—HOW ARE YOU?” This is the “*Rite of Consolation*.” At the audience of dismissal, the emperor presents a cup of wine, saying, “Drink all, if you can; if not, use it to your satisfaction.” So we to our readers, and leave with regret these pleasant volumes.

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## IX.

### LAW REFORM.

IN one respect law seems to be the most delightful of all professions—the oldest lawyers are the youngest. Even physically, the practice of the law appears to bring with it eternal youth. A lawyer as he grows older seems to acquire all the toughness of his parchments, and all the permanence of the deeds which



are engrossed upon them. He literally takes a long lease of life, and sees to it that the indenture is a sound one. Our Lyndhursts, our Broughams, and our Campbells, have taken life for ninety-nine years, and mean to see their term out. Old Parr is said to have preserved himself with a pill; but in pen and pounce there is something beyond either pill or potion for the lengthening of days. The most marvellous thing of all, however, is that law has a renovating effect on the mind as well as on the body. Our greatest legal reformers are the oldest lawyers. What other profession can boast of such a phenomenon? Take medicine for example:—who would expect novel suggestions and strange practices to be patronized by the old doctors? It is a known fact, that when Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, there was not in England a medical man under forty who would accept his discovery; and at the present moment, those who look at the state of medical science with an impartial eye, will perceive, that while on the one hand the younger members of the profession indulge in all sorts of dreams and schemes, the result of a very natural dissatisfaction with the uncertainties of their practice, the older members are buttoned up to the chin in a mass of unwieldy superstitions and unconquerable prejudices. Or take theology and ecclesiastical affairs—it is not usually with the venerable fathers of the church that reforms and revivals originate. Many of them, indeed, may be waiting for the reformation which they cannot hasten, may hail it with delight when it comes, and die singing their joyful *Nunc dimittis*; but it requires the ardour of the young Melancthon to grapple boldly with the old Adam, the strength of the lusty Luther to battle with the giant Despair. Take poetry and art—it is not the old artists and the established poets who revolutionize the style, but men against whom may be brought, as against the Pre-Raphaelites actually has been launched, the terrible denunciation that they are young. In almost every profession and walk of life it is the same; the party of movement is a party of fresh minds, young blood, new hands. As in those fairy tales which are spread over every country in Europe, it is always the youngest brother who performs the greatest achievements, who kills the monster, wins the treasure and marries the princess; so in actual life the greatest energy must necessarily be with the young, the greatest desire for progress, the greatest danger of innovation. But in law the greatest innovators are the oldest judges. Reform is not left to be urged by aspiring candidates and opposing factions; it is suggested by established authorities and by the maturest intellects. The fact is, that English law differs from every other English profession. There is an old saying, that if a man is

not able to be his own physician at thirty he must be a fool ; and Thomas Moore, in pointing out that some of Sheridan's most brilliant performances were sketched out and partly written in his boyhood, observes how little it is to the credit of our maturer years, that what the man accomplishes in the way of art is generally the dream and suggestion of his youth. But it is impossible to be anything of a lawyer in youth. It takes years and years of study in order to reach even a very ordinary degree of legal knowledge. The wise young judge of the play is simply an impossibility ; and if Shylock had not been caught in a trap he would have protested against such an imposture. "How much more elder art thou than thy looks?" he said to Portia, and we may say to each of our law lords, "How much more younger art thou than thy looks?" Thirty-seven is said to be the fatal year of poets and artists, and Raphael, Mozart, Burns, and Byron, are cases in point. Another fatal epoch is that forty-sixth year, which has been so critical in the history of statesmen and soldiers—the epoch when Napoleon laid aside his crown and retired to his rock, when Wellington put up his sword and finished his military career, when Nelson fell at Trafalgar, and when Pitt drew his last breath on Putney Heath. But law is a plant that flowers still later. Its principles are never discovered until its precedents are mastered, and to master the precedents of English law, requires a lifetime of itself. English history is based on precedents, and an English public would not tolerate a young law reformer. If we have legal reform at all it must come from the experienced, and those only are experienced who have spent their life in its study.

It may be doubted, indeed, whether in this very fact we have not strong evidence of the necessity of legal reform. There seems to be no particular reason why law should be the most difficult of human studies, and the most esoteric of human professions. Most of us think that we can doctor ourselves well enough ; many laymen might teach the clergy how to preach ; no inconsiderable number of the very best people sometimes indulge in versification and call it poetry. But who ever heard of an amateur lawyer? What layman does not feel that law is to him a sealed book, and a sacred profession with which the ignorant must not meddle. *Odi profanum vulgus*—is its motto. At every corner we are expected to have an attorney at our elbow ; we must sign no paper without consulting the inspired priest of the law ; property cannot exist without the sanction of six-and-eightpence in many multiplied forms. English law is a huge agglomeration of precedents and technicalities, which none of us who are uninitiated can hope to master for ourselves, and which we must take on trust from the hierophants who

have been admitted into the secrets of the order. Now, without disrespect or ingratitude to the law reformers, whose labours we would not for a moment underrate, we do think it a bad sign, that reform, if it ever comes at all, should of necessity come only from the profession itself, and should be an unmeaning word in the mouths of the public at large. How is it that the public at large know so little about law, and if, in a general way, they cry for this measure or that measure, are very soon hopelessly confused when a lawyer is malicious enough to ask them for details? Why should law be the puzzle which it is, the jest of the wise man, the hocus-pocus of fools, and the mother-tongue of knaves? Is there, after all, any invincible necessity which places the science of jurisprudence in a magic circle, and surrounds it with innumerable forms nonsensical as the Cabala and mysterious as freemasonry? Why, there is a story told of a four days' debate before a very learned Master of the Rolls (Sir William Grant, if we recollect rightly): the debate had reference to a statute which was afterwards discovered to have been repealed! Something of the same kind occurred but very lately in the House of Commons. There were very animated discussions in more than one session on a bill which was intended to amend the law of partnership, nor were the discussions closed until it was discovered by the legal authorities, after no little consideration, that by the analogy of cases, the rule to be introduced by the bill was actually already in the law! "So great is the accumulation of the statutes," said Bacon—and depend upon it the accumulation in his time was as nothing to what it is now, and especially in these days when the legislature has been seized with a mania for passing laws, as if lawgiving were the chief duty of Parliament—"so great is the accumulation of the statutes, so often do they cross each other, and so intricate are they, that the certainty of the law is lost in the heap." And if this be a true description of the statute law, what shall we say to the common law? If the statutes be a heap of confusion, the common law is confusion worse confounded. We are not blind to the enormous difficulty of reducing this chaos into order; but surely, with the fullest recognition of the difficulties of the task, we may be allowed to say that the English statute-book is a disgrace to us as a nation, and that the Commission intrusted with the duty of consolidating our laws, ought to have done something long ago towards simplifying the incomprehensible medley. That it is not impossible to consolidate and codify our laws is shown pretty clearly in the fact that year after year manuals are published on particular departments of law, which often attain the very greatest reputation, and are sometimes quoted on the bench as of the highest authority. One writer takes up the subject of bankruptcy, another that of

libel, a third that of insurance, while perhaps a fourth divides the last subject, and confines his attention exclusively to marine insurance. Now, what is it that these writers do? They take one of these subjects; they go to the statute-book and collect together all the enactments relating to it that are still in force; they then go through innumerable reports of cases at common law bearing on the same topic; they collect together every decision of the judges that bears on the point; they summarize the enacted law of the statute-book, and the un-enacted law of the judges; and practically they consolidate and codify the law. It seems strange that what lawyers thus privately effect for their own convenience, and the convenience of the public, should be impossible, except after infinite delay, to an authoritative Commission, sitting for many years, with no other object than that of consolidating and digesting the statute-book. Ere long, we have no doubt that consolidation will come; but it is very slow of coming: and this is the more to be regretted, since, after all, it is the greatest legal reform that could possibly be effected. We do not know that any new bill which could be passed, any amendment of the law which could be proposed, would be more beneficial than such a consolidation of the statutes as would reduce the forty volumes to four, and in this manageable shape would let us see what the law actually is. Sir Fitzroy Kelly stated his views clearly enough in a letter to Lord Brougham; and if he really carries them out, he will deserve well of the country. His proposition is "to take the statutes at large from Magna Charta to the last Act of Victoria; to expunge and eject from the statute-book every act and every enactment which is either repealed, expired, or obsolete; and then to take what remains (which will consist of all that is law in force and to continue in force)—to digest and to arrange this body of law, by dividing it into classes, and subdividing each class into single subjects; and then to reduce the whole into single bills, each bill being on a single subject, but comprising the whole of that subject." But when are we to have this boon?

There is good ground for the question, inasmuch as the Lord Chancellor, on introducing a bill the other day for the amendment of our bankruptcy law, contented himself with simply adding another to the interminable lists of Acts of Parliament. He put off to the Greek kalends the task of consolidating the English law upon the subject, which everybody expected him at all events to attempt. We may, indeed, in this session obtain a consolidation of bankruptcy law; but for this we shall have to thank not Lord Chelmsford but Lord John Russell, who has introduced a rival bill into the House of Commons. Of the merits of these bills we shall speak presently; but in the mean-

time we must express our disappointment at the exhibition of so much disinclination on the part of the Government to take the bull by the horns, and to present us with a code in the case where of all other codification is most easy. It is not more than ten years since the whole of the bankruptcy law came under revision, and was practically concentrated into a single act. In the mean time a royal commission has reported on the subject what the most eminent lawyers have deemed expedient in the way of improvement; and a meeting of delegates from all the commercial towns has pronounced upon the changes which would most gladly be accepted in the interest of the mercantile community. Under these circumstances, the duty of codification was obvious, its accomplishment easy, for but one thing more was required, namely, to work into the digested mass of bankruptcy law the various enactments relating to insolvency which it might be thought necessary to retain. Lord Chelmsford, however, contented himself with the humbler task of introducing one more amendment bill; and his plea was that it would not be right to risk the rejection of a consolidation bill until it were first seen whether the amendments which he proposed would be acceptable or not. The plan must go for what it is worth, and we do not know that it amounts to much more than a confession of timidity.

It would, however, be ungracious not to recognise the value of Lord Chelmsford's bill so far as it goes. The principle upon which it proceeds is that the old distinction between traders and non-traders is of none effect, and that the legal difference between insolvency and bankruptcy ought forthwith to be abolished. He therefore proposes to fuse the bankruptcy and insolvent debtors' court into one tribunal, dispensing at last, though not immediately, with the services of the Insolvency Commission; and he would give to the insolvent the same protection as to the bankrupt with regard to property acquired after insolvency. In addition, he does away entirely with imprisonment for debt, except in certain extreme cases; and he has dimly shadowed forth a scheme for a more rapid and less expensive division of a bankrupt's effects through the machinery of assignees than at present exists. The chief point here, as we understand it, is the restoration to the creditors of their right to appoint, under certain limitations, an assignee for themselves. In these respects the bill of Lord John Russell resembles that of the Chancellor (who, by the way, rather plumes himself upon the concise and simple terms in which his amendments are proposed); but the member for London goes further, or at all events he is more explicit in his enunciation of the mode by which he hopes to expedite and to cheapen the process of a bankruptcy. In the English courts the affair of a "winding up" is a thing to be dreaded both for the delays which occur and for the very heavy expense.

The average cost of a settlement amounts to a charge of thirty per cent. on the property to be distributed; so that, if a bankrupt's estate could afford a payment of ten shillings in the pound, the cost of winding up would on the average reduce the dividend to seven shillings in the pound. A charge of this kind is very vexatious, and it is quite unnecessary, seeing that, according to the Scottish plan, which is found to work very well, the expenses of a winding up do not on the whole amount to more than twelve per cent. Hence the reluctance of English creditors to go into court—hence the scandal of a private composition, which certainly affords them the largest amount of dividend, but on the other hand defeats the ends of justice, and leaves an unprincipled trader free to practise on a new set of creditors who have never heard of his defalcation. Lord John Russell would cheapen to a very considerable extent the process of the courts, and, allowing the creditors a certain freedom, even after they have placed the bankrupt's estate in the hands of an official assignee, would assure to them a salutary check upon the proceedings. In order to bring the administration of the law as much as possible within the reach of those who are aggrieved, he proposes to give the county court a jurisdiction in cases of bankruptcy, where the amount is not large. Besides which, for the prevention of crime, he suggests that in cases of fraud there should be certain penalties, and that the offender should answer for his conduct to a jury. On the whole the two bills afford the materials for a good measure; and we ought, before the session is out, to have a very respectable bankruptcy law, worthy of the greatest commercial nation that has ever existed. The two things chiefly required are rapidity of settlement and cheapness; and these we are likely to obtain, together with the abolition of the curious distinction established between insolvents and bankrupts, traders and nontraders. Lord John Russell very well indicated the confusion to which this invalid distinction has given rise. "While an apothecary who sells drugs may at any time be made a bankrupt, the physician who trades in his skill cannot enjoy the benefit of the same law. According to an exception made in one of the Acts of Parliament, farmers and innkeepers are not liable to bankruptcy laws. The farrier who converts a bar of iron into a horseshoe may be made a bankrupt, but the farmer who changes milk into butter and cheese is not liable to the same laws. There arise every day questions respecting the capacity and character of a person who is in debt, as to whether he ought or ought not to be reckoned a bankrupt or insolvent. What I propose on the subject is to abolish the distinction altogether." There can be no doubt as to the wisdom of this proposition; and if, in addition to all else that he proposes, Lord John Russell contrives, as he has pro-

mised, to give us a consolidated measure, he will confer no trifling benefit on all who in this money-making country have a stake in property.

But the most important legal reform which is likely, with the consent of all parties, to be carried out during the present session of parliament, is that introduced by the Solicitor-General with regard to the transfer of land. It is a reform which will be of immense benefit to the landowners, and will add at the least three years' purchase to the value of their estates. There have always been great complaints with regard to the complexity of tenure in land, the uncertainty of title, and the difficulty of effecting a sale. Two centuries ago, Sir Matthew Hale, writing of a property which he had purchased, said that he would willingly give another year's purchase for it, if he could in this way insure a good title, and in our time the value of an indefeasible title has risen to three times that amount. It is something monstrous, that in five minutes, and at the expense of five shillings, we may make a contract for, and actually transfer such a ship as the *Great Eastern*, while the very shortest time in which a landed property of not nearly the same value can be transferred, is a twelvemonth, and the expense is beyond all conception. If we were to buy an estate, we should have to spend endless days sometimes years, in the investigation of title-deeds, in the preparation of abstracts, in the comparison of papers, in the search for encumbrances, in objecting to the title, in answering the objections, in disputes which arise upon these answers, and in the endeavour to cure all defects. After all this delay and expense, we desire to raise some money on the property by means of a mortgage, and the money-lender must go through the same process for himself, in order to make good his security. Here, again, the same delay and the same expense, for which we who borrow the money must pay. And yet again, if, notwithstanding all our pains, we find the necessity of parting with the property, the buyer must do the whole thing for himself, examine for himself, and spend at least a year in the examination. All this is a burden upon land, of the most ruinous kind—a cruel tax, which benefits nobody but the conveyancers. The relief from it is to be obtained by a machinery something like the Encumbered Estates Court in Ireland, which time gradually developed into a Landed Estates Court. The establishment of the Encumbered Estates Court in Ireland was a terrible necessity. Ireland had got into such a wretched condition that it became necessary to force the sale of estates, and the primary object of the court to which we allude, was for the purpose of sanctioning a compulsory sale of properties hopelessly burdened, and yet by the nature of their tenure inaccessible to the purchaser. But if these properties were to be sold per force, it was necessary to provide that buyers

should have a right to enjoy their purchases, that they might not one day be dispossessed of their lands, that, in a word, they should have a parliamentary title. The court therefore was to give this title as well as to force the sale of encumbered properties. It soon became evident, however, that matters could not rest here. Those properties which had acquired a parliamentary title by means of their encumbrances were placed in a better position than properties which had never been encumbered, or had been but slightly burdened. An indefeasible title is a thing of enormous value, and it was rather hard that mismanaged properties should obtain it, while those which had been well managed were shut out from the benefit of the Act. In order to obtain the benefits of the court it was only necessary to impose upon the estate fictitious encumbrances, and to force a fictitious sale. Logically, therefore, the legislature was compelled to go still further, and to provide a parliamentary title for all those who chose to demand it, and this they did by widening the sphere of the Encumbered Estates Court, and making it in more general terms a Landed Estates Court. The conveyances that have been executed in this court since it was first called into existence, are not less than 8500, and the amount of acreage that has passed through it is about 3,500,000, so that more than a seventh part of the entire area of Ireland has been involved in its transactions. The titles, too, which it has recognised, have gone through a sifting process which private conveyances have no means of instituting. When a solicitor examines into the title-deeds of an estate, he has no power to call parties to give evidence, and he issues no advertisement of sale. The court, however, has the power to call before it the parties and their agents, to give evidence on any points that require clearing up; it serves notices in every direction, and insists upon the utmost publicity. The consequence is, that not a real case is known, in which the decisions of the court have been called in question for a moment. The good which it has effected is immense, and the expediency of extending the benefits of the system to England is apparent. There are very few titles in this country which are not good, and the proposition is, that these good titles should be publicly recognised, so that land may not be clogged as heretofore with all kinds of unmeaning ceremonies which depreciate its value as an investment or as a security. The Solicitor-General has introduced a measure to this effect, which seems likely, as we have said, to obtain the consent of all parties. The process is a very simple one; the title is examined by a court established for the purpose, it is admitted, and it is registered. But as land is the most stable of all commodities, and is generally saddled with all sorts of conditions relating to life interests and allowances, and various eventualities, how are we to prevent the register from becoming,



in the course of years, inconveniently burdened with these conditions, requiring the most laborious investigations? The ownership of land is separated from the beneficial interest in land, and for the purposes of the register only the ownership is recognised. To John Smith belongs the property of Smithfield after he has paid out of it certain yearly moneys. John Smith is accordingly registered as the proprietor; to him alone belongs the right of sale, and a transfer duly executed by him will be recognised by the law. But then, for the benefit of those who have an interest in Smithfield, (the widow who gets her annuity out of it, and the money-lender to whom part of it is mortgaged) a *caveat* is lodged in court by each party interested, which, without of necessity making public the nature of the transaction on which the interest is founded, compels the court before sanctioning a transfer of the property from John Smith to any other man, to give the interested parties warning. It is in these *caveats* that the terminable and changeable interest in the land is expressed, while the permanent interest of possession is expressed in the register. Together they will make land as easily transferable as money in the funds, or a ship in dock; and the whole measure will prove incalculably advantageous, both to land and to commerce. Our territorial aristocracy have now a salve for the loss of protection, and fortunately the remedy they have discovered is one which the manufacturer and the merchant will not grudge to them.

Such, then, are the two principal measures of legal reform with which in the present Session of Parliament the ministry propose to bless the nation. The one is simply regulative; the other is more than regulative—is a direct gift to the land, a positive addition to the wealth of the country. We hail both as a considerable instalment of the good work in progress—but we shall never be fully satisfied until, with these departmental improvements, we see some progress made in the most necessary reform of all—the consolidation of the statute-book, and codification of English law.

## X.

### CHURCH RATES.—THE GOVERNMENT PLAN.

WE are compelled to have this article in type before the measure which we have to criticise is actually in print; but, judging it, as we may fairly claim to do, from the elaborate speech in which it has been announced by Mr. Walpole, we can have no great hesitation in endorsing the disapproval which has already met it, apparently, from all quarters. It will not do.

Mr. Walpole proposes, not that the Church shall rely, but

that the Dissenters shall rely, upon the spontaneous benevolence of Church of England landlords to charge their own properties with the Church Rate, in exoneration of the soil of the parish generally, and in ease of those parishioners who do not directly benefit from the Church's ministrations. He proposes that the rate shall nowhere be abolished, until an amount which is at least equal to the average Church Rate of the last seven years (we suppose) has thus been secured in perpetuity, for the maintenance of the fabric and the incidentals of public worship. In the interim, however, tenants are to have the option of deducting the rate in their rents, and any person declaring that he has a conscientious objection to the rate is to be exempt from paying it—non-payment in each case being followed by a species of parochial disfranchisement in ecclesiastical matters, and, in the first, by the transfer of the tenant's vote to the landlord.

How this last proposal is to work practically we do not precisely see. A tenant will refuse to pay the rate, either to save his pocket, or from conscientious scruples. The former ground might justify his charging his rate to his landlord, but by such means he would certainly not succeed in his object. At present, we entirely hold that Church Rates have no effect (as a rule) on the amount of rent. They are of uncertain amount and are levied irregularly. But suppose Mr. Walpole's bill to become law, and the rates will become, henceforward a fixed annual charge. The landlord will know exactly what sum is payable; and the year after his tenant has deducted the amount from his rent will find it again charged upon him, as so much extra rent from that time forward. The only effect will be that the tenant will transfer his vote to his landlord, but will continue to pay his rate as heretofore. Now, if the tenant adopts the other plan proposed to be opened to him, of simply declaring to the collector that he has a conscientious objection to the rate, he frees himself from all liability, and destroys so much of the rate altogether. We believe that practically the tenant will not deduct his rate, but, if he does anything, will simply refuse to pay it.

But this point of conscientious objection, especially as stated by Mr. Walpole, opens a most serious question, and indeed affirms a doctrine to which we feel bound to declare that we can be no parties. Mr. Walpole is reported to say—we quote from the "Times"—

"These propositions would be incomplete if we did not meet the only practical grievance that exists, viz., the grievance felt by the conscientious Dissenter. (Hear, hear.) I am one of those who think that the claim of the Dissenter to be excepted from the payment of a charge resting upon his property, stands, strictly speaking, neither upon reason, nor upon law. (Hear, hear.) To admit that principle, would be to admit, that, in the general taxation of the

country, if any persons like the members of the Society of Friends, objected to the application of the public revenues to warlike purposes, they should be held to be entitled to exemption, upon conscientious grounds. (Hear, hear). If you once admit that principle, you could not deny to other persons, such as Protestants who have a charge upon their property in favour of the Roman Catholic religion, or Roman Catholics who have a charge upon their property in favour of the Protestant religion, the same benefit, which upon the plea of conscience you are now asked to confer upon the Dissenters in the matter of Church Rates. (Hear, hear.)"

In point of fact the argument, as stated by Mr. Walpole, and to which under the necessity of the case he represents himself as now yielding, comes to this—that any citizen, called upon to pay his quota to any tax whatever, to which he entertains, or believes that he entertains, objections, which he can bring himself to call conscientious, has a right to be exempted from the payment of such tax. This is what Mr. Walpole believes to be the view of the powerful Dissenting body, and to which he advises the Church to yield, "as a matter of favour"—*i. e.*, because it cannot help it. We say that this is not the pretension of the Dissenters; and that, if it were, it would be the duty and is within the power of every statesman in this country to resist it.

It is no part of our business to deny that among the various lights in which for the last ten or twenty years this question has been presented to Dissenting audiences, the "right-of-conscience" claim has been accorded a prominence which has not always been accompanied with a distinct explanation of its meaning, and that this may have led to misconception among the less-informed portion of these audiences. The question is, what are the doctrines insisted on by the leaders of Dissenting opinion? It is not without diffidence that we venture to summarise results, which we have often heard expressed in better language, in terms somewhat as follows. We acknowledge the conscience of the community as well as the conscience of the individual; and, as individuals, we yield our own unhesitatingly to that of the community, as expressed by means of the laws, through its legitimate organ, the government, in all that it appertains to the community to decide. But we, too, have a conscience as individuals; and we protest against the encroachment of the conscience of the community upon the domain which God and nature have consecrated to ourselves. We are responsible, beyond all question, for our religious faiths; but it is to God only that our responsibility exists. We cannot be made "miserable sinners" by Act of Parliament. We refuse to obey the laws requiring us to support a faith with which we disagree, not because we think that the decisions of the legislature which so command us are wrong, but because we think it

has no business to come to any decision at all upon the question. Let the government by all means charge itself with the protection of our religious rights, as entirely as of our rights to pursue any other innocent occupation: it shall do so if we can make it. If in the professed exercise of those rights we commit any crime against the public peace, let it punish us as it does any other criminal. Let it hang the Thug for murder, or transport the Mormonite for bigamy, just as if the supposed criminal were neither Thug nor Mormonite. We ask and we demand that there be *no distinctions on religious grounds*. That is all. The government is not a machine, and has no machinery, for the discovery of religious truth. It is therefore beyond its province to impose religious belief.

Now, as these pages will fall into the hands of those who differ from us, we beg our readers to observe that in the above few lines we have argued nothing. We have simply stated the results of argument current among our body, with the purpose of showing that our principles (right or wrong) do not involve Mr. Walpole's conclusions. Whether it be or be not the duty of the government to teach religious truth, Mr. Walpole will admit to be at least a question on which authorities differ. That it is the very purpose of a state to defend its members from aggression is admitted by all. If so, the *how* must be decided by the majority.

We believe that this principle of the supremacy of the state-conscience over that of the individual, in all matters which it is within the province of the state to determine, lies at the very root of government; and were there no other objection to Mr. Walpole's plan, the argument upon which he rests this particular concession to Dissenters, destructive as it is of this principle, damages the whole plan. It is the production of a government which will either do anything, or does not know what it does, to get out of a difficulty. Church-Rate abolition is a moderate measure compared to it.

There has always been a distinction drawn—not that we assent to it—between town and country parishes. In towns, it has been said, you can do without rates: in rural parishes you must have them, or you make the whole burden fall upon the landlords. That this has been up to this time the almost parrot-cry of the pro-rate party, we appeal to all who have watched the debates to corroborate us in affirming. Mr. Walpole's bill bears in precisely the opposite direction. If it has any effect at all, it will reimpose rates on the great towns, and fix them in perpetuity on the landlords in all the country parishes. A word or two upon both these points.

In answer to Mr. Mellor, Mr. Walpole stated that

"It was not the intention of the government to alter the law with regard to those places (towns in which for some time Church Rates had ceased to be levied). It would be wrong to deny to those places, which had hitherto disobeyed the law, the opportunity of obeying it; and no hardship could accrue to them by leaving the law as it was, because a majority could determine, as at present, to impose the rate, if voluntary contributions were not raised by the parishioners."

This looks pretty; but the whole meaning does not appear on the surface. The fact is that, until recent times, our great towns have consisted ecclesiastically of one great overgrown mother-parish, utterly beyond the power of any incumbent with any supposable staff of curates to cope with. The difficulty has been met in most instances by building churches and assigning districts to them under Peel's Acts. But as Christianity goes forth in quest of human nature (to use Mr. Walpole's quotation from Dr. Chalmers) far more easily without Acts of Parliament than with them, Dissent sprang up faster and built its chapels more thickly than the new churches could at all keep up with; and Church Rates have been for the last twenty years a simple impossibility. But by the operation of Lord Blandford's Act, to which the pro-rate party avow that they are looking, all these districts are now divided off from the mother-church, and have become distinct and independent parishes. The mass of Dissent, which has hitherto been found invincible in the whole, will now, it is anticipated, being cut up into so many fragments, be found relatively weak; and our great towns in the North and North-West, beginning with every letter of the alphabet, from Bradford and Birmingham to Warrington and Wigan, will all be brought again under the yoke, and have the good old Church Rate system saddled about their necks for the next generation.

With regard to the country, the avowed expectation is, that the landlords will consent to charge their properties with the amount of the parish Church Rate. We don't believe they will; for they have always voted against Sir J. Trelawny's Bill, on the ground that it would virtually do so. But there is no other available means opened of extinguishing the impost. The futility of transferring it (nominally) to the landlord we have already shown. The offer of declaring a conscientious objection in a country parish is about as valuable as the Marchioness used to find Miss Sally Brass's query, "Would she have any more?" Some of our readers will doubtless remember the lively sally of Alderman Harrison of Wakefield at the last triennial meeting of the Liberation Society, when he described the happy condition of a Dissenter in the East Riding during the year after

he had declared himself to be such under Sir George Grey's clauses. He might go to his chapel three times a-day, and the squire would only look upon him as a daft, harmless body; but let him once *say* that he was a Dissenter, and—the picture is too truly horrific to pursue further.

Independently of all these objections the bill works an injustice which is not short of iniquitous. It is required that the *whole* amount of the average Church Rate be secured before the rate itself is extinguished. Let us look at this a moment. The proper office of a Church Rate is to keep in repair the fabric which the law supposes the patron to have already erected, and to provide those things without which divine service cannot be carried on,—nothing more: to build, beautify, or enlarge a church, or to provide what may fairly be called the luxuries of public penitence, are no part of the legal duty of the parishioners. Well, the average rate being 250,000*l.*, what is the expenditure? Building, beautifying, and improvement costs 229,000*l.*, public worship 164,000*l.*, repairs 76,000*l.*, and other purposes 89,000*l.* The whole amount is 560,000*l.*, the balance being met by endowments and voluntary subscriptions. Now, literally, the whole of the above sums which is at this moment legally binding upon the parishioners, is the 76,000*l.* for repairs, and such proportion of the 164,000*l.* put down to public worship as suffices for washing the incumbent's surplice, finding bread and wine for the sacrament, and ringing one bell to church and at funerals. Mr. Hatfield's estimate of 150,000*l.* is unquestionably in excess; so that for this inestimable boon, of having all our great towns saddled once more with Church Rates, and having all our little villages indebted to the contemptuous caprice of the country squire for a possible exoneration which we have learnt to win in spite of him, we are to be charged with an additional 100,000*l.* a-year, which is at this moment a shameless imposition.

In these remarks we have nothing personal in our minds against Mr. Walpole, whose name we have so often been obliged to use. To us he is merely the organ of a government which in this matter is not reputed to be unanimous. How far he is one of those who have held back, or of those who are pulled back, we have not the means of accurately judging. We would rather cordially thank him for an honest attempt to do the best of which his position admitted, and for the Christian charity which informed every sentence of a speech by no means destitute of other qualities to please.

But, we repeat it, this will never do. If there is to be an alternative to the bill of Sir John Trelawny, it will be an alternative in advance not in retreat. Mr. Duncombe's notice, though at present out of public observation, is constantly talked

of in private, and promises to receive a support (if the Abolition Bill is again rejected by the Lords) quite equal to that which was contemplated when the notice was given. Abstractedly considered, each plan has its advantage; but Sir John's carries off the superiority in its long acceptance by the public mind. But we hold ourselves prepared for either termination of this contest. Let Church Rates be abolished, not refusing to the Church such facilities as may reasonably be accorded to a tenant for enabling him to keep in repair the building of which he is allowed the use; or let Church Rates be preserved, according to every religious denomination in the country the right to use the buildings which all alike are bound to maintain.

## Brief Notices.

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?" By Pististratus Caxton. In 4 vols. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons.

THOSE who read "The Caxtons" and "My Novel" would see with deep interest the announcement of a new tale by the same graceful and distinguished writer; and remembering the unbounded learning, and the almost endless variety of character and scene already depicted, could not fail to wonder *What will he do with it!* After reading the detailed answer to this somewhat incoherent question, we can say little of its merits beyond what the world has already said of the two previous works. Fame has issued her patent of distinction, and we need hardly do more than acknowledge her justice. In most of Sir E. L. Bulwer's writings we find a maturity of intellect that can mould the unforgotten learning of youth into new truth and beauty, and a subtle grace of expression that can trace and reveal the finest filaments of thought; but in *What will he do with it!* we also find the morality intensified, and the dry abstruse philosophy brightened into almost Christianity; and this light borrowed from heaven, like Promethean fire, gives a finishing glow to the noble creations

of genius. In these days, when novelists think it necessary to select those exceptions of cant—insincerity and vice—which unfortunately may be found among professors of religion, and to exhibit them as the rule, it is cheering to find one—the most highly gifted of all—whose religious characters are the respectable ones; who never sympathizes with vice, or makes goodness so unpleasant that we are compelled to feel with Milton's sable hero—"How awful goodness is!" We have no space for the outline of the story; and, indeed, the plot is very simple, and depends for its interest chiefly on the nice delineation of the characters that appear in it. Sophy is the Helen of "My Novel" reproduced—and so sweet a picture cannot be repeated too often—like the fair face of Titian's wife, her features would adorn either virgin or child. The villain of the tale, Jasper Losely, is drawn with a masterly hand. We admire the animal—"the beautiful brute"—but hate the man; and his one half virtue—his gleam of tenderness for his father—seems by linking him to humanity, only to make us detest him the more. The father—the pure-minded, sweet-tempered old man—wandering about, a life-long outcast from society, for the guilt of

his son, is a beautiful creation, and the meeting between the two is touching beyond expression. While we acknowledge that few have ever written so well, we do not hesitate to say that in many respects the author of *What will he do with it?* has written better. The narrative is somewhat tediously lengthy, and the conclusion disproportionately concise. After reading through nearly four volumes with unabated interest, and following the fortunes of friend and foe through so many troubles, it is rather provoking to hear so little of the happiness that ought to follow; and, instead of a comfortable conclusion, to have presented to us a hazy and somewhat Arcadian tableau, which leaves us in doubt whether our hopes for their future are ever to be fulfilled or not.

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ADAM BEDE. By George Eliot. Edinburgh & London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

THIS novel marks a new and welcome advance in the aim and morale of fiction. It is not one of the innumerable brood of novels spawned in the world every season, and whose unfeatured volumes show the intolerable sameness of a shoal of codfish or a flock of waddling ducks. This novel bears the impress of a true originality, and its features show a purer, nobler type of character than any of its predecessors in this country that may rank with it in power and fascinating interest. George Eliot is a *new master* in the realm of fiction; and with the witchery of a genius which may compare with the highest of his compeers, he has a nobler, because a more Christian, spirit than they, and possesses a deeper insight into the mysteries of human life from the very sympathy which his religious faith imparts. While George Eliot is a *master*, and asserts his claim without presumption as a native right, he has been a scholar in the many schools of his art; and some can discern throughout his pages the chiselling of form and the tinting of colour which he faithfully studied

then. Yet in his work there is the soul of a new life. It is distinct and alone, ay, and shines upon us with a healthier, grander expression than any of the multitude of classic works among which we view it. It were absurd to say that this novel comprises the various excellences for which the great novelists have been respectively famed. There is no proof in it of the marvellous range of vision—both far and near—both in the buried past and the thronging present—with which Walter Scott saw both these and Nature, or of the photographic clearness with which he mirrored them. There is none of the magic dexterity by which Bulwer Lytton weaves the subtle net of his plot, and throws out on its surface with such vivid colouring the vast array and unconfounded multitude of this world's stage. There are not the piercing electric touches, or the rolling phosphoric waves of eloquence, that glitter along the pages of Thackeray. In this work George Eliot has centered all his powers on a narrow field of life. It lies enclosed in a small village named Hayslope in Leamshire, which cannot be far from Leicestershire. The elements which he has introduced to compose his tale are few; but these few he controls with the felicity of a perfect control; and he has so handled them as to produce the most tragic and truthful effects. Adam Bede, whose name gives the title to the work, is a carpenter in that village, of robust, athletic shape, with a firm, broad, granite-built head fixed on his shoulders—a type of man one sometimes sees in our artizan population, where enterprise and resolution are reined in by a vigorous common sense. We do not sketch his life. It needs George Eliot to do that. But we say, whoever reads it will carry Adam Bede as a memory and power for good in his soul till his dying hour. Dinah Morris is the heroine of this tale; and all honour to the brave, manly soul that has conceived and imaged for the world's homage that fair, saintly, gentle, yet heroic woman. Here at last in the realm of fiction



we see what Christianity has made woman. We would add how grateful we are to George Eliot that he has so sympathetically and nobly delineated for us the early growth of Methodism and Churchman, though he only has shown the *heavenly* influence of that religious revival in such a character as Dinah Morris. The other persons who live in this tale—for so natural, so true is their history that it seems as if we *saw* their life and did not *read* it—show the versatility, the fulness of George Eliot's sympathy. His range in this novel has been confined, but the limitation does not arise from poverty of invention, but from artistic purpose.

"'Tis the supreme of power,  
When might half slumbers on its own  
right arm."

A word may reveal latent power; and how many of these words are scattered throughout these pages! The artistic law which Mr. Eliot obeys is just. Interest must be concentrated. The sunlight must be gathered into a focus ere it burn. The electricity must be gathered into a jar ere it flash into fire.

Much more we might say, but must not. There is humour in the book—pungent, racy, and original. It makes you laugh when alone; and, by the way, how rare and strange is that sound—a solitary laugh! We weep alone, we laugh in company. The one is a social, the other a solitary, affection. We confess to have laughed, often pealed again and again, to our own amazement and the amazement of all within earshot. Let the readers of this book inform their friends to take no unnecessary alarm ere they begin. Freely they may indulge their quieter sensibilities; and certes, if they cackinnate with mirth, they will shed unwilling tears. There is pathos as well as humour—the dewy melancholy night, as well as the bright morning light, in this book; and if there be a fountain anywhere bedded in the deep rock, this pathos will steal over it

like the magician's wand, and bring its waters trickling down the flinty face.

But it is the high Christian morality of the work which most emphatically recommends and exalts it in our estimation. There is in it the geniality, the glowing love of nature, the fine thrill of humanity, which give the charm to Kingsley's tales. But he has a loftier spiritual conception of man than Kingsley has yet attained. Kingsley loves too much the "*bellus homo*," and healthy animalism infects with its brute vigour all his idealisations of noble manhood. While we sympathise most profoundly with this feeling of Kingsley's, we are conscious in ourselves, and we see it in Kingsley, how it tends to degrade our conceptions of human nature. The glory of the flesh may veil "the glory that excelleth" of the spirit. It is not the giant Thor of the North or the splendid Apollos of the South, but a Paul—whose bodily presence was weak—that commands the admiration of a soul touched with Christian sympathies. These sympathies pervade this book of George Eliot as its life. He may err in occasional judgment, for who is perfect? and he himself has taught us to judge as we would be judged.

George Eliot has yet to learn the cunning secrets of style, which only continuous and aspiring study can teach. He is far beneath our great novelists in majesty and grace of expression. But this gift always comes last to the artist. The surface bloom comes only in the autumn months to the apple and the peach. The pure lights and shadows which play on Raffaele's pictures are not found in his younger works. Neither Thackeray nor Bulwer achieved at once that finished elegance, that strong simplicity, that easy eloquence, which we admire in their later novels. There is a fulness, a rhythmic sweetness, a gleaming edge, a diapason force in our English 'tongue, which George Eliot we trust will live and work to possess.

**THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE. EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOSWELL.** By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Author of "Astræa," and other Poems. London: Hamilton & Co.

AMONG the "most celebrated men of the day" in America, Mr. Holmes holds a distinguished place as a poet and a wit. He is also known in Boston as a delightful social companion and a physician of skill. As an author, a citizen, and a doctor he is praised in the cities of the States. In the introduction to an English edition of his poems we find the following, from the "North American Review." "His wit is all his own, sly and tingling, but without a drop of ill-nature in it, and never leaving a sting behind. His humour is so grotesque and queer that it reminds one of the frolics of Puck, and deep pathos mingles with it so naturally, that when the reader's eyes are brimming with tears he knows not whether they have their source in sorrow or in laughter." Tears somehow are always standing in transatlantic eyes. The late Miss Mitford wrote of him to the following effect. "For him we can find no living prototype: to track his footsteps we must travel back as far as Pope or Dryden; and to my mind it would be well if some of our own bards would take the same journey, provided always it produced the same result. Lofty, poignant, graceful, grand, high of thought, and clear of word, we could fancy ourselves reading some pungent page of 'Absalom and Ahithophel,' or of the 'Moral Epistles.'" A "mutual friend" of the authoress of "Our Village" favours us with the following "interesting personal notices." "He is a small, compact man, the delight and ornament of every society that he enters, buzzing about like a bee, or fluttering like a humming-bird, exceedingly difficult to catch unless he be really wanted for some kind act, and then you are sure of him." The English reader, with the praises of Miss Mitford and the "North American Review" ringing in his ears, is somewhat astonished when he encounters the poems of the amiable doctor. His

eyes are guiltless of those extraordinary tears of doubtful "source." He finds no suggestion of "some pungent page" of Dryden and Pope. A poet Dr. Holmes cannot be said to be at all; as a wit he is inferior to Hood or Jerrold; "Punch" writes funnier verses than Holmes, and writes them every week too. From "Poetry, a Metrical Essay," we extract a specimen of his ambitious manner.

We, like the leaf, the summit, or the wave,  
Reflect the light our common nature gave;  
But every sunbeam, falling from her throne  
Wears on our hearts, some colouring of our own.

Chilled in the slave, and burning in the free;

*Like the sealed cavern by the sparkling sea;*  
Lost, like the lightning in the sullen sod,  
Or shedding radiance, like the smile of God;  
Pure, pale in virtue, as the star above,  
Or quivering roseate on the leaves of love;  
Glaring like noontide where it glows upon  
Ambition's sands—the desert in the sun;  
Or soft suffusing o'er the varied scene,  
Life's common colouring, intellectual green.

His funny style is better than this. Take the following lines from "Evenings by a Tailor."

Day hath put on his jacket, and around  
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.  
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass  
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,  
And hold communion with the things about me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?  
O no, it is that other gentle bird,  
Which is the patron of our noble calling.  
I well remember, in my early years,  
When these young hands first closed upon a goose.

I have a scar upon my thimble finger,  
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.

My father was a tailor; and his father,  
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors.

They had an ancient goose; it was an heirloom

From some remoter tailor of our race.  
It happened I did see it on a time  
When none was near, and I did deal with it,  
And it did burn me—oh most fearfully!

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was originally published in the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine," and attracted considerable attention

in England and America. In these pages the Doctor appears to greater advantage than in his poems. The Autocrat is a person of vivacity, spirit, and keenness of observation. He is intensely smart and American. He dwells in a boarding house, and dominates over his fellow-lodgers. Seated there, he delivers himself of various opinions, is nothing loth to inform his hearers of his personal history, and glances in his smart slangy way at men and women, books and governments. The Autocrat reminds one somewhat of Mr. Helps's "Friends in Council." The ease and variety of conversation are taken advantage of by both writers to flash light on whatever subject may be under discussion from different points. Both are good books; but one is English and the other American. Mr. Helps takes his character out to the English weather; dogs are always with them, Lucy sometimes. Milverton gives his readings in the open air, sometimes on the site of a Roman camp, sometimes in the lane in front of his house. The blue of the sea is visible, the wind blows about them, the larks sing over their heads. The speakers are men of mark and social position. Demersford the clergyman, Elsmere the sarcastic lawyer, Milverton the man of fortune, who gives his days and nights to consideration of difficult social problems. In all, years have checked the forwardness and enthusiasm of youth; they are highly cultivated, reticent; and on no occasion do they fail to think and express themselves like English gentlemen. On no occasion do they talk slang. Their utterances can never be mistaken for extracts from Mr. Dickens's funny passages. The Autocrat sits at the breakfast table of an American boarding-house, and he addresses the motley and floating population native to such a locality. He thinks as his hearers think, he speaks as they speak. There is an underbred flippancy and loudness of tone about him; a smart vulgarity, redolent of the *gent*. You would not be surprised if he sat in a rocking chair with his heels aloft and expectorating between sentences. He

knows that he can astonish his audience, and he indulges in that luxury. He knows he is a very clever fellow, and does not scruple to say so. Listen to the Autocrat on men of genius.

"The men of genius that I fancy most have erectile heads like the cobra-di-capello. You remember what they tell of William Pinkney, the great pleader; how in his eloquent paroxysms the veins of his neck would swell, and his face flush, and his eyes glitter, until he seemed on the verge of apoplexy. The hydraulic arrangements for supplying the brain with blood are only second in importance to its own organisation. The bulbous-headed fellows, that *steam well* when they are at work, are the men that draw big audiences and give us *marrowy* books and pictures. It is a good sign to have one's feet grow cold when he is writing. A great writer and speaker once told me that he often wrote with his feet in hot water; but for this, *all* his blood would have run into his head, as the mercury sometimes withdraws into the ball of a thermometer."

The Autocrat informs his fellow-boarders how a friend of his writes his poems—a desperate life he must have of it.

"A Lyric conception—my friend, the poet, said—hits me like a bullet in the forehead. I have often had the blood drop from my cheeks when it struck, and felt that I turned as white as death. Then comes a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine—then a gasp and a great jump of the heart—then a sudden flush and a beating in the vessels of the head—then a long sigh—and the poem is written."

"It is enough to stun and scare anybody, to have a hot thought come crashing into his brain, and ploughing up those parallel ruts where the waggon-trains of common ideas were jogging along in their regular sequences of association."

Dr. Holmes's humour being considered, by the principal literary authority of the State, so "grotesque and queer that it reminds one of the frolics of Puck," we are tempted to

extract a specimen from the book before us. Listen to the Autocrat on puns.

"—Do you mean to say the pun-question is not clearly settled in your minds? Let me lay down the law upon the subject. Life and language are alike sacred. Homicide and *ver-bicide*—that is, violent treatment of a word with fatal results to its *legitimate* meaning, which is its life—are alike forbidden. Manslaughter, which is the meaning of the one, is the same as man's laughter, which is the end of the other. A pun is *primâ facie* an insult to the person you are talking with. It implies utter indifference to or sublime contempt for his remarks, no matter how serious. I speak of total depravity, and one says all that is written on the subject is deep raving. I have committed my self-respect by talking with such a person. I should like to commit him, but cannot, because he is a nuisance. Or I speak of geological convulsions, and he asks me what was the cosine of Noah's ark; also, whether the Deluge was not a deal huger than any modern inundation.

"A pun does not commonly justify a blow in return. But if a blow were given for such a cause, and death ensued, the jury would be judges both of the facts and of the pun, and might, if the latter were of an aggravated character, return a verdict of justifiable homicide. Thus, in a case lately decided before Miller, J., Doe presented Roe a subscription paper, and urged the claims of suffering humanity. Roe replied by asking when charity was like a top. It was in evidence that Doe preserved a dignified silence. Roe then said, 'When it begins to hum.' Doe then—and not till then—struck Roe, and his head happening to strike a bound volume of the *Monthly Ragbag* and *Stolen Miscellany*, intense mortification ensued with a fatal result. The chief laid down his notions of the law to his brother justices, who unanimously replied, 'Jest so.' The chief rejoined, that no man should jest so without being punished for it, and charged for the prisoner, who was ac-

quitted, and the pun ordered to be burned by the sheriff."

THE TWO LIGHTS; or, Reason and Revelation. A Narrative. By the Rev. W. Leask, D.D. Second Edition, Revised. London: The Book Society.

REGARDED as a work of art, this book is very defective. The hero is too good to be life-like, the conversations are too clever for the circumstances imagined, and the views of the writer are strangely expressed, while those on the side of scepticism are very feebly stated. The reader also finds that he is carried from one stage to another, not by the exigencies of the narrative, but so as to allow of the treasured passages in the author's folio being used, and that he might travel on to any extent in this fashion, if the writer had only materials at hand which he might wish to introduce.

But the work has higher claims than belong to works of fiction. It is a noble vindication of the prerogative of the light of revelation to lead to holiness, usefulness, and happiness, and an earnest protest, not against the use, but against the abuse of the light of reason, when it leaves its legitimate province, and invades, and by so doing destroys, the province of revelation altogether. The work contains much solid thought, many passages of poetic beauty, and many which rise into strains of impassioned eloquence.

Dr. Leask has done good service to the cause of truth, in making this addition to his former works. A large class of young men will be benefited by it, who might be unable to appreciate such a book as the "Eclipse of Faith." We rejoice that the present work has reached a second edition; and would earnestly recommend all Christian gentlemen, who may have clerks or intelligent young men in their employment, to place it in their hands, as conveniently fitted, by the blessing of God, to save them from the meshes and consequences of infidelity, and thus enable it to realize the wishes of its excellent author.

# THE ECLECTIC.

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APRIL, 1859.

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## I.

### THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CAREY, MARSHMAN, AND WARD.

*The Life and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward ; embracing the History of the Serampore Mission.* By John Clark Marshman. 2 vols. London : Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. 1859.

WE are almost afraid that any adequate expression of the admiration with which we have read these two magnificent volumes, will appear to some of our sober readers the language of ungoverned exaggeration and extravagance. We have almost forgotten the cold functions of criticism, and have been hurried on over page after page with ever-deepening interest and delight. Mr. Marshman had a noble story to tell, and he has told it nobly. His work will have a place for ever among the most precious endowments, not of any single denomination merely, but of the universal Church. The slanders which have sometimes been uttered against Protestant missions, as though their annals were not glorified by such splendid examples of heroic self-denial, as constitute the boast and crown of the religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church, should be for ever silenced by the stirring narrative of the early days of the mission at Serampore.

Even the restless enterprise, the consuming fervour, the irrepressible energy of Francis Xavier, though we have read the narrative of his wondrous life with throbbing heart and streaming tears, never stirred us so profoundly or left so solemn and sacred an impression on our deepest affections, as this record of the calm, resolute, unostentatious, and persevering labours of Carey, Marshman, and Ward. In the life of Xavier there are a thousand external circumstances which add beauty and wonder and romance to his sufferings and achievements. The best blood of Spain coursed through his veins ; he was a noble

as well as an apostle; a gallant soldier as well as a devoted missionary; he lived when the "days of chivalry" had not yet passed away from Europe, and when India was still covered with that golden haze of enchantment, which was only finally quite dispersed by the cannon of Clive and the audacious crimes of Hastings. He moved from land to land like a splendid meteor: the vehemence of his progress, and the incessant change of circumstance and of scene, stimulate and excite the emotions like the impetuosity of a great nation, or the rapid movement of the plot of a great novel.

But the Serampore missionaries were plebeian men, and lived in a plebeian age. Ward was a printer, Marshman a weaver, Carey a cobbler. There was nothing heroic about their position or about the external form of their work. And yet their magnanimity, their complete self-devotedness, their faith, and their hope, created a history which, in fascinating interest and imperial power over the sympathies of every Christian heart, can scarcely be equalled, and certainly not surpassed by any chapter in the history of ancient or modern missions.

In order to penetrate into the real significance of the great evangelistic movements of modern Protestantism, it is of the highest importance that we should thoroughly understand the general condition of society, when they originated, and the early difficulties by which they were attended. When our missions in Northern India were first established, the whole enterprise was an experiment. Nothing was known of the principles on which the work itself should be conducted; or of the financial system by which it should be maintained.

The Tranquebar mission of last century, and its offshoots, had in most important matters started on wrong principles; and consequently after long experience they became a heap of ruins; and left to later missionaries shattered remains, which have only given them continued anxiety, and will plague them for many years to come. That a similar painful experience has not been met with in Northern India is largely due to the missionaries of Serampore. Basing their system from the first upon the word of God, and discerning with peculiar correctness of judgment those vital questions in which native converts were apt to go astray, they commenced their plans upon a sound system; and it is largely owing to their example that subsequent missions have assumed such a healthy tone, and enjoyed from the first such a steady and uninterrupted prosperity. The history of their efforts derives a peculiar complexion from the times in which they were carried on. They suffered from peculiar dangers; and passed through strange vicissitudes: they possess therefore an interest and an instructiveness peculiarly their own. Various writers

have given that history in part: in the volumes before us, it is presented completely and in full detail for the first time. Mr. Marshman possesses unusual qualifications for the work of love which he has undertaken. Nearly the whole of the labours here recorded have passed under his own eye; while his sympathy for the mission in all its concerns led him duly to appreciate them. His position as a politician gave him at the same time a profound acquaintance with public events, and especially with those important and rapid changes which Indian society has undergone since the century began. His materials have been derived not only from published papers, but from more than five thousand private letters, and from the official despatches of the India House, to which, on returning finally to England, he was permitted to have access. This valuable store he has turned to good account; and in the volumes now published he presents to the Christian public a complete and authentic narrative of the labours of the great missionaries at Serampore, and of the extraordinary times through which they passed. Many of his facts are perfectly new, and all are invested with a deep and abiding interest. Ample details are given of the more important events, while the more minute incidents are passed lightly over. We could wish, however, that the writer had not contented himself with the position of the mere chronicler of these valuable records. We could wish that sometimes he had given fuller play to his emotions, and presented to his readers some of those exalted views of the character of the men about whom he writes, which his profound acquaintance with their history and conduct must have inspired. He begins his story abruptly, and as abruptly ends. The facts, however, which he states will awaken those emotions in others which the author himself restrains. Perhaps there is wisdom in his art; and, apart from this defect, the reader will study with absorbing, unchecked interest, a narrative always clear, always valuable, fascinating in its style, and presenting as it advances some of the most important events that have happened in the history of British India. We do not pretend to do justice to the book in this brief review; but propose to point out a few of the special points of interest on which for the first time it throws so clear a light.

It was by a remarkable series of providences that the three Christian heroes of this story found themselves brought together at Serampore. Early struggles had developed Carey's amazing perseverance: and when a deep interest in the salvation of the heathen took possession of his mind, indifference in all around him only served to intensify it, until it became a passion. Then came his paper at the "County Association;" then his pamphlet; next his sermon, the heads of which have formed a

proverb : "Attempt great things for God ; expect great things : " next the collection amounting to 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, which so roused Sydney Smith's ire and ridicule. Then we see him on shipboard, with his eccentric companion Thomas, evidently very ignorant of the country to which he is going, and of the difficulties that lie in his way, but animated by an intense determination to succeed, which no obstacles can subdue, and no amount of suffering tire. He lands without resources, is deserted by his companion, proposes to found a settlement in the swampy tiger-forests near Calcutta, and at last is invited to become an indigo planter in the district of Malwa. There we watch him for five years, making bad indigo, studying the Bengalee language, and with a deeper interest studying the rude villagers around him. He talks with them continually, listens to their quarrels, hears their conversations, rich in Bengalee Billingsgate (which he records with amusing fidelity in his 'Dialogues'), and all the while works on at his translation of the New Testament. At the end of the five years, when he has made his way and has acquired some experience, his colleagues arrive, soon to be reduced by death till the great three alone are left. The government being hostile to the settlement of interlopers, especially of missionaries, they are ordered at once to leave the country : but having reached Serampore, then under the Danish flag, they are invited by Colonel Bie, an old friend of Schwartz, who had learned to value missionaries, to settle in his little town and be the pastors of his people. They are soon at work, set up their press, preach to the natives and converse with them, begin printing the New Testament, establish boarding-schools for English children, and are soon visited by their first inquirer, who disappoints them. But others come, with faith in their hearts and sincerity in their professions ; they rejoice in the first baptism of a convert ; and they finish with abundant joy their first translation of the Word of God. Though an amusing production, full of strange idioms and Anglicised Bengalee, it was soon corrected and improved by the hand that first produced it : years pass on ; the press is enlarged ; new translations in other tongues are commenced ; other converts from the higher castes are received ; a native church is begun ; one or two offshoots established ; native schools are set on foot, and measures are employed for carrying on to a larger degree and over a wider surface the Christian labours so auspiciously begun. Such was the beginning of the Serampore mission.

The state of English society in Bengal, when the missionaries entered on their labours, was irreligious and immoral in the extreme ; and all its influence was brought to bear against their continuance in the country. It was thoroughly tainted with that



corruption which flows from the abuse of power. Years before, every species of oppression had been employed to squeeze money from the native population, and immense fortunes, the fruits of plunder, had been carried off to England. Though greatly checked and controlled by new regulations, the spirit of covetousness still laid a firm grasp on the hearts of the community, and little was cared for beyond those efforts which might most speedily fulfil its largest desires. Enormous incomes were still made in official appointments, and enormous fortunes produced from trade. Men hastened to be rich, and few cared to see that their riches were acquired in a legitimate way. Society was at the same time excessively immoral. Even at the close of the century English ladies did not amount to a tenth part of the community: the young civilian on his first arrival was recommended to gather a harem as soon as possible, and his native mistresses were facetiously described as the best teachers of the language. By debasing associations of this kind society was utterly debauched and corrupted. A natural consequence of this corruption was an entire neglect of the ordinances of religion, and a very general scepticism. The principles set in motion by the French Revolution, which had been so eagerly received in the licentious society of England, found ready acceptance in a similar community in India. The few chaplains employed by the Court of Directors, resembled, to a large extent, the people whom they ought to have improved. Several were a disgrace to their profession, and nearly all employed themselves diligently in making money. They scarcely ever conducted public worship. The sabbath was the great day for horse-racing: in Bombay it was not uncommon to appoint "the meet" at the church door. "For a quarter of a century after the battle of Plassey, Calcutta presented a scene of unblushing licentiousness, avarice, and infidelity, such as had never before been witnessed under the British flag."

A natural effect of all this impiety was, that the native religions were largely regarded with favour: their doctrines were spoken of as reasonable and virtuous; their ceremonies were patronised; and both the government officially, and its officers individually, at times presented offerings at the principal shrines. Long-continued association with the natives, and deference to their religious prejudices, had completely "brahminised" a large portion of the government officers; and nothing was so offensive to their prejudices, or so bitterly excited their ire, as the attempt to instruct Hindoos in the doctrines of the Christian faith. Such sentiments produced not merely indifference, but intense opposition to missionary plans; an indifference and opposition which were peculiarly strong during the first twenty years of Dr. Carey's

life in India. The service abroad, and the Court at home, were filled with men who sympathised with the native systems ; and had they not been kept in check by the faithful few—like Mr. Charles Grant and Mr. Udny, as well as by the Christian public opinion of England, headed by Mr. Wilberforce, the most decided efforts would have been made to crush missionary efforts altogether. As it was, they were more than once placed in extreme jeopardy.

The first great attempt was made in 1807, under the feeble government of Lord Minto. Lord Wellesley, on the first establishment of the mission, had viewed the missionaries with suspicion, fearing that their press might in its freedom interfere with that unity of effort which he required from all branches of the community in the maintenance of his imperial policy. A full explanation of their plans, however, perfectly satisfied his mind : during the remainder of his rule he treated them with unvarying kindness ; and after his return to England generously aided their friends in defending them from the calumnies of their numerous detractors. In reference to Christian missions, as to all the departments of his government, his broad clear views went far beyond those of his contemporaries. He was, in every way, a grand ruler. Discerning with keenest eye the possibilities of the great future, he sought to give a compactness and a unity to the Indian government which it had never yet enjoyed, and to develop the principles on which it should be administered into a complete system, to which its successive rulers might steadily adhere. Aware that the corruption of society must render the government weak, he steadily set his face against the immoralities and the irreligion so prevalent around him. He forbade the desecration of the sabbath ; regularly appeared in church ; was the friend and supporter of the excellent chaplains, David Brown and Dr. Buchanan ; and, on the conclusion of his Mysore wars, headed the community in presenting public thanksgivings for the restoration of peace. Convinced that the officers of government should be men of high character and great wisdom, he founded the college of Fort William for the benefit of the young civilians ; making provision not only for the best system of education, but for their religious and moral training too. When he saw the younger officers anxious to purify society, by limiting the benefits of the Civil Fund to children born in wedlock, he gave them his hearty support, and secured success to their plans. It was from him that Dr. Carey received the appointment to the professorship of Bengalee and Mahrattée in the college, which he held for thirty years ; and by which he so greatly increased his usefulness as a translator of the Scriptures. It was a great day for the mission, as well as for the college,

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when, in 1804—before the Governor-General and all his officers, in the great throne-room of Government House—in an assembly which included the principal natives of the city, the native scholars of the college, and the representatives of native princes—dressed in their plumed and jewelled turbans—after the disputations of the students were completed, Dr. Carey, in his Sanskrit address, complimenting his lordship on his administration, was permitted to avow his missionary character, and give proof of the learning by which it was accompanied.

Very different was the treatment that the mission received from the feeble Lord Minto, and his Hindoo-loving council. In 1806, the mutiny at Vellore put all the old members of the community in an agony of fear. One of the many tracts circulated by the missionaries fell into the hands of one of these gentlemen; and, along with a garbled and interpolated translation, it was laid before the Council. Mr. Blacquiére, the magistrate, was commanded to get as many more as he could of these productions. For this purpose he employed a Brahmin, who went to the missionaries, pretending that he was an inquirer, and asked for and received several different kinds. These also, with translations, were laid before the Council; and a serious discussion arose as to the propriety of allowing their circulation to be continued. The decision was, that the missionaries were to be forbidden either to discuss these religious questions with the natives, or to circulate such books among them; and they were ordered to bring their press down to Calcutta. Such an order was most unjust; and boldly interfered with the independence of a foreign power. The press and the mission had been received under the special protection and patronage of the Danish king, and the missionaries might therefore have stood out against this decree; especially when the governor of Serampore assured them that they should be protected at any cost. Overlooking, however, all technicalities, and unwilling to embroil the Danish government in such a dispute, the missionaries, after the most earnest prayers for guidance and protection from above, sought an interview with Lord Minto, laid their case before him, and presented a memorial—showing in detail how missions to India had long flourished in the Madras Presidency, had been approved by the royal family in England, had been the means of doing great good, and had led to none of those disorders which were attributed to them. They showed how their own little mission had pursued its way in peace; that they had baptized a hundred natives, without any riots taking place; that their premises had cost 6000*l.*, and that the removal of the press to Calcutta would bring upon the mission utter ruin. This memorial was seconded by a letter from the governor of Serampore, who

requested the Governor-General to forego his intention of removing the press, as it would prove injurious to the mission and detrimental to the interests of the settlement. On a consideration of these documents, the Council recalled the previous order, but desired that all publications intended for circulation among the natives might be submitted to their officers for approval. The missionaries felt this to be a signal deliverance, effected by the controlling influence of Him who holds the hearts of kings and princes in his hands. The Board of Control expressed in mild terms their disapprobation of the whole proceeding, and concluded with observing, "We rely on your discretion that you will abstain from all unnecessary and ostentatious interference with their proceedings." It was at this time that the great discussion arose in England respecting the usefulness of missions; in which Mr. Twining, Major Scott Waring, and Colonel Stewart fought so hard for the Hindoo religion, and were so ably answered by Mr. Fuller, Mr. Owen, and Lord Teignmouth.

Left again in peace, the little band of labourers prosecuted their labours with renewed thankfulness and zeal, and sought to enlarge their sphere of usefulness. Within the next few years Dr. Marshman completed his translation of the Chinese Testament, and subsequently the first volume of the works of Confucius. Mr. Ward published the first edition of his able work on the literature, religion, and customs of the Hindoos. Translations were completed by Dr. Carey in six languages, and commenced in six others. One or two new stations were added to their country missions: their press was greatly enlarged by the construction of founts of types in new characters; their schools were maintained efficiently; they had two hundred members in church fellowship; and the same princely liberality, which had led them from the first to devote all profits from their own labour to the cause of the gospel, was continued. One cannot help regretting that Dr. Marshman should have spent so many years of labour upon a language which it was impossible he could learn completely in Bengal: but there is this explanation of the circumstance, not referred to in the volumes before us, that China was in those days considered much more a part of India than it is now; that the factories at Canton were all under the East India Company, and that there was the most constant intercourse maintained between the two countries. The views of the missionaries however were so large, their consecration so entire, they were so little appalled by difficulties, and had such large means at command from the income of their own labours, that they were ready to enter any and all the doors of usefulness which were fast opening up before them.

Finding the Government more friendly, they began to think

their number might be increased with safety, and accordingly wrote to Mr. Fuller for one or two new missionaries. The Society soon after sent two, Mr. Johns and Mr. Lawson. About the same time the London Missionary Society sent Mr. May : and the American Board, five others, including Dr. Judson, Mr. Newell, and Gordon Hall. They reached Calcutta at various periods during the year 1812. The magistrate at the time was Mr. Martyn, a man who thoroughly sympathised with the anti-missionary party, and who was never so much at home as when vexing and annoying missionary agents. The zeal of his party had lately been sharpened by hearing reports that it was intended to secure, in the new charter, an opening for missionaries and others to enter the country. It was felt advisable to renew the former opposition to missionary work, and Mr. Martyn soon had as large opportunities of exhibiting it as he and his friends could desire. On arriving in June, with Mr. Newell, Mr. Judson innocently proceeded straight to the police office, reported himself, and announced that three others were coming, with the intention of founding a mission to the east of Bengal. Mr. Martyn reported the interesting circumstance to Government ; stated his suspicions that these gentlemen were not Americans but English ; and elaborately described how missionaries always came by America, in order to elude the vigilance of Government, and how many others might be expected, who would all plead that they were Americans : the only mode of checking such immigrations effectually was to send them back again. The order was immediately forwarded to him, to send the two missionaries back ; and to refuse the captain of their ship a port-clearance until he had engaged to take them. Mr. Judson pleaded that they did not intend to remain in the Company's territory, and that others were expected. At last permission was given for him and his brethren to go to the Isle of France, provided they paid their own expenses. Two months later the other Americans arrived, and with them three English missionaries. The Americans were at first ordered back in the same ship, but eventually permitted to go to the Mauritius. No ship, however, could be found to take them ; passage could be secured only for Mr. and Mrs. Newell. In November, Mr. Martyn reported that only one of the five had left the country ; and orders were immediately issued to carry them on board the English fleet then sailing, and as the Government would not incur expense for such contumacious persons, 40*l.*, only would be paid for each, and they were to mess with the gunner. In order to enforce these orders, Mr. Martyn was directed to take charge of the missionaries by his police. After consulting together, the missionaries unwilling to go to England, resolved to run away from the country. Mr. Judson and Mr. Rice got a

passage on board the "Creole," for Mauritius, and after some trouble were allowed to proceed. Mr. Hall and Mr. Nott escaped to Bombay; but the orders of the Supreme Government following them, they were placed under surveillance by Sir Evan Nepean; but he did not sympathise with the Calcutta Council in their bitterness, treated the missionaries kindly, and delayed sending them to England on the ground of their ill-health. Being obliged, however, to obey orders, he at length secured them a comfortable passage; but they suddenly disappeared, were recaptured at Cochin and returned to Bombay. The arrival, however of Lord Moira as Governor-General, with very different views, at last put a stop to this abominable persecution, and the hunted brethren settled quietly down in the town of Bombay, and founded a mission which is carried on to this day.

Having got rid of the five Americans, Mr. Martyn turned his attention to the three English missionaries who had arrived with them. Mr. May, who had come to join the London Mission, founded by Mr. Forsyth in the Dutch settlement of Chinsurah, eluded his grasp; and as he purposed to devote himself to the instruction of the European population, no further objection was made to his remaining. Efforts were made to secure permission for Mr. Johns and Mr. Lawson to remain at Serampore till reference should be made to the Directors in London; but these were unsuccessful and they were ordered to leave at once. Mr. Lawson having appeared before Mr. Martyn, and refusing to sign a promise that he would leave, was sent to prison for a few hours. Eventually he was allowed to join the Serampore mission, with a view to assist its Chinese printing; but Mr. Johns was compelled to return to England.

"The triumphing of the wicked is short." The greatest struggles in defence of evil are usually made just when that evil is about to disappear for ever. The rapid advance of truth is frequently ushered in by bitter persecution; for the devil in such cases "knoweth that he hath but a short time." Just as Mr. Johns was being expelled from the country, the House of Commons was debating the new charter, and considering whether India was to be opened to a freer trade and to the admission of missionaries. Respecting the latter question both the Court of Directors and the Board of Control wished to maintain the old policy. But the Christian public poured into the House nine hundred petitions within six weeks; Mr. Wilberforce defended the side of Christian zeal, with able argument and powerful eloquence; Lord Wellesley bore high testimony to the worth and labours of the Serampore missionaries; and the clause securing the free entrance of missionaries was carried by large majorities.

With the new charter the old policy was doomed. For more

than fifty years India had been regarded as the private property of the East India Company; its trade, its government, its interests, as bound up with their fortunes; and its territory as a domain to which they had exclusive right. The services were filled with the members of their families, who secured the best appointments abroad, and filled the Direction at home. But this exclusiveness was now to receive the first innovations, which have since been continued till scarcely a vestige of the old system exists. The trade which was said to have reached a limit at two millions a year, and even then entailed losses on the Company, now in free hands amounts to twelve millions, and is steadily increasing. The services, though not entirely open, have lost their exclusiveness. India is no longer an object of profit, but a magnificent empire to be governed. Education, literature and Christian missions are allowed free influence, and have been labouring hard to enlighten and turn from their superstitions the millions of its great population. No one can read the story of the persecution of the missionaries in 1812, and the reasons alleged for maintaining the exclusive privileges of the East India Company in the following years, without noting the marvellous change produced in the views of all classes during the short period of forty-five years. This change is as great in India as in England. Indeed society abroad reflects the character of society at home: it is the vast improvement in the latter that gives bright augury of the progress hoped for in the former. On this point we cannot but quote one of the most important passages contained in these instructive volumes.

“The constitution of the government of India has undergone as many changes as the constitution of England since the Norman conquest. Both have been the growth of time and circumstances. At every stage of mutation the government of India has presented a very accurate exhibition of the prevailing feelings and opinions of the age; and they have been reflected as faithfully on the banks of the Ganges as on the banks of the Thames. The resemblance is equally apparent in their virtues, their vices, and their prejudices. There was a time, from 1760 to 1770, when the conduct of the chiefs in Calcutta presented the most revolting picture of corruption and injustice; but it was at a time when 25,000*l.* were paid in one day to members of Parliament to secure their votes, and Parliament itself was enacting laws for the encouragement of the slave-trade. At that dark period of our history, both at home and abroad, any proposal to give the blessings of civilization to the natives of Africa would have been considered as wild and preposterous as the proposal to give education to the Hindoos. The first attempt to abolish the slave-trade was coincident in point of time with the first attempt to obtain permission to evangelise India. Both measures encountered the same resistance in Parliament. It is an

historical fancy to suppose that the Court of Directors, as a body, presented the only obstacle to the introduction of a liberal policy in India. They were by no means sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem. The prejudices which predominated in Leadenhall Street were equally strong in Cannon Row and in the Cabinet—in the Parliament and in the press. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas were as strenuously opposed to the admission of Europeans into India as the Court of Directors. It was Parliament, under the guidance of the ministry, which enacted that every European found in India without a licence should be deemed guilty of a high crime and misdemeanor. It was Parliament, and the ministry of Lord Liverpool, that refused permission in 1813 for them to hold land in India. It was Parliament, at the instigation of Mr. Dundas, which thwarted Mr. Wilberforce's first attempt to obtain access for missionaries to India; and it was Lord Castlereagh, and the Cabinet of 1813, who endeavoured to defeat his second attempt, in which they would have succeeded but for the interposition of the country. For every improvement in our Indian policy, as in our home policy, we are indebted to the might of public opinion; and it is beneficial to the interests of society that it should be so. . . . It was this public opinion which dethroned the traditional and illiberal policy once predominant in the Court of Directors: and it is the same omnipotent agency which can alone protect us from any attempt to revive it which can be made under the government of the Crown."—(ii., pp. 471, 472.)

Secure from Government interference, and enjoying greater confidence and esteem in the improved state of English society which soon appeared around them, the Serampore missionaries gave themselves with fresh vigour to their work; and during the next ten years devoted to it an amount of activity, intelligence, and enterprise that are perfectly amazing. We can merely indicate a few particulars of their efforts in this brief notice; nothing can do them justice but the attentive study of the ample details supplied by Mr. Marshman. The missionaries of the Home Society increased in number, and took up independent positions in Calcutta and other parts of the country. The stations connected directly with Serampore also increased; and the number of converts by degrees rose to more than a thousand. They entered to a greater degree on the untried field of native education, which the Government also began to patronise; and commenced the foundation of their well-known college, contributing to it from their own resources the noble sum of 2,500*l*. They now circulated about a hundred thousand tracts every year; and endeavoured, with renewed earnestness, to secure for their missions an efficient native agency. Their literary activity was at its height: Dr. Marshman published his Chinese dictionary; and completed his version of the Chinese



Bible. Having accomplished this mighty task, he took the management of two periodicals, the *Friend of India* in English, and a magazine in Bengalee; together with a large share of the translating in other languages. Their versions now amounted to twenty, of which eleven were deemed of primary, and the remaining nine of only secondary importance. The Bengalee version had gone through six editions; and several others, two. Several grammars also had been published; and at length Dr. Carey brought out a specimen of a polyglot dictionary of the Indian languages, with columns for Greek and Hebrew. The huge folio still exists in the library at Serampore; an illustration of the years of patient, unwearied, persevering toil which its author devoted to the cause of his Redeemer. Even this list of results, however, did not content its earnest author. He was ambitious of preparing a version of the New Testament in every one of the dialects of India, and added several other translations to the twenty above-mentioned before he was called home to his rest. Many of these versions were very imperfect; many have become useless: the best have been absorbed in the labours of later missionaries who built upon the Serampore foundations. Several of their productions have since disappeared, like the translation of Confucius, or have remained incomplete, like Felix Carey's curious Bengalee version of the *Eneid*. But we look not merely at results. We look at the high principle, the unbending purpose, the singleness of consecration, the profound energy, the munificent liberality, of the great triad, and stand amazed and lost in admiration. In all this vast array of effort there was no display, no parade; but a calm steadiness, an intensity of power that is in the highest degree grand.

“No hammer there, no ponderous axes rung;  
Like a tall palm the mystic fabric sprung,  
Majestic silence.”

The brightest days of the mission were over. After 1820, again and again the united labours of Serampore were broken by the visit of Mr. Ward to Europe, and subsequently of Dr. and Mrs. Marshman. Clouds began to gather thick around them; painful controversies embittered their later years; they were often pressed by want of funds. Their labours were, however, continued: the missions attached to the college were unwisely enlarged, and their heavy responsibilities cheerfully borne. Into these labours, however, our brief space forbids us to follow them. For the same reason we must be silent on several of the great public events of their later life; the rule of Lord Willian Bentinck, the abolition of sutteeism, and the

great charter of 1833; and for details refer our readers to the ample information contained in the volumes before us.

We must express our deep regret that so large a portion of the second volume is devoted to the details of the unhappy controversy, which arose between the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society and the mission at Serampore. A recent writer had indeed injudiciously revived it in his "History of Modern Missions," and repeated calumnies which had long been forgotten. There was, therefore, some ground for dwelling on the real merits of the case, and proving how unfounded these imputations against the integrity of the missionaries were. But on other, and perhaps stronger grounds it would have been far better to pass such imputations by. The story of their labours, principles, conduct, and character—so amply given, so well authenticated—might have been left to work its own way; certain of success in sweeping unfounded charges away, and securing for the Serampore missionaries the honoured name which they deserve. We trust that, having done their work, these portions of the volumes before us may be removed from subsequent editions, and a matter that was so painful to all parties be allowed entirely to pass into oblivion. Into the merits of the case we have no wish to enter. We think that the missionaries were misunderstood, and were greatly wronged; and that while the system was a wrong one, the defence supplied by their private letters and papers, as to their motives and spirit, is complete. But there is one point that Mr. Marshman has not discussed, and on which we should have liked to receive the decision of his experience. Apart altogether from the rights of the case advanced by the Serampore missionaries, we cannot help feeling that in relation to the extension of missionary stations in India they assumed a position that was most unwise. They wished to establish a system of missions which should be permanently maintained, partly by the aid of friends in England and Bengal, and chiefly by the liberal contributions derived from their own employments. Had no controversy arisen as to rights, the arrangement was objectionable as an *imperium in imperio*. It was still more objectionable, because based on an entirely exceptional state of things. The missionaries did not seem sufficiently to appreciate the speciality of their own position. They were men of unusual wisdom, experience, and self-denial: they had come out in peculiar times, and in a peculiar way, had secured splendid incomes, which others could never hope to acquire. Their extensive transactions also required an amount of money which laid upon them the most serious responsibilities.

From the time of Mr. Ward's death they seem to have experienced frequent difficulties. The increasing age of Dr. and

Mrs. Marshman, and their successive visits to England, led to a decay of their excellent boarding-schools, though not before their successful managers had devoted to the mission the noble sum of 40,000*l*. Late in his life, Dr. Carey's salary as professor was reduced from 1200*l*. a-year to 600*l*. Thus, by degrees, the mission assumed the position of those societies, in which dependence upon an English committee for funds, with a few local subscriptions, is complete. That it struggled on for years; and that at last, all differences healed, it was handed over to the Baptist Missionary Society in healthy condition and efficient working, is due to the princely generosity of one, whose own sympathies and sacrifices for its sake could not be detailed in these volumes. Mr. Marshman could not describe what he himself had done for the Serampore mission; but we rejoice to bear our cordial and admiring testimony to the nobleness and liberality with which he helped forward for many years that good work, of which he has now raised a permanent memorial. The entire experience of the mission, from its earliest struggles, is rich in illustrations of the principles on which Indian missions should be maintained, and the mode in which they should be carried on.

But "the fathers, where are they: and the prophets, do they live for ever?" Great and holy as they were, giants in labour, giants in Christian usefulness, one by one they passed away from the scene of toil to the heaven of rest. Ward was called away early—to our mind the most loveable of the band—hearty, genial, full of feeling, fluent and earnest in speech, with a lively imagination, and with a completeness of consecration to his Master's work that resembles the love of a child. Carey lived to the age of seventy-three, the great linguist, with whom the work of translating Holy Scripture was a passion. Dr. Marshman followed him three years later, a man of universal knowledge and a splendid disputant, whose labours knew no end. All died in India, and all lie in the same little plot of ground, surrounded by the graves of the converts whom they first won to Christ. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their deaths they were not divided."

Serampore yet remains, but no longer occupies the distinguished position to which it was once raised. We cannot say its glory has departed, for missionary labour in several important departments is still efficiently carried on. But Serampore is no longer the one single fountain of religious truth to the idolatrous people of Northern India,—the single fortress that defends that truth against its Indian enemies. It is now only one of many stations, whence emanate the light and knowledge and moral power which erst were exclusively its own. But often do the feet of the devout pilgrim turn thither to tread the hallowed scene of

those labours which have given it a world-wide fame. The Danish element has entirely disappeared from the little settlement, and slowly but steadily an English community has been gathering there for many years. Spacious mansions line the river, gradually recovering from the ruin into which they had fallen. Conspicuous among them, in its avenue of fir-trees, stands the settlement church, with the handsome tower which Lord Wellesley gave, as much for the indulgence of his own taste as for the completion of the edifice. The old export trade of silks and muslins has long ceased ; and the activity and energy of the people have been directed into new channels. Along the divergent roads may be heard throughout the day the clatter of the numerous looms, weaving silk handkerchiefs for the English market, or sacking for the cotton of New Orleans. The old temple still towers above the banks of the Ganges, where David Brown and Henry Martyn joined the Serampore band in pleading at the Throne of Grace for the perishing souls of India. In the College, with its massive portico and noble halls, are daily gathered hundreds of Hindoo lads, whose minds are enlightened by the fullest teaching of scientific truth, and the purifying doctrines of the Word of God. The paper-machine established by the noble triumvirate is still the object of intense admiration to native visitors, who attribute to "magic" its astonishing results. Their press too remains, though it has passed into other hands, and has given over to its offshoot in Calcutta the printing of those translations, which it first sent forth into the world. Dr. Carey's garden has lost its glory ; though to the visitor who inquires about some specimen from the Terai or the jungles of Java, the old native gardener continues to repeat with due dignity the Latin names taught by his great master. In the chapel where they worshipped is still preserved with affectionate veneration the antiquated pulpit from which they first preached ; and still as each sabbath returns, while the soft breezes sigh through the shady fir-trees which overhang the sanctuary, the voice of instruction is heard, and the pleadings of the church for India's redemption rise before the Throne of Mercy. Behind the reading-desk appears one of the most touching memorials of their labour which Serampore contains—a simple slab of marble, placed by the loving hand which has now told so clearly the story of their lives ; and bearing the following words :—

THIS TABLET IS INSCRIBED  
 IN MEMORY OF  
 THE SERAMPORE MISSIONARIES,  
 WILLIAM CAREY,  
 JOSHUA MARSHMAN,  
 WILLIAM WARD;  
 and of  
 Their faithful and beloved Associate,  
 JOHN MACK :  
 IN THE CHAPEL.  
 CONSECRATED BY THEIR MINISTRATIONS.

But no marble is needed to enshrine their names in the admiring esteem and deep affection of the church of Christ. Now that their story is fully known, their perils fully understood, long will their consistent lives, their high-souled consecration, their comprehensive views, their mighty purposes, their boundless liberality, their unwearied toil, be held up as inspiring examples, while adoring thanks are paid to Him 'who is Head over all' for the wondrous grace which so long sustained them amid peculiar dangers. For ages to come others will build on the foundations which they securely laid. Avoiding the errors of their predecessors on the Madras coast, they excluded all caste from native churches; established good schools in the native languages; endeavoured to provide faithful translations of the Word of God; and sought in every way to build their churches on the sure foundation which that Word alone provides. External encouragements were few; for twenty years they scarcely knew that their labours were valued, except by a few faithful friends. No trumpet of fame animated their souls; no martial music from flattering crowds stirred them to the great assault on spiritual enemies. Deriving courage from divine teaching, filled with a simple faith in divine promises, alone they advanced into the midst of the devil's kingdom, resolved to draw from his destructive service the immortal souls that he had enslaved. Fitted in an eminent degree for the times in which they lived, they served their generation heartily according to the will of God. Absorbed in the Redeemer's work, careless of the world's approval, as careless of its frowns, they pursued their path with the calm dignity which invests true greatness; and when the summons came that called them home, each gathered his robe around his head, fearless as a child, to receive that blow from the last enemy, which should crown life with immortality. In the whole history of modern missions, there is nothing more honourable or more instructive to the church of Christ than the vast array of hallowed recollections which cluster around the name of SERAMPORE.

## II.

## POPULAR ASTRONOMY.

*Popular Astronomy.* By François Arago. Translated from the Original and Edited by Admiral W. H. Smyth, D.C.L., and Robert Grant, Esq., M.A. Vol. II. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Co. 1858.

ASTRONOMY, we are told, is the science which teaches the rule or law of the stars. The business of the astronomer is to measure their diameters and distances, to determine their relative places, to calculate their motions, and by a comparison of observations under the guidance of mathematical principles, to investigate the nature of the forces by which they are controlled, and the laws under which those forces act. The practical astronomer lays the foundation of the science, and is in fact a surveyor of the heavens. The principles which guide him in his work are those, to speak generally, by which a more humble labourer measures the place and magnitude of inaccessible objects on the earth, and he maps stars as a geographer maps districts or states. But while in geodesical measurements the observer has to do with fixed lines and immovable objects, and may suspend his labour for months or years and recommence it from the same stations and landmarks, the practical astronomer is at every instant observing from a new point in space; and while some of the objects are apparently fixed, others have a proper motion independent of that resulting from diurnal rotation. He is constantly traversing, if we may so speak, a base-line many million miles in length; but so distant is the nearest of the fixed stars, that in passing from one terminal station to the other he can detect little or no angular motion or parallax. His observations on the bodies which are nearer, and have an independent motion, are necessarily affected by this change of place; and it is his business to separate the proper motion of the earth from that of the planet, and in all cases to distinguish the real from the apparent.

Observations, however, do not constitute science. They are to it what the skeleton is to the body, what the foundation is to the building. Observations lead to, and are necessary for, the acquisition of scientific knowledge, but they must be compared, classified, or, to use an expressive and comprehensive word, discussed, before valuable scientific truths can be extracted from them. The Chaldean shepherds who night after night watched the motion of the moon in a cloudless sky, in a climate peculiarly fit for star-gazing, probably knew quite as much about the path

of our satellite in the heavens as a modern astronomer ; but of the form of her orbit, her retrograde motion, and her relations to the earth, the sun, and planets, they were more ignorant than many a pale-faced artizan of London or Manchester, who never saw the cold orb or fading disk for an hour on any one evening through a transparent atmosphere. If the Chaldean astronomers, of whom we hear such fabulous accounts, knew anything more than their pastoral countrymen, they gained their knowledge by the discussion of observations made with instruments ; and as they did know how to calculate eclipses and the motions of the planets, as is proved by their practice of astrology, there is no reason to doubt that they possessed a valuable series of astronomical observations. With a knowledge of the periodical recurrences of celestial phenomena, they could scarcely avoid speculating upon their relations of the moving bodies and the causes of the motion, or fail to reduce their imperfect knowledge into some astronomical system that would satisfy the conditions imposed by the facts they had discovered.

It was thus that astronomical systems came into existence. Of all of them the old Greek hypothesis, strange to say, was the most material, uncouth, and cumbrous. We can scarcely understand why Aristotle, a philosopher so speculative, so distinguished for abstraction of thought, in spite of his love for practical research and strong evidence, authorized a belief in the existence of a series of solid spheres enclosing the planets, and revolving round the earth as a centre within that star-stud concave, the primum mobile. Explain it as we may, this monstrous conception was the favoured hypothesis of the schools upon the authority of the Stagirite ; and until the close of the sixteenth century every fact was explained by it as the proper key of the universe. The epicyclical theory of Hipparchus was the only opposing speculation worthy of notice, and that was rather intended to illustrate the motion of the planetary bodies than to assign a cause for the observed phenomena. It was, however, incomparably the loftiest effort of the scientific mind of the age, and opened a train of thought which led to those great discoveries commenced by Copernicus ; it had likewise no unimportant though indirect influence upon the mind of Kepler, when he was searching hopefully for those prime laws of planetary motion upon which all the profound calculations of modern astronomy are founded. In the history of ancient astronomy, Hipparchus stands out as conspicuously among the Alexandrian philosophers, as Newton among the scientific men of modern Europe, for it was he who first taught how to study astronomy as a science of calculation founded on observation. By comparing his observations on the return of the sun to the equinox with those of Timocharis, a philosopher who lived

nearly two centuries before him, he discovered the precession of the equinoxes; and to facilitate the researches of those who might succeed to his labours he catalogued the stars. He determined the length of the tropical year within six minutes of the true time, by correcting the estimate made by Aristarchus—he discovered the excentricity of the solar orbit, pointed out some anomalies in the motion of the moon, and left numerous observations on the planets. We do not know that Hipparchus made more observations than other astronomers of his age; but he did more for science than all of them combined, by analysis, comparison, and discussion, using facts for the exercise of thought, and by the formation of hypothetical explanations which future observers might confirm or disprove.

The great necessity of the astronomical systems of the Greek and middle-age philosophers, was an acknowledgment of the existence and pervading influence of a unity of design and operation. The study of nature, in the constitution and motion of celestial bodies, does not so much satisfy the intellect when it discovers the cause of special phenomena, as when it traces the relationship of one cause to another, and by exhibiting a unity of force and action removes the vague apprehensions of danger, which result from a belief in the existence of struggling antagonisms, and from a mystical association of spiritual agencies with the mechanical, chemical and vital forces which are the sources of all physical phenomena. Antagonism as a principle of activity does not exist in nature, and no error is so great as that of believing in counteracting agencies and preventative forces, as though the order of nature depended on the accidental or conditional ascendancy of one or the other. Centripetal and centrifugal forces, for example, ought rather to be considered as concurrent than as antagonistic in their effects upon planetary bodies, for their influence is to combine not to separate, and their united action produces that orbital motion upon which the invariable relations, and therefore the existence, of systems of bodies depend. Neither should polarity be studied as a disuniting force, for its essential action is to collect and communicate—to separate for recombination. And when we advance from a consideration of such prime motive powers in their first consequences to the phenomena in which their action is masked, or modified by new conditions, we still fail to detect the operation of excessive contending powers endangering the permanence of established order; but everywhere find unity in the diversity of phenomena, and the evidence of forces acting in combination to produce effects insuring stability by the most simple means.

Thoughtful men have always had confidence in the invariability of physical laws, and the ignorant have hoped for the



best so long as the normal conditions of nature were undisturbed. It was this recognition of the persistent operation of causes, in spite of many apparent changes in the direction and velocity of planetary motion, that encouraged ancient astronomers to continue their observations for the information and use of posterity. They perceived less clearly the universality of law in terrestrial phenomena: but it was detected in the succession of the seasons; in the vibrations of ocean, producing the rise and fall of tides; in the growth of plants, and the development and decay of living structures. When they felt the awakening freshness of the morning air and the invigorating influence of the evening breeze, they were reminded of the dependence of the atmosphere itself upon an invariable law. The rains fell at appointed seasons, the temperature of the atmosphere never rose above a known limit, or varied injuriously from season to season; and, amid all the varieties in other phenomena, there was sufficient regularity to prove the invariability of the laws by which their causes were governed. Even with their limited means of research and their imperfect knowledge they could scarcely fail to observe a certain range of effects within established limits; and this deduction, in connexion with the invariability of the agency, was perhaps the most remarkable discovery of the pioneers of natural science. The heavens above and the earth beneath testified to the same fact, and led the thoughtful mind onward, collecting observations and suggesting explanations, with a strong conviction that the day would come when the true system of the world would be known.

When the attempts of the early philosophers to interpret astronomical phenomena had given birth to theoretical explanations of the constitution of the visible universe, each succeeding school sought to distinguish itself by more correct and extensive observations; and to give to these a real value, they connected them with a hypothetical conclusion. By this mode of investigation, continued from age to age, our modern astronomy has been produced. It was long before the sequence of the planets was discovered, and when that was proved the connexion between them and the sun remained unexplained. When Copernicus made his observations with rudely-constructed instruments in his dilapidated loft on the banks of the Vistula, and demonstrated to the world, in defiance of the authority of Aristotle and the Pope, the motion of the planets round the sun, he announced a fact; but he was as ignorant of the laws of planetary motion as of its cause. Then came Kepler, a man of exalted enthusiasm, refined fancy, profound intellect, keen perception, and untiring perseverance. Rejecting the old-world hypotheses, he began the great work of his life in earnest; but

it was with the free indulgence of his ardent and somewhat extravagant imagination. He rioted in the speculations of his genius; but his intellect, like a drudge, kept pace with his imagination, sifting its brilliant hypotheses, proving truth and rejecting error. In boldness and originality of conception he has had no rival among the men of science: in acuteness of perception Galileo was perhaps equally distinguished: in profound thought and persistent inquiry he may be classed with Newton—that giant among giants. In the theory of Copernicus, the sun was correctly placed in the centre of the planetary system—a mighty globe round which smaller ones revolved; but it exercised no force, and was there without an assigned purpose. Kepler seized a key to the mystery of its being when, at the commencement of his research, he proved that the planes of the orbits of the planets and the lines joining their apsides passed through it: but then came that profound and long-continued search for the laws of motion, and the discovery of the three that bear his name. In two-and-twenty years his work was done; and, in defiance of the manifold sufferings of poverty, he rejoiced, as all may rejoice who have, like him, done something for mankind to last through all time. “Nothing holds me,” he exclaimed, at the conclusion of his labour; “I will indulge my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians to build up a tabernacle for my God far away from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it: the die is cast, the book is written—to be read now or by posterity; I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an interpreter of his works.” Kepler died despised and neglected by the men of his age, because he was enthusiastic and poor; and then, a little while after, Newton followed him as the interpreter of God’s work in the creation and ordination of worlds. Patiently guiding his mighty intellect, calmly investigating effects, inventing processes of analysis, and using observations for the discovery of causes, this man drew a chart and wrote a commentary on the forces of nature; and upon that book all succeeding investigators have been writing notes and making emendations: and now, what is the teaching of astronomy in this nineteenth century?

In any attempt to gauge the visible heavens, or to obtain a view of the order, constitution, and extent of the Kosmos, we cannot, like the ancient Greek, begin our survey from the earth as the centre of the universe, or imagine ourselves to be on a world about which all others in their several spheres are revolving. Man’s conception of the cosmical importance of his world

has been depreciated just in proportion as he has acquired a more correct knowledge of its position and relative magnitude. Instead of its being an enormous globe, necessary to the existence of all others, it is only 8,000 miles in diameter, about the same size as Venus and Mars, and very much smaller than Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune; and compared with the sun, which measures 882,000 miles in diameter, its volume is only as 1 to 1,384,472. Instead of being immoveable in the centre of the universe, it is a small member of a large system of bodies, and revolves round the sun with a velocity of 68,040 miles an hour, in an orbit the radius of which is about 95,000,000 miles; so that the platform from which man takes his observations of the heavens is bounded by two extreme and opposite points of this orbit, which is a base-line barely sufficient for the measurement of the nearest fixed stars.

Still confining our attention to the system of bodies under the immediate control of the sun (a system we are accustomed to consider, whether correctly or not, as the type of order for all stellar combinations), we perceive a number of opaque globes varying in size, density, and perhaps in nearly all their physical conditions, rotating upon their axes, and moving in orbits almost circular round the sun. The mean distance of the nearest is about thirty-six million miles; that of the furthest more than two thousand eight hundred million miles. Some of these planets, however, are central bodies to other worlds, for they are attended by satellites which also revolve in orbits nearly circular. Central forces, then, seem to be the conservative powers of nature, sustaining a motion they could not create, and preserving an order of universal necessity. We say forces, although there is no material connexion. They act, we know, under the control of laws; but they act at a distance in a manner we can as little illustrate by comparison as explain by words. If we say that the force exerted by the sun upon the planets, or by a planet on its satellites, is like that of a magnet upon a needle, we rather invite a new difficulty than remove the one that perplexes us. Eye speaks to eye—the spirit is cheered by a sunshine that does not fall on it, and is made sad by a cloud that does not cast its shadow over it—the soul is everywhere spoken to by material objects without a material communication, and it answers to the distant call; but we cannot compare the force which at a distance attracts world to world, and retains motion in given orbits, with the action of external nature, memory, and thought, upon personal consciousness.

The discovery of the existence of an attractive force in nature, common and necessary to all masses of matter, and

acting under unchangeable laws, suggests an explanation of that invariability of astronomical phenomena to which we have referred. If this force were confined to the sun as the central body of the system, every problem in celestial mechanics would be much simplified; but as the planets have an attractive power, some perturbations must result from their change of place and consequent variation of power. Long-continued research has proved that from these forces irregularities, which the most careful unscientific observer cannot detect, have been produced, and that some of these derangements are so slowly but certainly increasing as to suggest the possibility, notwithstanding the apparent invariability in the motion of the planets, of such an increase of disturbance as to endanger the stability of the solar system. The excentricity of the earth, for example, is decreasing; the moon is at every succeeding revolution moving faster and faster; and the obliquity of the ecliptic is two-thirds of a degree less than it was in the time of Aristotle. Astronomy teaches the origin of these changes, and to it we look for answers to the questions they suggest. Will these irregularities continue to increase? and do they endanger the stability of the system? The problem to be solved is, as may be readily imagined, one of extreme difficulty, for it is nothing less than to determine the place, at some future given time, of a large number of moving bodies, of different sizes, each attracting the others, while it is itself in turn attracted by them. But the science is competent to make a distinct and satisfactory reply. "I have succeeded," says La Place, "in demonstrating that, whatever be the masses of the planets, in consequence of the fact that they all move in the same direction, in orbits of small excentricity and slightly inclined to each other, their secular inequalities are periodical and included within narrow limits; so that the planetary system will only oscillate about a mean state, and will never deviate from it except by a very small quantity. The ellipses of the planets have been, and always will be, nearly circular. The ecliptic will never coincide with the equator, and the entire extent of the variation in its inclination cannot exceed three degrees."

Although the magnitudes and distances which describe the solar system and its members are expressed in figures which convey no adequate perception to the mind, they are but units when compared with the distances to which astronomy in its further research directs us. Of the four or five thousand stars visible without the aid of a telescope, only six are planets shining by reflected light, and revolving round the sun. All the others are self-luminous, emitting rays or exciting undulations in a diffused light-ether. They appear nothing more than very

bright luminous dots; and the most powerful telescope instead of presenting them with a well-defined disc exhibits only a concentration of bright rays. This is the first intimation we receive of their enormous distance, and the probability of their great magnitude. But science demands evidence far more precise. Inaccessible objects are measured by determining the apparent change of place when viewed from two distant stations, and it was reasonable to expect such an angular motion in any one of these stars when viewed from two opposite points of the earth's orbit. The base-line thus obtained is not, however, sufficiently long to determine the distance of more than a few of them; but the parallax of  $\alpha$  Centauri, which according to present knowledge is the nearest fixed star, has taught us that the space between it and the sun is more than two hundred thousand times the radius of the earth, which as we have already said is ninety-two million miles. It is impossible to realise such a distance by any expansion or artifice of the mind; but it is equally impossible to obtain a conception of the unit of measurement; ninety-five million miles is a quantity as far beyond apprehension as two hundred thousand times ninety-five million. This point in space, however, is the astronomer's first step beyond the solar system, and for aught he knows there is nothing but unoccupied space between the orbit of Neptune, which has a mean distance from the sun of something less than three thousand million miles, and the nearest fixed star. Once embarked on this adventurous flight, he sees before him distances as incomprehensible as infinity itself, and to give any expression to his incompetent estimates of the visible creation, he is compelled to abandon, as an insufficient standard of measurement, first the orbit of the earth and then the extreme limit of the solar realm, and to compare the distance of the farther stars with the nearest, which having a parallax of less than one second must be at least twenty billion miles from our sun.

We might greatly extend this hasty survey of the labours of the modern astronomer. It would be interesting to review the arguments by which he has convinced himself that not only the stars visible to the naked eye, but the incalculable number exhibited by the telescope are suns, and that many if not all are centres of planetary systems, controlled by the same gravitating force and laws of motion as the system to which our earth belongs. We might direct attention to the existence of double stars, and the detection of a proper motion in some of them, consisting of the revolution of one star round the other in an elliptic orbit, or of both round a common centre of gravity; an observation which at once destroys our preconceived notions of the undisturbed repose and profound rest of the firmaments.

Still deeper in space are found patches of pale light resolved by powerful telescopes into groups of stars. To this class of sidereal phenomena the milky way, that "circling zone powdered with stars," belongs, and it teaches us, as the younger Herschel says, "that the stars of our firmament, instead of being scattered in all directions indifferently through space, form a stratum of which the thickness is small in comparison with its length and breadth, and in which the earth occupies a place somewhere about the middle of its thickness." And then we might turn to the lofty speculations which relate to the existence of a resisting medium in space, the distribution of cosmical matter, and the nebular theory, adopted by the elder Herschel simply as a scientific fact, but perverted by La Place to support the gross scepticism of his age and country. Such are the subjects which claim the attention of the modern astronomer; and we have now to consider how they have been communicated by men of research and practical knowledge—with a special reference to the author of the volume before us—to readers of sufficient intelligence to value their explanations, though wanting the capacity or the opportunity for personal investigation.

Under the influence of nature, and in her presence, we unconsciously adopt a form of speech which partakes of our enthusiasm and deep sense of enjoyment. We employ words suited to the occasion and scene, but they cannot be reproduced in the study or printed in books. As there are mental struggles which cannot be described in words, so there are profound impressions of the vastness, fitness, harmony, and unity of action in nature which language fails to communicate when the hearer and listener are withdrawn from the scenes awakening the intense feeling. Hence it is that in describing the sublime or beautiful in nature, authors too frequently, if they do not adopt the rigid style of philosophical explanation, assume either an inflated phraseology, or, still worse, affect an unbecoming, vulgar, and, we had almost said, an irreverent familiarity. The style of a book on such a science as astronomy, and especially when the author attempts to give some not very inadequate conception of the aspect of nature, is of essential importance in an estimate of its fitness and value. The foolish attempts now made to communicate the noblest truths in childish words to unthinking minds, just as if it were possible to give parrots wisdom by teaching them phrases, will some day be rightly judged; but if science, as an abstract study, is neither loved nor respected by the people who think themselves well informed—if the greatest efforts of the intellect, the most profound researches, the noblest generalisations, are treated with an indifference bordering on contempt, it is not because science is

now placed within the reach of all classes of society, but because men now devour taught facts and do not learn principles—the retentive powers of the mind are exercised, while the reasoning remain dormant. In short, there is little intellectual culture in the pretended scientific education of the people. We have, therefore, great reason to rejoice when any subject of investigation is taught by a man of competent knowledge, willing to accommodate himself to ignorance and laxness of thought, to write with simplicity, and to make the method of his communications an object of consideration, but who nevertheless will not yield to the seductions of an unmeaning popularity, by a mere recital of wonderful facts and startling paradoxes.

Of the numerous English authors who have attempted to popularise astronomy, Herschel and Whewell have come nearest to our conception of what science for the people should be; and of French authors, Arago and La Place. They were all eminent for the accuracy and extent of their knowledge, large capacity, and command of abstract science; but, as the deepest waters are the clearest, and the most extensive vision is strongest when concentrated on a point, so a large grasp of mind can best select and illustrate truths for the ignorant, and raise the mind to higher and higher platforms of intelligence, with an increasing consciousness of dependence, while darkness is being dispelled, and light is breaking upon the awakened intellect. The four eminent authors to whom we have referred were equally competent to teach, but they had methods and styles of their own, and each seemed to address a different class of mind. We may compare Herschel's "Outline of Astronomy" with the volume before us in illustration of this remark.

No living author has written so completely under the influence of the philosophic spirit as Sir John Herschel. He is always correct, cautious, and careful; but he has large views of nature, and a judgment which holds a strong restraining influence over an active imagination, and, perhaps, too violently represses the speculative element in a well-balanced mind. There is, too, in his writings a consciousness of superiority which he scarcely attempts to hide; and if there be not also an effort to condescend, there is always a greater tendency to rise above than to sink to the level of his readers. From the opening to the concluding chapter of his "Outlines," we hear him in clear and in somewhat authoritative voice describing facts and demonstrating the action of causes without the slightest approach to familiarity, or even to the manner of a friend; and we listen to him as the most eminent living teacher of science, but with a consciousness that he is addressing himself to men of intelligence, and a fear that we may be reprovèd for inattention or

stupidity. His influence over us is always exerted through the intellect: we know nothing of his internal life, and he makes no effort to influence our own. The teaching of Arago is not less careful: his views of nature are not less extensive and vivid; and his adherence to the simplicity and directness of proof, inculcated by mathematical demonstration, is not less evident: but he seeks to remove error as well as inculcate truth, and thus appeals more directly to the popular mind, and addresses a class of readers to whom Herschel never speaks. He is, in fact, true to his political creed, and introduces its principles into his scientific teaching; for he seeks to raise men intellectually as well as socially, by claiming equality with them—he is as democratic in his labour for scientific truth as Herschel is aristocratic. He seeks to raise the intellectual standard of his readers; to correct their errors; to dispel their prejudices; and to induce them to value scientific truth because it gives confidence in the unity and permanence of nature.

In the absence of knowledge, the imagination is usually permitted to do the work of the reasoning faculties; and mysticism, fanciful relations, and erroneous deductions, from imperfectly-observed or misunderstood phenomena, take the place of a sound philosophy. It was so among the early observers of nature, and is so still among a certain class of educated persons. Science doubts assertions, and demands demonstrations; separates between the probable and the certain; looks beyond the results of one course of investigation, to the evidence of a circle of observations; and brands with empiricism every hypothesis that demands belief upon the authority of great names, finds evidence in popular prejudice, or founds a spurious metaphysical system upon the operation of mechanical principles in physical phenomena. It is seldom that Herschel condescends to remove popular ignorance by discussing its evidences or disproving its conclusions. But Arago is never so much at his ease, or enters more heartily into his work, than when undermining the foundations of superstition, and exposing the dogmas of a false philosophy;—those castles of ignorance in which societies as well as individuals shelter themselves, when breaking all the laws of prudence and self-control by which they are ordinarily governed. This explains why so many of the subjects discussed by the French astronomer, in the volume before us, are not so much as alluded to in Herschel's "Outlines;" why he seriously examines "the supposed influence of the moon on animated beings, especially in certain diseases;—the influence of the moon's phases on the weather; prognostics;"—and other kindred subjects.

It may be said, and with some truth, that the discursiveness



of Arago's "Popular Astronomy" is an objection to its use by a teacher; but that which may make it unfit for the professor in his class will recommend it to the reader who must depend upon the book itself, without the assistance of a commentator. It was written for the people; and we do not know any exposition of the science that would equally attract or serve the student who must obtain his knowledge by reading. The book anticipates the difficulties of such a man. He desires to know upon what principles the astronomer comes to his conclusions, and how he makes his calculations, but he has no intention of closely investigating the one, or of repeating the other. This is just the character of the information Arago supplies, and always without obtruding the mathematical form of investigation, which to him would have been the easier mode of expressing his thoughts. He has thus produced a work eminently popular. Herschel will be selected as a teacher by those who, from previous education, desire a close and elegant consecutive investigation of the science; Arago will probably be preferred by those who admire a greater familiarity of style: but we doubt whether any reader will rise with much profit from the perusal of either of these eminent authors, if he does not do so with a resolution to take the first opportunity of reading the other.

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### III.

#### IN THE MARCH SUNSHINE.

THE year begins to open around me; for although the hills that come out in such graceful outline against the evening sky are white with hail, in my garden the brief life of the snowdrop is already over, and it hangs withered on its stalk: the crocus blooms in yellow and purple bunches; and the spring sunbeam has, with insidious promises, actually induced a rash auricula to peep out of its bud—promises never to be performed, as the poor flower will soon know to its cost. The mornings are singularly mild and sunny; and, to an indolent man like myself, there is no greater luxury than lying a-bed, in delicious half-dream, listening to the thrushes whistling outside on the bare tree-tops. Nor are the trees all bare, although the tall ones that the thrush loves are so, for my pollards are alive with glad light green, and great downy buds are standing on the boughs of some others, ready to burst out into leaves whenever the forenoons warm a little. I have seen a good many springs now, but somehow my feelings are so fresh, the spirit is so "finely touched" by the gracious

influences of the season, that this seems the first one I have lived to see. At all events it yields me as much delight as if it were. He must be a very miserable, a very melancholy, or a very bad man, who, when the whole green world is budding and bursting around him, does not rejoice in the joy of Nature. Men who have arrived at middle life can look back on many triumphs, many happy days and nights; yet, sitting as I now do in my garden-seat, my forehead bathed in the warm weather, the pleasantest things I can remember are certain sights and sounds belonging to this season. When or where seen I know not, but in my memory the sunlight slants along a garden-wall, making quite golden the head of a simple flower, on which is poised a feeding bee. When or where heard I know not, but a clear spring morning comes around me, and I hear, high up, the rooks cawing in the elms. And as I listen to the lark at this moment lost in the light, I cannot help recalling the words of Izaak Walton, as he lay stretched with his fishing-tackle beside him on the primrose bank of the Lea, on a spring day, two centuries ago, listening to the larks that sung above him then. "Lord, what music hast thou prepared for good men in heaven, when thou affordest such music to bad men upon the earth!"

There could not be balmier sunshine than that in which I now sit, yet we have had bitter enough weather lately, and doubtless will have touches of it again before the trembling year is confirmed. Strange alternation of spring sunshine and wintry storm. Days dark and hoarse as croaking ravens are followed by flights of azure days tremulously warm and sunny, with a slight inclination to bright tears which makes them all the lovelier; days soft and tender as cooing doves. Old Winter is game to his icy heart and will not give in at once to his conqueror the sun. Through my memory floats the solemn soliloquy of Faustus:—

River and rivulet are freed from ice  
In Spring's affectionate, inspiring smile.  
Green are the fields with promise. Far away  
To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn  
Strengthless—but still at intervals will send  
Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white  
Mocking a little while the coming bloom.

Had the wild spirit been living now, he could not better have described the Spring that is hanging above my head. In pitched battle Winter's snow-army has been utterly routed, and swept away for the season down red swollen rivers and gurgling becks, but he still maintains a guerilla warfare, and occasionally slings a windy shower or a cloud of hail across the landscape, as if in defiance of the shining sun. He must yield, however. In a week

or so he will call his blasts around him and sweep away with a sound toward the north where his home is ; where the wolf howls and the wave clashes on the iceberg, and the stars shine freezingly keen through their six months' night. He has my blessing ; and when the leaves, now folded up in black bough or swelling bud are rustling sere in the forest walks, I shall be glad to see him again, though in spite of all my fires he paint his wondrous forest-landscapes on my window-panes, and barricades my very doorstep with his mountains of snow.

The first snow-drop is to me a preacher, and the text is "The Resurrection and the Life." The year sinks gorgeous as a setting sun into its winter grave ; and a new one, lovely as its predecessor, leaps up out of its ashes, in that delicate bell, to run its race of flowers, deepening in colour and odour at every step. I am an old man ; now my winter is near—on my head the snows are falling—and my mind is naturally allured to solemn themes. I cannot adequately tell how the early spring-time affects me. "Shall these dry bones live?" asks the doubtless spirit within. "Behold !" cries out universal nature in flower and sunshine and singing bird and ripening grain. Human flowers died long ago. The place that knew them once knows them no more. Their graves have become level with the churchyard. They live only after all these years in the book of God's remembrance, and in sorrow to which years hath lent its sacredness. Tears were shed at the time, bitter and hopeless enough ; what then ? For them and for me cometh a spring, and a life beneath a purer sky and a milder sun. For me and for them there are meetings and recognitions, and a hand that will wipe away every tear. How gently Time does its spiritings—how tenderly old age loosens the ties that binds us to life ! When the dark of the winter night comes there are candles to be lit. And the merciful Maker of heaven and earth has decreed that as this world dims, the other brightens ; that when all our treasures have gone before, Death loses his terrors, and wears nothing but consolation for us, in his still footsteps and deep serious eyes.

On such a day as this, when the world outside is full of birds, the world inside is full of poets. Bird and poet singing at the full pitch of their voice ; bird and poet "tipsy with joy." None of your modern minstrels they, but the simple, hearty Elizabethan men, and earlier than the Elizabethan. A great change has come over the season lately. The old poet sings of spring like a throstle on a tree-top. The modern is ill with catarrh, and is hoarse as a crow. Spring disappeared out of our poetry after Shakspeare. By the time we get down to Goldsmith we find that, "winter lingering chills the lap of May." Poor Goldy's blood was thin ; besides he had taken to wear a plum-

coloured coat, and was perhaps careful of it. Herrick, out before the dawn, has his door-lintels adorned with green branches, and rouses the sluggard maids of the village with his singing, hours before the Citizen of the World ever dreamed of getting up. From afar the voices of the poets come to me in honour of spring. I hear old Chaucer chanting lustily from Woodstock; he is up and out to see the daisies open their white bosoms to the sun. From the grated window, King James I. sings, as he looks down upon the garden where walks among her flowers the lady of his love. Hark, in Arden's forest the silver voice of Rosalind carolling that saucy song about the cuckoo. And, above all, I hear the stave of Autolycus—may I be forgiven for loving the wandering rogue—celebrating the “sweet o’ the year” like a very lark. How the joy of the season dances in the lines!—

When daffodils begin to peer,  
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o’ the year,  
For the red blood reigns in the winter’s pale.

This robust way of thinking and writing has gone out of fashion now, and we are all the worse for it. Spring and sunshine, and the singing of birds, bring to our modern poets “a thought of grief.” Why, in the name of wonder? Shakespeare I consider as great a man as any one of them, and he could say—

When daisies pied and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks, all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow-hue,  
*Do paint the meadows with delight.*

This child-like love and joy in the beautiful things of spring has become shallow and contemptible forsooth. Wordsworth informs us that—

To him the simplest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

And I hope the poetic megrims did him good. Shelley, after describing in exquisite verse the reappearance of the ants and the bees, and the swallows; the pairing of the amorous birds in the brakes, and the awakening of the green lightnings of the lizards and snakes on the warm sunny banks, thus concludes—

As long as skies are blue and fields are green,  
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,  
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year with sorrow.

A most lame and impotent conclusion, say I. If in the vein, I also might speak of grief; but sitting here on a day like this,

moody and unhealthy thoughts exhibit anything but thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift; who, amid His other gifts, made the spring world beautiful that the heart of man might rejoice therein.

Methinks I could preach a sermon on cheerfulness just now, and my text would be the bright morning shining around. Cheerfulness seems such an easy thing, if men would but think so. There is no such thing as night in the world, there is only shadow; and shadow is temporary and short-lived. I cannot understand why men go about the world with such miserable faces, or why poetry groans so lugubriously. Is it impossible for a man to possess his soul in patience and to be content? So it seems. It strikes me that no rank or condition of life is so wretched or so splendid as it appears. The wretchedness and the splendour, to a great extent, exist only in the eye of the looker on. I believe neither in love in a cottage, with a broken window to let in the rain, nor in a happiness that walks forth richly clad, amid uncovered heads and supple knees. Love's plump cheeks get white and hollow when it has to feed on itself alone. Take the candle of death in your hand, and walk through the fair galleries of the world, and all their splendid furniture and array look in *that* light, sorry as the tinsel armour and paste-board goblets of a penny theatre. Fame is but an inscription on a grave, and glory the melancholy blazon on a coffin-lid. Time will obliterate both, however much we may conceit ourselves that they are eternal. Men argue fiercely about happiness: one of a sentimental turn insists that she affects a cottage shaded with the hawthorn's red and white. Another declares that she is a lady of fashion, and treads on cloth of gold. Wisdom listens to both with a quiet smile, shakes his old grey head, and, when asked his opinion, shrewdly remarks that "much may be said on both sides."

There is a wise saying to the effect "that a man can eat no more than he can hold." Every man gets about the same satisfaction out of life. Every man is just as happy as his nature will allow him, and all this struggling, and striving, and envy, and heart-burning are the emptiest vanity and folly. None of the strugglers—no, not even the foremost—gains anything by it. Mr. Suddlechops, the barber in Seven Dials, is quite as happy as the conquering Alexander at the head of his legions. It is true they rank very differently in the eye of the world: the one is a hero, the other is a barber; the business of the one is to depopulate kingdoms, the business of the other to reap beards seven days old; but their relative position does not affect the question in the very slightest. Put Mr. Suddlechops at the head of the steel files on their march to Persia—clap the hero in Mr. Suddle-

chops' shop, gird his loins with an apron, and give him the face of an old Jew clothesman to operate upon—and what then. Will the barber thank you or will the hero? No, no. Men can only be happy in the position and circumstances to which they are native. Every condition of life has its own peculiar advantages, and the truest wisdom is to find these out and be content with them. The varlet who sang—

“The king cannot swagger, or get drunk like a beggar,  
Nor be half so happy as I—”

had, however much we may object to his style of illustration, the soul of a true philosopher in him. The harshness of the parlour is revenged at night in the servants' hall. The coarse rich man rates his tenant or his domestic: there is a thought in the tenant's brain, docile and respectful as he looks, which makes the matter equal, and which would madden the rich man if he knew it, make him wince like a shrewdest twinge of hereditary gout. Even insult and degradation have their peculiar satisfactions and solaces. If Mephistopheles came to earth, and wished to feed fat his scorn and hatred of the race, he could not do better than become a gold-laced and bedizened flunkie and wait at my lord's table: Oh that men would be content, and learn that the purest and most enduring pleasures lie around their feet on the common roads of life! There are terrible laws of compensation in nature. Grandeur has a heavy tax to pay. The usurper rolls along like a god, surrounded by his guards. He dazzles the crowd—all very fine—but look beneath his splendid trappings and you see a shirt of mail, and beneath *that* a heart cowering in terror of an air-drawn dagger. Whom did the memory of Austerlitz most keenly sting?—the beaten emperors, or the mighty Napoleon, dying far away like an untended watch-fire on St. Helena's rock. For myself, I am sure that the thrush singing on the leafless trees yonder against the sunshine, gives me more pleasure than if the trumpet of fame were at this moment blowing my praises through the world. Ambition laughs at me of course. Let him laugh who wins.

Young and giddy people may think the life I lead very stale and humdrum; but they are mistaken. Quiet as it is I contrive to extract a great deal of satisfaction out of it. It is true I hear no concerts—save those in which the thrushes are performers in the spring mornings. I see no pictures—save those the sun paints on the airy sky-canvas with the colours of sunrise and sunset. I attend neither rout nor ball; I have no deeper dissipation than the tea-table, I hear no more exciting scandal than quiet village gossip. Yet I enjoy my concerts more than I would the great London ones; I like the pictures I see, and think them

vastly better painted, too, than those that adorn the walls of the Royal Academy; and the village-gossip is more to my tone of mind than the scandals that convulse the clubs. It is wonderful, too, how the whole world reflects itself in the simple village life. I like, in a mild satiric mood—which has no unkindness in it I hope—to look on my environments in that way. I like to look on a puddle in our single street, to conceive it a Mediterranean Sea; empires lying on its muddy shores. The men around me are full of their own little affairs and interests; were they of imperial magnitude they could not be excited more strongly. Farmer Goodman is anxious about the next market: the likelihood of a fall in the price of his butter and eggs by the next gathering hardly lets him sleep o' nights. The village doctor—happily we have only one—flies hither and thither in his machine, as if the whole world depended on his exertions. And the robustious fellow, who sits at the head of the table when the Jolly Swillers meet at the Blue Lion on Wednesday evenings, is a great politician, and sound of lung withal, and wields the village in the tap-room as my Lord Derby wields the nation in the House of Lords. His listeners think him a much wiser personage than the Premier, and he is inclined to lean to that opinion himself. Dull as it is, the village contrives to keep itself in life somehow. To me it has many points of interest. Back from the houses there is a lake with green velvety banks, an old chapel with broken windows and tombs, and a palace older still. As it is now noon, and the weather is warm, I will go and sit on the turret where I love to smoke. Here, on this very step, as the old ballad tells us, Queen Margaret once sat, day after day, looking southward for the light of returning spears. Weary not thy fair eyes, O queen! He left thee with his lords. On yon hill-side they lie, dead king, dead lords, keeping proud court in death. Strange, the vague sorrow of this ballad woman, this mere phantom of a minstrel's brain, is a thing to sadden me. But why wander away with the sorrowful past? why walk among rustling autumn leaves when I have the spring-flowers to gladden me? On the turret opposite, about the distance of a bow-shot, is as pretty a sight as one could wish to see. Two young people have come to visit the old palace. They are very merry, and the greybeard tower has not the heart to obtrude his foolish wisdom upon them. They would not thank him if he did, I dare say, Perhaps they could not understand him. Time enough! Twenty years hence and they will sit down at his feet, and count griefs unto him, and tell him tale for tale. Human hearts get ruinous in so much less time than stone walls and towers. He has thrown himself down at her feet on a little plat of grass. She sits like a blossom spring-

ing out of a crevice in the ruined steps. See, he gives her a flower, and she bows down her face almost to her knees. What did the flower say? Is it to hide a blush of sweet confusion? He looks delighted, and I almost fancy I see a proud colour on his brow. As I gaze they make for me a perfect idyl. The generous and ungrudging sun, the melancholy ruin decked, like mad Lear, with the flowers and ivies of forgetfulness and grief, and between, sweet and evanescent, human youth and love. Love! does it exist now, I wonder? I confess to a certain unbelief in the passion. I think sometimes it must have emigrated from the planet several centuries ago. And yet, from the fact of marriages, and from the number of children one sees running about the world, it would appear to be still extant. Yet one would expect men to be nobler than they are. Surely the consciousness of being beloved ought to change a man. Perhaps if two eyes that wore the blue of heaven years ago, if fair tresses in which the sunshine dwelt, had not then been hidden for ever by the coffin-lid, *I* might have been different—might have led another life than this, idle as an old wall that only gathers ivy round it—but where are the young people? Gone! So it always is. We begin to moralise and look wise; and beauty, who is something of a coquette, and of an exacting turn of mind, and likes attentions, gets disgusted with our wisdom or our stupidity, and goes off in a huff. Let the baggage go.

The railway does not come near our village, but a canal passes close by. I cannot tell the pleasure that canal gives me. It stands high, and from it the undulating country stretches away in a great plain into the grey of distance, with hills and smoking towns. Every now and then a horse comes staggering along the towing-path, trailing a sleepy barge filled with merchandise. A quiet, indolent life these bargemen lead in the hot summer-days. One lies stretched at his length on the sun-heated planks; his fellow sits smoking in the little dog-hutch, which I suppose he calls a cabin. Silently they come and go, silently the wooden bridge lifts to let them through. The horse generally stops at the bridge-house to get a drink, and there I like to talk a little with the men. They serve instead of a newspaper, and with great willingness retail to me the news they have picked up in their progress from town to town. I am told they sometimes marvel who the old gentleman is who accosts them, sitting in the sun under a huge umbrella, and that they think him either very wise or very foolish. Not in the least unnatural. I sometimes argue the same question with myself, and find it difficult to come to a satisfactory conclusion. We are great friends, I believe; evidence of which they occasionally exhibit by requesting me



to disburse a trifle for drink-money. The canal is a great haunt of mine of an evening. The water hardly invites one to bathe in it, and a delicate stomach might suspect the flavour of the eels therein caught—might perhaps, on the whole, prefer stewed carrion-crow—but to my thinking it is not in the least destitute of beauty. A barge trailing up through the sunset is a pretty sight, and the heavenly crimsons and purples sleep quite lovingly on the glossy ripples. Nor does the evening star disdain it; for as I walk along, I see it mirrored therein clearly as in the waters of the Mediterranean itself.

In summer-time I spend a good deal of time floating about the lake. The landing-place to which my boat is tethered is ruinous like the chapel and palace, and my embarkation creates quite a sensation in the sleepy little village. Small boys leave their games and mud-pies, and gather round in silence. Not unfrequently an idle cobbler, in leathern apron and nightcap, leans on a broken stile, and honours my proceedings with his attention. I shoot off, and the human knot dissolves. There are three small islands on which swans breed, each with its solitary tree. I feed the birds daily with bits of bread. See, one comes gliding towards me, with superbly-arched neck, to receive its customary alms. How wildly beautiful its motions! How haughtily it begs! The green pasture-lands slope down to the water's edge, and in the afternoon the red kine stand knee deep in their shadows, surrounded by a troop of flies. I draw my oars alongside, and let the boat float at its own sweet will. The soft blue heavenly abysses, the wandering stains of vapour, the long beaches of rippled cloud, are glassed and repeated in the lake. The little village is silent as a picture; the voices of the children are mute; and the smoke from the houses, the blue wreaths all sloping in one direction, float upwards as if in sleep. Grave and stern the old palace rises from the emerald banks, which long ago ran down to the lake, garden-terrace on terrace, gay with fruit-trees and flowers, grotesque statues and satyrs hid in every nook. Silent and empty enough to-day. Out burst a flock of daws from a turret, round which they wheel and wheel as if in panic. What can the matter be? Has a conspiracy been discovered?—has a revolution broken out? Who knows? The alarm has subsided, and one of them has perched on the top of the old banner-staff, where he chatters confidently to himself. Thus floating about I spend many pleasant and, I trust, not unprofitable hours; and when the western sky reddens I return. The evening I sweeten with social converse, or the perusal of an old poet. An old poet I say. A hale-hearted man, and pious withal; and our literature contains many such. The young men, so fashionable now-a-days, who are proud of their sufferings and

their infidel doubts, and who thrust them on our attention, are no favourites of mine. To the mendicant sitting by the highway, his stock in trade a withered leg or arm, you give in pity a halfpenny as you hurry past. The man, *not* a mendicant, who so sits, thrusting his sores upon you, loudly calling you to inspect and admire the same—him I consider a public nuisance, and commend to the tender mercies of the police.

All the night through I dream, and thus double my existence. Not only do the flowers come in April for me, not only do the blackbirds whistle; the dead waste and middle of the night becomes to me Arcadia. I pity the unimaginative spirit that dreams not. The dreamless man is imprisoned in stone walls, without a key to those Elysian gardens, where enfranchised spirits roam and taste delights. He has but for his demesne this patent babbling day, this common-place and unspiritual light, and takes no part in liquid violet twilights, in conscious meditative glooms, in the brotherhood of shades. He knows no more of the silent and shadowy land than of the side of the moon that never turns to earth; than of the heart of ocean strewn with shipwreck and thick-corroded gold. Nothing knows he of the conversations, nothing of the joys, that relax the grave features of the dead. What would one not give to play eavesdropper on a company of shades, couched on flowers on the other bank of the Styx, deep in discourse of death! In what tranquil tones they would speak of it—familiar to them, without any feeling of strangeness, even as yesterday is to us! Death!—the terrible, the unknown! When, through some hole in this breathing tent, Eternity glares in upon us for a moment, with its cold merciless stare, and gulfs of silence where never human voice lingers, how the blood stops, and the arm, uplifted to accomplish its purpose, falls paralysed! Tompkins of our village died four weeks ago. He possessed no superfluity of wisdom when here, poor man. He is wiser now than all the sages of the world. I confess the Inevitable is to me matter of daily meditation. So many things suggest him, and, strangely enough, from the sadness which mysteriously underlies and is involved in beauty, joyous things most of all. His sad wide eyes look out on me from the universal sunshine. Proud gay music, beautiful dances, the games of children at sunset are potent to call him. That which chiefly haunts me is not so much the cessation of breath, the loss of the sweetness of existence, as the gate of agony, through which I must pass into the unknown. I have a morbid dislike of giving or receiving pain. Were I assured that I should cut my finger to-morrow, I should be in a fever all day, and quite unable to sleep a wink to-night. Should I die on the scaffold (which heaven forbid, save in a good cause), I believe

that blinded for ever by the accursed nightcap, the hangman's chill hands no longer puddling about my throat—in the dead silence of thousands—I should, the villanous pinions permitting, slip a finger on the wrist and curiously count the pulse-beats. For I am tormented with the wildest curiosity as to the feelings with which man meets his destroyer. I have died frequently in dreams, and awaking have been for a moment in doubt whether my bed-room was the next world. The feeling is very wild and strange, and provides food for reflection. I suppose deaths in dreams are about as painful as the reality. And it seems pathetic to me that in sleep, when the eye of the soul is shut, the hand of the will powerless, the faculties of their own accord should rehearse that mysterious event—the nature and results of which the dead only know, and they keep them secret. Not for long, ye lip-sealed ones. The time is coming fast when I too shall enter into their dark wisdom, and become as taciturn as they.

I have been writing, I know, more like a pagan than a Christian; but the fictions of the ancients, in which they shadowed forth to themselves Life and Death, and the Hereafter, are so beautiful that I sometimes like so to indulge: without harm, I hope. Besides, did not revelation bestow on me a clearer light and a more abiding hope, I should not have the heart to play and dally with such solemn themes. They were too dreadful else. Long ago I have come to know the value of religion. One, whose name is too sacred to be written on this rambling page, has gone before me like a shining lamp, and the path is light.

Thou Love who wrapt  
Thyself in flesh, and sat awhile disguised  
At the rude feet of our humanity,  
And tasted every sweet and bitter there,  
Then rose, and unsuspected went away!  
Who loved the humble ones at Bethany:  
Who wept o'er Lazarus; and with thy tears,  
Comforted all the family of grief,  
In every time,—in every far-off land.  
Our life is noble, Thou hast breathed its air;  
Death sweet, for Thou hast died. On thy way home  
One night Thou sleep'st within the dreadful grave.  
And took with Thee its fear.

“*Thou hast made death,*” sings our prevailing poet, addressing the Supreme, “and the poor human spirit, trembling in natural weakness before the approaching shadow, is filled with courage and consolation.” “*Thou hast made death,*” wherefore

then should I fear. To him the darkness is as the noonday-sun. His are the worlds of life and death, and He keeps a record of the multitudinous tenants of the tomb. His dead outnumber his living now by many a thousandfold. In all places and seasons His creatures are in the hollow of His hand.

But the brief spring day is drawing to a close. The yellow western sky has flakes of flame in it; the darkness will be here anon, and the lighted village-windows, and the households gathered around the cheerful fire. I, too, must close. But morning will come brighter and warmer, and flowers of subtler fragrance and richer hue as the year deepens. Into that breadth of summer light I hope as of yore to go forth and to gather much enjoyment from the beautiful things of earth; and to have learned many lessons of charity and love before the last rose is withering on its stalk, and the forest walks are rustling with the autumn leaves.

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## VI.

### HIGHWATER MARK—PART III.

“First comes David,  
Then comes Chad;  
Then comes the wind as though 'twere mad.”

So says the country proverb concerning the saints and the weather of the March calendar. And surely the present year has not belied the concentrated wisdom of the adage, for “wind, and enough of it,” we have had. How it has raged, and raved, and howled! blowing, to use a seaman’s phrase, “as if ’twould tear the very canvas out of the boltrope!” No craft could show a rag to the gales; and, what is strange, instead of the raw easterly wind usual at this season, it has been all up-channel; balmy and humid, despite its violent fits of squalling. Behold one result in yonder fleet of outward bound, lying under the lee of the bluff Berry Head, a goodly argosy of some two hundred craft of all sizes from the stately East Indiaman to the queer little French lugger. Well, there they ride, the tall and taper top-gallant mast-heads marking incessant triangles on the sky, and the small fry bobbing about like ducks upon the surging swells that come in from the wild Atlantic. There they ride; or at least they *did* ride, for on looking seaward this morning, they have almost all disappeared, and the shrieking wind is moaning itself to sleep, like a wilful child.

Now to the shore again for the *opima spolia*, the *rejectamenta*,

of the gale. Down from our height to the sea-beach, through this wild and broken, but verdant combe, between this perpendicular promontory of limestone on the one hand, and yon beetling cliffs of red sandstone on the other. How grand those masses of old conglomerate, from whose lofty brows come the hoarse calls of the choughs, and jackdaws, and where now and again the blue rockdove flits out on swift pinion uttering its loud coo!

'Tis a bright and balmy morning: and as we descend the steep and winding footpath down the dell, the sheltering hill makes it perfectly calm, and the full blaze of the morning sun gives to the air the warmth of summer. Vegetation is rapidly unfolding in so genial a nook as this; the thickets of furze are covered with golden bloom; the young foliage of the brambles is of the tenderest green; clumps of pale primroses are carpeting the hollows, and fragrant violets peep out beneath the bushes: the bee-orchis is above ground by scores, and in the oozy out-breakings of the springs rise hosts of the clubbed columnar spikes of the great water horse-tail. The vivid-coloured stonechat and the elegant rock-pipit are flitting from hummock to boulder, selecting the scene of their domestic economy; and the perturbed haste with which the blackbird shoots out from yonder gorse-bush, loudly cackling as he goes, indicates with tolerable certainty his whereabouts. But here we are at the beach, treading the leathery line that constitutes our hunting-field.

Many of these black and leathery sea-weeds at our feet, which are shrivelling up in the sun and air, like scorched parchment, are perfect microcosms. And exquisite forms of being people these tiny worlds. I pick out this broad frond from the dark mass, and lo! its expanse is studded over with tangled shrubs, like the thickets of furze upon the downs yonder. What can these little shrubs and bushes be? "Sea-weeds, of course," you say;—"parasitic sea-weeds."

Not so fast, however. The difference between a plant and an animal, down in these low regions of the organic scale, is not a matter of course; it is not a thing to be decided by a glance at the general physiognomy. These are *animals*, an't please you; truly sentient, conscious, wilful animals; as truly (I do not say as obviously) as that new-born lamb, whose caudal wriggle is the outward expression of inward rapture.

It is true that, on looking carefully over the patches, you discern no signs of animal life, nor of ordinary animal form. Take one of the least complex thickets. We trace the whole matted mass to a common origin—the springing of a slender stem from a number of diverging roots firmly adherent to the black surface of the Oarweed: this stem soon forks, and the branches

so formed fork again and again, spreading themselves out, and crossing each other. These ramified stems are of a dull-drab or pale-brown hue, just like withered plants; and their whole extent is beset with tiny angular projections, like imperfectly-developed sheathing leaves, such as we see on many plants,—the broom-rape, for example. The shrub has a creeping character, spreading over the surface, and here and there adhering, like a bed of verbenas that have been pegged down: and, as if to add to the resemblance and make the plant-like character perfect, you perceive, on looking carefully, that, at these points of contact, the branches have shot down rootlets, which have ramified and spread themselves over the surrounding area, adhering very firmly to the surface of the frond, which constitutes their soil.

With all these vegetative characters, it is hard to believe that the creeping Canda, for so it is designated by naturalists, can be anything else than a plant. And yet a brief examination, combined with a little knowledge, will suffice to convince you of its animal nature; nay, that it is an animal not at the very extremity of the scale, but with many a grade interposed between it and the lowest. It is in fact one of the same group of animals as the Tubulipora, and belongs to the same grand division of animate being as the Oyster, the Cowry, and the Snail.

I must tell you the life-history of this little shrub. Some time ago,—how long I do not exactly know, for we have not yet achieved any very reliable statistics on the age and rate of growth of these creatures—perhaps last summer,—an atom of living flesh, scarcely discernible by the unassisted eye, even if you had been present to watch it, might have been detected, by means of a lens, swimming in giddy circles and rotating on its own axis in the open sea. Under the microscope, you would have found it a roundish or pear-shaped animalcule, of a soft, yielding consistence, and therefore capable of changing its form at will by irregular contraction. The whole surface was beset with strong bristling cilia, or waving hairs, which acting as so many oars, rowed the little argonaut along on his circumnavigatory explorations.

After having pursued this course of wild freedom for awhile, it at length approached this broad frond of Oarweed waving to and fro in the swell of the sea. The animalcule settled down upon the smooth surface, but did not immediately affix itself, for it remained here gyrating on its axis, yet without leaving the spot which it had selected, in the closest proximity to the leaf. At length, perhaps after an hour's play, its rotation became momentarily interrupted, and resumed with intervals of longer and longer duration, until at length it moved no more. The little gemmule was permanently adherent.

Imagine the tiny, helpless atom of unresisting flesh, now become immoveably fixed to this exposed surface. It has relinquished the only defence it possessed against violence, that of swiftness. Its first need is protection; and, Robinson-Crusoe-like, it immediately sets about building a fortress. Nor is it, helpless as it seems, at all destitute of resources; for from the whole surface of its soft body, ere now bristling with cilia, a secretion is poured out, which, speedily hardening, setting under water like the Aberthaw lime, acquires a firm horny consistence, of considerable elasticity, and perfect translucency. The softer parts, which have hitherto presented a homogeneous substance without distinction of organs, now separate themselves from the inner walls of the horny coat, which thus becomes an enclosing case or cell; while the flesh develops distinct and well-defined organs, such as a crown of ciliated gill-threads around a mouth, a long gullet leading to a stomach, an intestinal canal opening by a cloacal orifice, and many threads and bands of muscular tissue, by means of which the little creature can peep out of its fortress, or retire into its shelter, or execute various movements within its ample cavity.

If you had had an opportunity of examining the Oarweed at that juncture; you would have discerned, at the very spot where now you see the root of this little shrub, the cell with its active inhabitant. You would have seen an oval, or rather pear-shaped, translucent shell, appearing as if a broad slice had been cut away from one side, leaving a great aperture, with a thickened edge all round. But this aperture you would have seen to be closed by a delicate skin or membrane stretched across it, connected with the rim on all sides. Then, in the middle of this tense membrane, or rather towards the upper extremity, you would have noticed a kind of slit, forming two curved lips, which closed of themselves when left alone, but which constituted a door, capable of being pushed open from within, and allowing the inhabitant a pretty free egress. Beneath this membranous coverlid, you would have seen, in the interior of the cell, which, from the perfect transparency of all the integuments, would have been perfectly patent to your eye, the little animal inhabitant, lying on its side, and bent on itself with a double angle. You might have seen a slight alteration in the position of the body, and then you would have discerned the lips of the crescentic slit in the membrane separating, as if pushed apart, and a number of filaments, like a bundle of straight rods, or like one of the fasces of a Roman lictor, slowly protruding. Presently, these rods would simultaneously open out into a bell, or funnel-like form, and you would perceive each to be furnished with a double row of cilia, pursuing their ceaseless chase, exactly as in the *Tubulipora*.

After a time, this solitary animal began to increase; not, however, as yet, by a process of proper generation, viz., by the production of such a living, active, free-swimming germ, as that which originated its own life: this was an after-work, to be accomplished in good time. The first act was a multiplication of its own individuality, not the origination of a new race; and this was effected in a very plant-like manner. The primary cell had been strengthening its hold by shooting out, on all sides of its base, delicate tubular fibres of the common horny matter, which had crept along the surface of the frond before the substance had yet hardened, and had thus become so firmly adherent to it that no force short of the actual destruction of the thread could have severed them. These creeping and branching threads had constituted so many holdfasts, which so far served the purpose of roots, though no nutriment appears to have been absorbed by them.

The anchorage being thus confirmed, a swelling began to appear from one side of the cell, which gradually developed itself into a bud, and finally into a second cell of exactly the same form, dimensions, and general character as the first. When completely formed, the two were soldered, as it were, together side by side, yet not exactly on the same level, the new cell being placed considerably higher than the first. It was occupied by a living tenant, in every respect the counterpart of the former, with which it was connected by a thread of pulpy vascular flesh, which passed through a perforation in the partition-wall of the two cells.

From the angle formed by the second cell overtopping the first, a third then budded in like manner, and then a fourth, and so on; always maintaining the same order, and thus growing in a two-rowed ribbon of cells, each of which was intermediate in height between two others.

After the rising structure had proceeded in this way for the length of perhaps half-a-dozen pairs of cells, the angle was filled by a knob of the horny matter, which did not develop into a cell, but budded out a cell on each side of itself, in the same plane as before, but divaricating at a wider angle. Each of these cells now proceeded to increase in the regular way; and the result of this was that two branches were growing at once, the primary stem having forked. And so the branches went on, growing and forking at pretty regular intervals, until such a complex array of spreading branches was accomplished as this which we have in our hand.

We have already noticed the recumbent character of the shrub, and the rooting of the prostrate branches. This is effected by the shooting down of slender tubular fibres, which, on reaching



the frond, divide into a number of creeping radiating fibrils, of extreme tenuity, which branch and rebranch, taking a firm hold by adhesion of the surface into which they have no power of actually penetrating.

In order to see this with advantage, however, we must take home the specimen, and submit it to a good microscope. Then, by the aid of reflected light, the appearance of the network of ramifying fibrils of white shelly matter on the dark frond is very regular and beautiful, and we perceive how effective a support is afforded by this contrivance. These little reticulate areas are thickly scattered on the leafy floor, which is overshadowed by the umbrageous shrublet.

To the same wonder-revealing implement we must resort for the full discovery of several interesting details in the structure and economy of this minute creature. The habitation itself is far from being a simple wall. Each pyriform cell is strengthened just above its base by one or two thickened rings, forming a sort of joint. It bears a certain resemblance to a shoe, the large oval aperture representing the "quarter," the edge of which, being thickened, is like the binding of the shoe. It is a transparent glass slipper, far more delicate than the foot of the fairest Cinderella that ever lived could have put on. From the outer edge of this "quarter," near the heel, project, in a slanting direction outwards, three short shelly spines, the middle one being the largest, the use of which, in the animal's economy, is doubtless to ward off danger, whether arising from blundering friends or malicious foes.

Besides these spines another organ of defence is conspicuous, in the form of a branched projection guarding the membrane-covered aperture. From the inner margin of this aperture (or that which is next to the median line of the two-rowed branch) springs a shelly flat plate, which spreads laterally and divides into two, these into two more, and these in most instances with an incipient bifurcation again. Hence results a wide fan-shaped organ, which, arching over the membrane, protects it from violence, while it does not interfere with the projection of the animal out of the valvular opening, nor impede the ciliary currents which bring food and oxygen for its requirements.

Here and there, on looking carefully over several branches of the little shrub, we see one and another cell crowned by a globular body resembling a little pearl. This is an egg-cell; wherein are developed those gemmules, which when matured escape from their prison and swim away to form a new generation. These ova are not produced till the composite structure has attained considerable maturity; and the result of their liberation must not be confounded with that of the progressive bud-

ding forth of the compound tree. The one is analogous to the multiplication of a plant by cuttings, or rather by the successive growth of its twigs; the other to the formation of a new race of plants by the agency of ripened seeds.

Another interesting point, which would arrest your notice, is the number of long tubular filaments, which straggle across the branches in various directions. They are of great length, and are formed of the common horny substance of the cells, from which they originate. If we trace them carefully, we shall find that they always spring from a sort of socket placed near the summit of the cell, near the outer side of its summit. Sometimes they seem to be branched, but most usually they are obviously simple throughout; and as they are connected by their extremities with other distant branches, their nature is doubtless the same as that of the root-threads, and their use that of affording mutual support to the branches, which otherwise might be liable to be broken off by the waves, or by the trampling of crabs, and other animals.

By a little careful searching we may easily find, in exactly similar situations, another species very closely like this, but displaying some interesting points of diversity. It is known as the Rugged Scuparia. You would scarcely discern any difference between this specimen and what we have just been examining, except that this is rather more erect, less creeping in its manner of growth. Nor, even when brought under the microscope, would you instantly be struck with the distinction. Yet distinction there is.

In this Scuparia the membranous aperture is not protected by the arching fan-like operculum, nor by any organ answering to it. But, as if to compensate for this defect, there are some special organs of defence which were wanting in the Canda. One of these is called the *vibraculum*, or the whiplash. At the back of each cell there is seated, at the point where it springs from the summit of its predecessor, a kind of oval knob, which is cleft to receive, as in a socket, a more slender shelly knob. To this is attached, by a very free hinge-joint, a long and very slender horny bristle, tapering to a fine attenuated point. The course of this lash is so curved, that it passes across the front of its own cell. Its movements are curious: ever and anon, fitfully and suddenly, it is swept forcibly along from one end of its range to the other. It is believed that its use is to brush away any extraneous matters that, lodging upon the cell, might interfere with the comfort of the inhabitant, or minute intruders whose presence is felt to be annoying, or to give a hint to larger visitors that their room is better appreciated than their company. This conclusion is strengthened from the circumstance that the range

covered by the vibraculum in its sweep, includes the area of the aperture, where violence and annoyance are more liable to be felt than in other parts.

Much more curious, however, than either operculum or vibraculum, is the *avicularium*, or bird's-head. The outer angle of the summit of each cell carries what at first sight you would perhaps take for a stout triangular knob; but when you look at it more carefully, you see that it is a very special and singular organ. It is like the stout and strongly-hooked beak of some strange bird of prey, cut out of its skull, and soldered, upside down, to the angle of the cell. The upper mandible (or what, in the true bird's beak, would be the upper, though here reversed) is truncate, except the sharp-curved point, and encloses a capacious cavity; within this, the lower mandible, which is curved and pointed, in like manner, is jointed, and working on its hinge, with an enormous range, shuts with a snap into the upper.

There are species (such as *Bicellaria ciliata*, *Acamarchis flabellata*, and others), in which the resemblance to the entire skull of a bird is most marked and striking. In these two, the organ is not sessile and fixed, but attached by a hinge-joint which permits great freedom of motion. A shelly knob is placed on the outside of the cell, and on this is seated the mimic skull, at that point where naturally it would rest on the atlas-joint of the vertebræ. The union is, as I have said, by a freely-working hinge-joint; and thus the whole skull sways backward and forward, just as a head does upon the spine.

But besides this, the form of the two mandibles is (in the former of the last-named two species for instance) a far more perfect copy of a vulture's beak. The *vraisemblance* is, indeed, most wonderful; and the microscope can scarcely present a more striking spectacle than one of these shrubby *Polyzoa* in full health and vigour in a trough of sea-water. The eye is bewildered and the mind amazed at the sight of scores of naked skulls, swinging to and fro, not evenly and uniformly, but fitfully and as it appears wilfully; while the yawning gape of the mandibles to an awful reach, and ever and again the spiteful snapping of the lower into the groove formed by the formidably-toothed edges of the upper, make us involuntarily shrink and shudder, lest the vicious bite should take a piece out of our flesh.

It is probable that this well-armed apparatus is auxiliary to the procuring of food. Not, however, that it directly subserves this end; for being placed outside the cell, no communication exists between this ferocious mouth and the stomach of the animal within. But it may act as a trap to capture minute animals, which then, being held tenaciously until they decay, do in the progress of decomposition attract millions of infusoria to prey upon them. These, then, stimulated by abundant food,

increase immensely in that vicinity by spontaneous fission: multitudes of these swarming minims must every instant be caught in the ciliary vortex of the expectant animal; and thus, the action of the bird's head may be that of a man, who over-night scatters ground-bait about the spot where on the morrow he intends to fish.

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X.

LAY SERMONS FOR EVERY-DAY READING.

No. I.

THE SPARROW.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."—Matt. vi. 29—31.

WHEN the green leaves crowd thickly on the tree,  
 And summer sun shines warm and cheerfully;  
 And nights are short, and daylight sweet and long;  
 And wood and field alive with flower and song:  
 With ceaseless chirp, and saucy, jaunty air,  
 The Sparrow flutters loosely everywhere.  
 Through tangled hedge-rows; over meadows green;  
 And in, and out, the straw-thatched eaves between:  
 With quick, sharp eye, on rapid, jerking wings,  
 A very vagrant in his wanderings!  
 His every movement marked by careless ease,  
 To do, and go, as present mood may please.  
 So, when the ruthless, wintry weather comes,  
 With scanty fare, and unprotected homes;  
 The perking look, and bright free eye remain,  
 Through cold discomfort, and the weary rain;  
 In frosty nights, and hard, inclement days,  
 Still the old habits and familiar ways;  
 The strut, and hop, and self-reliant air,  
 Without suggestion or of want or care:  
 And every season, through the rounded year,  
 Th' entire betokening is of mirth and cheer:  
 The bustling outline of a varied life,  
 Its light and shadow, harmony and strife;  
 While outward dress, no admiration draws,  
 Nor sweet, soft song to claim, and win applause:  
 A simple throb of life, a passing thought;  
 No power of impress; with no beauty fraught;  
 It lives unloved,—poor Sparrow! and it dies,  
 Nor claims, or gains, e'en childhood's sympathies.  
 Yet, mark thee well! to that unheeded thing,  
 God's gentle care is always minist'ring;  
 Its chirp of thanks or want, of joy or fear,  
 He, listening kindly, never fails to hear:

And all the pleasantness and charm He gives;  
 As by His will the little outcast lives :  
 And He, the mighty God ! who governs all,  
 Watches and regulates the Sparrow's fall !

## FIRST.

Up in the air, while the bright sun is shining ;  
 Whirling, and wheeling, and floating away :  
 Fluttering, and circling, and tumbling, and twining,  
 How pleasant to watch, when birds are at play !  
 Blows the rude wind, with its rushing and roaring ?  
 Mark the wild revel all joyous and free :  
 Hither and thither, all fearlessly soaring,  
 Weaving the air-dance with frolicsome glee.  
 Home in the greenwood, all freedom and gladness ;  
 Quiet and safe in the warm nest at night :  
 Days without shading of sorrow or sadness ;  
 Is not the bird-life a life of delight ?

## SECOND.

Wisely and kindly God's loving dominion,  
 Comforts his creatures, upholds them, and guides :  
 He gives the Eagle the strength of his pinion ;  
 And for each want of the Sparrow provides.  
 Dost thou not think, then, His wisdom and kindness,  
 All the sweet patience and might of His love,  
 Helpful in danger, will pity thy blindness,  
 Shelter thy weakness, and guide thee above ?  
 Rest in His mercy ! unceasingly showing,  
 In small things and great, how kind He can be :  
 Thankfully praising His mercy, bestowing  
 Blessings, and comforts, on thine and on thee ! .

## THIRD.

Store in thy heart, too—O best of all blessing !  
 How willing His love, how watchful, to save ;  
 That surely, through Christ, His solace possessing,  
 Needful support and supply thou shalt have.  
 That He will sustain, with mercies unceasing ;  
 Help thee, contentedly, sorrows to bear :  
 Save, and from sin's sad enthrallment releasing,  
 Counsel, and cherish, and comfort, and spare !  
 Blessing of blessings ! when by His indwelling,  
 The heart is at ease, and life is all pure :  
 Joy and sweet peacefulness ours, past the telling !  
 Christ Jesus our Friend, and Heaven secure !

AMEN.

H. B.

## VI.

## TOWN AND FOREST.

## CHAPTER VII.

## GIPSY TENTS.

Underneath the greenwood tree  
 Here we dwell right merrily,  
 You may see where we have been,  
 By the burnt spot on the green,  
 By the oak's branch drooping low,  
 Withered in our faggots' glow;  
 By the grass and hedge-row cropped,  
 Where our donkies have been grazing,  
 By some old torn rag we dropped,  
 When our crazy tents were raising.  
 You may see where we have been,  
 Where we *are*, that is not seen;  
 Where we are, it is no place  
 For a lazy foot to trace.

MR. BOLTER cast the fragment at the root of a tuft of violets beneath a gnarled oak, and went forward more briskly. As he looked about him, he was reminded of some of the landscapes he had seen at the Dulwich Gallery: it was, indeed, a scene that Ruysdael or Hobbima would have loved to paint. The sky was dappled with fleecy clouds no bigger than a man's hand; the bright sunshine brought out each object into clear relief; the ground was undulating and broken: a heavily-laden waggon, with a dog tied underneath, was just wending out of sight; a windmill was briskly revolving its sails in the distance; nearer at hand a couple of men were loading a cart in a gravel-pit; while a little apart from them, and out of sight, a Dutch girl was washing her feet in a pool. Perhaps she caught a glimpse of Mr. Bolter when she arose, for he heard her clear voice borne on the air, crying "Buy a broom? buy a broom?" and then she gaily struck up—

"From Deutschland I come, with my tempting wares laden,"

till the distance between them rendered the far-off notes inaudible.

Meanwhile he was directing his course along a narrow track, towards a wreath of thin blue smoke that rose from an umbrageous thicket. A pony and couple of donkeys were cropping the herbage, watched by a lazy-looking boy stretched on the grass, who followed

Mr. Bolter with his eye (as did the pony) without moving his head. Just within the wood Mr. Bolter came on the first tent in the encampment. A bright fire was burning beneath a black cauldron, which a woman of about fifty was watching, while a much older woman, of true gipsy countenance, and bent nearly double with age, crouched close to the flames, now and then croaking rather than speaking articulately. A middle-aged man was cutting skewers, attentively watched by a little boy. A very beautiful gipsy-woman, of about five-and-twenty, with a yellow handkerchief tied over her glossy raven hair, and a faded red cloak carelessly drawn about her, was nursing an infant. These two were what an artist would have called "the light of the picture."

Every one of the party saw the intruder as soon as he saw them, and immediately jabbered something among themselves. (I believe that is the word we polite English apply to a language we don't understand, though it may have been spoken by an intellectual people in the days of Moses and Aaron.) The youngest woman drew her cloak round her, and approaching Mr. Bolter, asked him in a fawning way, if he would have his fortune told?

"Oh dear, no," said he, very composedly, "my business is of quite another kind. . . . Is there any one here of the name of Lovell?"

"She don't live here," said the woman; "she lives in another tent—a *great* way off!"

"Can you direct me the way?"

"I don't know it," replied she, doggedly, and reseating herself on the ground.

"Don't go near her, she's an old witch," cried the decrepit old woman. "She's ever so wicked! And she's dying of a fever, and you'll catch it and die!"

"Perhaps I shall cure her instead."

"What! are you a doctor?" said they all, regarding him with manifest respect.

"Something like it—at any rate a doctor of souls, and in that capacity I might do her some good."

"What's that?" said the middle-aged woman distrustfully; while the man left off working, and looked at him fixedly.

"Do you know, my friend, that you have a soul?"

"No."

"Well, then, I hardly know how to begin. That tree grows, and lives, but cannot move. Your pony and donkey can move, but cannot think. You can think—you can think what you shall have for dinner, and how soon. You can be happy and sorry, you can be angry and make it up again. And why? Because you have a soul."

"I see," said the middle-aged woman.

"Oh, all that's as plain as this stick," said the man contemptuously, and resuming his work.

"If you've come to talk about such moonshine as that," said the woman who was cooking, "you'd better be off, for we want none of it."

"Did not I tell you, I came here not in search of you, but of Lovell?"

"I'll tell you what," cried the old beldame, almost inarticulate with vehemence, "if you've anything good for her—wine, or money, or such-like, you'd better give it to us and not to her, for we're a deal more in want of it, and a pretty deal better people too!"

"Oh no, my friend, I have nothing for her but what is spoken by the tongue."

"Keep it for her, and welcome, then," said the old woman, with a ghastly smile; "and be off."

"Keep a civiller tongue, mother," muttered the man. "It does no good."

"It *does* good; for it sends fools packing."

Mr. Bolter was going to pass onward, when, changing his mind, he said, "Do you know any one named Pharaoh?"

"Why, I'm Pharaoh's daughter," cried the old woman.

Mr. Bolter thought her a very miserable representative of that excellent princess; and concluded it must either be a falsehood on the spur of the moment, or that the tribe must be a much larger one than he had supposed. At any rate, this old woman's advanced age made it impossible she could be the daughter of *his* Pharaoh.

"Pharaoh's daughter, and Pharaoh's grandmother," persisted the old woman. "What do *you* know of the Pharaohs?"

"Well, I think mine cannot anyhow belong to your branch," said Mr. Bolter, "for I don't see the least resemblance between you. The one I mean is a well-grown, handsome young man, extremely civil and obliging."

"Ah, that must be my grandson, sure enough," cried the old woman, quite changing her tone. "He's the very cream of my heart—O the precious, precious jewel!" And she rocked herself to and fro, muttering to herself in a kind of ecstasy.

"Sit down, sir, sit down," said the youngest woman, civilly offering him a block of hewn wood which did very well for a seat. "We are all very good friends with the friends of my brother." Mr. Bolter having accepted her kindness, "Now then," said she, with evident interest, "tell us what you know of him."

At this moment Pharaoh himself appeared, carrying a bundle of rushes. His appearance was singular; he wore a dirty yellow-brown carter's frock, with great pockets at the sides, and his long jet-black hair hung in heavy waves from under a conical felt hat, such as is worn by Italian brigands. His feet were bare and muddy; one hand and arm held the rushes; with the other hand he grasped a live snake that writhed and twisted in every direction.

"Ah! my teacher!" exclaimed he, radiant with gladness; and, unceremoniously disengaging himself of the snake by hitting its head against a stone, he dropped the rushes and hastily advanced with outstretched hand to Mr. Bolter. It was evident to the attentive lookers-on that their good understanding was no fable; and Mr. Bolter rose proportionably in their opinion.

"So you've found me out," cried Pharaoh. "How strange, and how good! I thought, when I did not find you beneath the oak,



that I'd seen the last of you. Had I known, this morning, that you were here, I wouldn't have wasted my time in catching that nasty snake, that's worth nothing but its fat, nor wading after those rushes, for which I shall only get a penny a dozen from the bird-stuffers. Now, let's go to it at once—will you, sir?"

"With all my heart," said Mr. Bolter, with alacrity, and pulling a spelling-book from his pocket as he spoke, they withdrew a little from the rest, and sat down on a felled tree, and the lesson began. Mr. Bolter found that his pupil had already mastered so many letters by sight, that there was nothing to do but to connect them by name with the alphabet he had learnt the previous day; and when this was done, he gave him a short spelling lesson on the first verse in Genesis. He told him he thought he would soon make a good scholar.

"Ah," said Pharaoh, mournfully, "not unless you continue to teach me. I shall only lose what I already know."

"Well, it will be impossible for me to come to you, but could not you come to me?"

"O yes, sir! Where?"

"Why, I am going to have a room lent me in Hopkinsville for an evening school and other purposes; and if you would come to me there, you might learn along with the rest."

"Certainly I would, if they would not be ashamed of me?"

"O no, my poor fellow, they will have no more reason to be ashamed of you than you of them. I do not yet know where the room is to be, nor how soon it will open; but, as soon as I do, I will let you know—that is, if I know where to find you."

"You may easily do that of the turnpike-man," said Pharaoh; "I will ask him every day whether any one has inquired for me; and if you will leave the name of the place, and name your hour, I will come. Hark, they are calling us to dinner. Come and have some with us."

"With all my heart; and afterwards we will walk a little way together."

The gipsies welcomed him with cordiality. The stew smelt uncommonly like rich hare soup, and was very savoury, though flavoured with herbs that Mr. Bolter thought did not improve it. The woman who cooked it, whom her husband called Zobel, which was probably a corruption of Isobel, ladled a sufficient quantity into an earthen basin for her guest; and then pulled out of her pocket a table-spoon of undoubted silver, though, from neglect and ill-usage, it looked no better than lead. It had a very suspicious-looking crest, a good deal more modern than that of the race of Pharaoh was likely to be, if it had one; but Mr. Bolter remembered the direction to eat such things as were set before him, asking no questions, and scrupled not to do so in the present instance, without troubling himself with the history either of the spoon or the hare.

"What have you been about?" said Zobel, curiously, to her son.

"Learning to read a printed book. See what the gentleman has given me!" said he, exhibiting it.

"That's a beautiful book!" said his mother, admiringly; "you had better let me keep it for you."

"Oh, no! I shall keep it here," putting it into his bosom.

"Can you read any of it yet?" says the father, with some interest.

"Yes—listen." And, tracing each word earnestly with his finger, he slowly and distinctly read, "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth."

"That's wonderful! Will you teach *me*?" said Pharaoh's sister, fixing her large black eyes on Mr. Bolter.

"If I teach Pharaoh, he will be able to teach you all," said he.

"Yes, Mariam, that is as much as you can expect of the gentleman," interrupted Pharaoh; "he has a great many people to attend to besides us, I can tell you."

"How do you know?"

"Because I do."

"I don't know that I shall care to learn," said Mariam.

"O yes, you will," said Mr. Bolter, "when you find how much there is you would like to know in this book."

"What is there?" said she.

"Look up!" said he, pointing to the sky. "Look at that beautiful blue sky overhead, which at night is sometimes brilliant with stars, sometimes lit up by pale moon-light, and sometimes black with clouds. Then look round on these green trees and that cheerful common. Who made these things? This little book tells you. 'In the beginning, God made the heavens and the earth.' And it goes on to tell you *how* He made them . . . things that we could learn nowhere else, for no men or women were then created to look on and see. It goes on to tell how men and women were created; and how the woman committed a great sin, and led her husband to sin also, and how, in consequence, people have gone on sinning ever since. It tells you how angry God justly was at their sin; but how, in His mercy, He promised to show them a way by which to escape from its consequences. He said He would send His only Son down from heaven to teach them to be good, and to make peace with Him, and that then He would forgive them, and after they died, receive them up into heaven."

"That was very strange!" ejaculated the elder gipsy.

"Very strange, but very good," said Pharaoh. "Is it all true?"

"Every word of it."

"When will his Son come?"

"He *did* come; more than eighteen hundred years ago: but people would no more believe Him than some people will now believe me—(not *you*: I hope), they felt something in their hearts resisting Him all the while He spoke, that made them say within themselves 'Whatever you may do, I won't believe you.' And at last they became so weary of Him, so angry at Him for his very goodness, that they began to take counsel among themselves how they might put Him to death."

"*Did* they, though?" said Pharaoh quickly.

"Indeed, my friend, they did. They nailed Him to a wooden cross, and let him hang there for hours, dying by inches. His heavenly Father, to mark His indignation at their wickedness, darkened the sun, made the earth shake, and raised many dead persons from their graves. Afterwards He raised His dear Son from the dead, and took Him up in broad daylight into heaven, in the sight of many people who watched Him out of sight. And there has been His home ever since; yet He is continually among us, watching all we do and say, helping those who are in distress, and providing for all who believe in Him, one way or other: and all who believe in Him he will save."

"Ah, He will never save *me*?" burst from the lips of the father. "My sins are so many."

"My friend, He *will*! You have only to ask Him."

A tear rolled from the man's eye, as he said, "Teach me how."

Mr. Bolter immediately offered a short, heartfelt prayer. Just as he had concluded it, the old woman, who had dragged herself along the ground to his feet, suddenly dropped on her knees before him, holding up her shrivelled hands clasped as if in prayer, and exclaiming in a cracked, canting voice "O you blessed son of God! you're the resurrection! you're the—"

"O hush, hush!" cried Mr. Bolter, greatly shocked. "You must not use such language to me, you altogether mistake its meaning."

She would have persisted, however, had not her son roughly cried, "Give over, mother, you see the gentleman does not like it;" while her grandson, going behind her, quietly picked her up and carried her off into the tent, where she lay upon the ground making an unearthly sort of noise, and uttering fearful curses.

Mr. Bolter now felt that he must bring the interview to a close. After a few more words of exhortation, therefore, which were cordially received by all, the father voluntarily promising to learn whatever his son should teach him, Mr. Bolter departed, accompanied by Pharaoh, who undertook to guide him to the other gipsies in various parts of the wood.

There were twelve tents in all. To the family in each tent, Mr. Bolter addressed some word in season, which, in a few cases, was encouragingly received; so that the whole afternoon was consumed in his labours among them. He made inquiry for the sick woman who had sent to Mrs. Truebury, and found her so grateful for the kind assistance supplied, as to be ready to hear a word of exhortation: and as he found she could read a little, he gave her a small book of scripture lessons.

Pharaoh listened attentively to all that was said, and really seemed to drink in every word that fell from Mr. Bolter's lips. As they walked from one spot to another, he readily answered any questions that were asked him about his mode of life, which seemed, for one of his race, tolerably harmless, though poor and desultory. In the spring, he seemed chiefly to live by climbing tall trees for birds'-nests which he sold in the streets, according to the number of eggs

they contained, at the rate of a halfpenny an egg. Sometimes he was lucky enough to secure the long narrow nest of a bottle-tit, containing as many as eighteen eggs. He went out bird-nesting three times a week, from May to August: then, from August to Christmas he pulled rushes for stuffing—a poor and uncertain trade. Then, at Christmas, he got ‘backing’ for winter nosegays, the green yew, fern, and holly for windows and plum-puddings; and wild-flower roots to hawk in the streets.

Pharaoh had so much to say on all this, that he kept on walking with Mr. Bolter along the London road, till they got quite into the suburbs. Then they took leave, with mutually expressed hopes of soon meeting again.

What pursuit is equal, in dignity, importance, and interest, to that of even one perishing soul?

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## CHAPTER VIII.

DR. GRACE.

A sweet attractive kind of grace,  
A full assurance given by looks,  
Continual comfort in a face,  
The lineaments of gospel books.  
I trow that countenance cannot lie  
Whose thoughts are visible to the eye.

About a fortnight after this, Mr. Bolter might have been seen, looking very tired and fagged, walking at dusk along a row of tolerably respectable suburban houses, not built with much regard to uniformity, some of them being semi-detached, with strips of garden before them, others being flush with the pavement.

At the door of one of the former, which had a paved court before it, and, seemingly, a small burial ground behind, Mr. Bolter knocked, just as the lamplighter was lighting the street lamps; and on the door being opened, he inquired if he could see Dr. Grace.

“By all means,” said some one within a sitting-room on the left, when the maid delivered the message; and Mr. Bolter was ushered into the doctor’s study. It was a pleasant transition, on a cold, wet night, to be admitted from the miry streets with the gas reflected in the puddles, into a warm, well-carpeted room, with walls covered with books, red curtains drawn across the windows, and a bright fire in the grate.

“Good evening, Mr. Bolter,” said Dr. Grace, who was writing very fast—“I am very glad to see you, my good sir.” Then, laying aside his pen for a moment, he shook him cordially by the hand, and said—“Will you excuse me? I want to send this note by the next post; and when it is off my mind, I shall enter all the more completely into what you have to say.”

“Pray do so, sir,” said Mr. Bolter, sitting down; and Dr. Grace immediately resumed his pen. The lamp-light fell full on his head,

which was finely formed, though rather scant of hair. He had a pleasant grey eye, frank though somewhat careworn countenance, and was well and compactly formed, apparently working too hard, thinking too much, and living too plainly, ever to grow fat.

Having quickly concluded his note and thrown it on a heap of others, he briskly seated himself by the fire and rang the bell, saying,

"That affair is over. And, do you know, Mr. Bolter, I think nothing muddles a man's head more than having to write twenty letters on twenty different subjects, within considerably less than a reasonable time."

Mr. Bolter smiled and said he could readily suppose it, but that he contributed very little himself towards swelling the post-office revenues. "Your work is of a different kind," said Dr. Grace; "you look tired enough, too. Hannah," (to the servant,) "request Miss Lucy to send in tea and toast for two. You may take out all those letters. Lucy," pursued he, as the maid left the room, "has some of the Sunday-school teachers to drink tea with her this evening; and, knowing me to be busy, promised to send my tea in to me, so you and I will take tea together."

"I am quite sorry I should have called at so inconvenient a time," said Mr. Bolter.

"Not at all," said the doctor; "if you had not come, somebody else would. We shall be sure to hear the knocker presently; and then Hannah will say 'the doctor is engaged.'"

This was spoken so cheerfully, that Mr. Bolter instantly felt at ease: and Hannah at the same time entered with two large breakfast-cups of hot and strong tea, and a bountiful allowance of buttered toast and plum-cake: none of which restoratives were thrown away on these tired men.

"Well!" said Dr. Grace, "and how have you been getting on?"

"Like some one not quite so strong as Hercules, setting to work in the Augean stable," said Mr. Bolter. "There is so much to be done, that I feel discouraged. However, I have made a beginning."

"What did you do at Barking fair?"

"Sir, you kindly gave me two thousand tracts to distribute. I took a friend with me; and had you given me double the number we could have distributed them all."

"Come, that is famous! May the great Husbandman bless some, at least, of the good seed his servants thus have scattered!"

"He has blessed some of it already."

"Nay! So soon?"

"I will enter into it a little. We began by visiting the courts and by-streets immediately about the fair-ground, leaving a tract at each house, and endeavouring to get a few words with the inhabitants; hoping by this means to prevent some, at least, from attending the fair. Several interesting incidents occurred. At one house, a sailor came to the door. He told me he had been kept to the house by a paralytic affection for some years, but now earned a poor living by making fishing-nets. Though nominally a Roman Catholic, I was much surprised at the knowledge he showed of his

own heart, and the way in which he spoke of Jesus Christ as the only way of acceptance."

"Excellent."

"After going the round of these courts and alleys, we proceeded into the fair, which was held in the public street. The shows were of a very low description, with the usual accompaniments of swings, toy and cake stalls, gambling and drinking booths. Immediately on entering the fair, I saw two men fighting. One of them espied me, and immediately desisted, and came up to me for a tract. I said, 'Remember, the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.' He burst into tears, and replied, 'I know it; my father was a good man, and taught me better. I know I was doing wrong.' This man stuck to me all the rest of the day; and we had much interesting conversation together."

"Dear me!" cried Dr. Grace, hastily drawing his hand across his eyes. "Why, that one case would have been sufficient reward for your day's work!"

"Over and over again. A great many other incidents, sir, you will find in my report, which I wish was more spiritedly written."

"You talk with sufficient spirit, at any rate. Do go on: I delight to hear you."

"At night, sir, my friend John and I found we had distributed half your tracts. On the second day of the fair, John could not be spared by his employer; but I returned to the charge. I began with a few houses we had overlooked. At the first of these, the door was opened by a neat-looking poor woman, who, on my saying 'Will you accept this tract?' immediately replied, 'O yes, with gladness! Yesterday afternoon, my husband came in, and asked me for two-pence, saying that he was going to take just a walk round the fair. My heart misgave me that he would not come back so soon as he wished me to think. However, I did him wrong, for he soon returned, sat down, and asked me for his pipe. He then took a tract out of his pocket, and began to read it, saying a person had given it him in the fair. Presently he burst out laughing, and said, 'Sally, this is too good to keep to one's self. It is called "The Fools' Pence"—do listen to it!' So I sat down by him, only too thankful that anything should keep him from the public-house; and he read it aloud, quite with glee, and a great deal of fun there was in it, and yet a great deal of good in it too. We laughed, and then had a long talk over a comfortable dish of tea; but before we had that, he said, 'They shan't have the fool's twopence at the beer-house to-night, so there it is back for you.' 'O, very well,' said I, and slipping out to the baker's, I laid it out in a sally lunn, and toasted it for our tea.'—'Ah,' said I, 'I gave him The Fools' Pence.'"

"Capital!" cried Dr. Grace. "Come, Mr. Bolter, let you and me have another cup of tea. I will, if you will, and, glad of the excuse, for I was called away from my dinner."

"And I had no dinner at all," said Mr Bolter, laughing.

"Do have a slice of cold beef now! You won't? Hannah, beg Miss Lucy to let us have some more tea and toast."

"Miss Lucy will think I am a very voracious guest, sir!"

"Oh, no, she'll only think I'm making you a blind. She pretends, sometimes, that so much tea is bad for my nerves; but I know the difference! It cheers but not inebriates us busy men, who seldom take a glass of wine. Well; but now about my poor, miserable Hopkingsville?"

"One word more first. I told you of Pharaoh the gipsy. On going round the fair, there was he, with a lot of sticks and cocoa-nuts for people to throw at. I knew very well the people who got the cocoa-nuts often went off with the owner to the drinking booths. I just went up to him from behind, laid my hand on his shoulder, and said 'Hallo!' Looking round in surprise, he no sooner saw who I was than he turned as red as scarlet; sir, that man literally, '*arose, left all and followed me!*' He kept with me all the rest of the day!"

"Beautiful! beautiful!" ejaculated Dr. Grace.

Mr. Bolter's features worked; and suddenly he burst into tears.

"I feel these things too much," said he.

"My dear friend," said his kind superintendent, rising and grasping his hand warmly in both his own, and pressing it for several seconds, "it is precisely because you *do* feel them so keenly, that you are the very man for the work. *In a highly-rarefied atmosphere, the faintest vibration is heard!*\* It is because you are of so impulsive and sensitive a nature, that every word you speak thrills the heart! Was it not so with David? with Jeremiah? with St. Paul? Nay with our blessed Saviour himself? When did Solomon ever draw a tear from human eye? His profound wisdom enabled him, as with a microscope, to detect the tendency of the minutest word, look, or temper, and hold it up to the light, showing that in the most inconsiderable thing, we either adorn or deface our Lord's image; but it is David, by whom God's own spirit spake, who touches and melts our hearts; it is Jeremiah who says, 'Oh, that mine eyes were rivers of water!' It is God himself speaking through Isaiah, who says, 'In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee!'—It is God's own Son who says (*impulsively, as it were,*) 'I tell you, if these should hold their peace, *the very stones should cry out!*'

"Or, take that the other way, Mr. Bolter. Suppose He was not then, under the impulse of strong feeling, using a powerful hyperbole—suppose the *plain fact* to have been, that, ages before Christ's advent, when the wonderful scheme of redemption was first laid down, our Almighty Father had made this the alternative—that, supposing, when His dearly beloved Son entered Jerusalem as its king, and the insensibility and hardness of His subjects should be such, as that not a single voice should cry '*Hosanna*'—*the very stones*, to mark His divine indignation at their contempt for His Son, *should, literally, cry out*,—our Saviour only then told His hearers the plain matter of fact; and yet, what an astounding fact that was! So startling, so enormous a miracle as the very stones beneath their feet

\* Griffith.

being made voluble with Hosannas, was forborne, through the homage of a few, artless, affectionate little children! See how easily our powerful God is appeased!"

"Sir, that is very extraordinary!" And Mr. Bolter, who was so much more used to pouring out than pouring in, and felt the good doctor's words descending on his weary soul like dew upon parched ground, sat lost in thought for a few minutes. Meanwhile, the fresh supply of tea was brought in, and Dr. Grace, sedately stirring the contents of his cup, went on talking, to the no small refreshment and enjoyment of Mr. Bolter. He was one of the most delightful talkers in the world; a man of logical accuracy, with a highly poetical taste, practical knowledge of the world, keen sense of humour, and profound spirituality. He had taken high honours at Cambridge; and it is an immense advantage to city missionaries, who seldom have had the opportunity of acquiring much secular learning, when they are thrown into connexion with a gifted and scholar-like superintendent, who possesses the very attainments they have not, and by his genial and cultivated conversation, raises them up towards the platform from which he himself looks around on the world of experience and thought.

After talking for full half-an-hour, Dr. Grace paused, and then said, "Well, and how about Hopkinsville?"

"The evening-school answers admirably. Pharaoh comes to it every time, and once or twice has been my only scholar, which I have not regretted, because we have made so much progress. I have rewarded him with an old shirt and pair of stockings—you never saw a fellow so delighted in your life! By-and-by, perhaps, I may be able to spare him an old suit of clothes. The attendance of the scholars is increasing. They are squalid, dull, and ignorant almost beyond belief, and at first were riotous, but I am now getting them into order. Mrs. Truebury has kindly supplied us with everything we want; and her aunt has undertaken to pay a female teacher for superintending the girls' day-school. With regard to our school-room services on Sunday evening, your own curate, sir, has doubtless told you that they are crowded. I hope we shall get *you* there some evening. It is, you know, the only place of worship in Hopkinsville for three thousand souls."

"Sad! sad! We must get it licensed, and a clergyman appointed to the district."

"The Baptists and Independents will get the start of you unless you make haste. I must say I am glad to see their red-brick walls rising so fast. There is room for all. It is very handsome of the Society of Friends to co-operate with us in the way they are doing, because, as you know, it involves the support of what they call 'a paid ministry.' This scruple, however, does not extend to school-masters, though it does to missionaries. It is delightful to pull all together, as we are doing now, without distinctions of parties. I only hope it may last. As John Foster said, when the spring-tide of universal love shall rise sufficiently high, it will merge all rocks of offence and minor lines of separation. I have great hope



the reading-room will answer—a few, poor squalid fellows, hollow-eyed, and with sunken cheeks, are beginning to creep into it; but as they can hardly read a common sentence without stumbling, I have begun by reading aloud and telling them amusing stories, which, I find, answers very well. The first time, a man looked wistfully in, and seeing only me turning over the leaves of a book, was going to steal away, when I looked up and said cheerfully, ‘Here seems to be something amusing—sit down, and I’ll read it to you if you like, while we have this nice quiet room all to ourselves.’ He immediately drew near, and I read him *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. Two or three others dropped in; and, before the end, I think we mustered half-a-dozen. They liked it extremely. The *Illustrated News* and *Pictorial Times* lay on the table, and they looked at the pictures, and I talked to them on the different subjects they suggested. Next time, we had *Sindbad the Sailor*. I always omit whatever they cannot understand or will do them more harm than good. Then we got on to *Robinson Crusoe*: we are at it still, it will last us half the winter. I mean to follow it with the *Pilgrim’s Progress*. I think, sir, Mr. Truebury will aid me in opening a penny bank at the conclusion of these meetings. He is ready to allow the subscribers ten per cent.”

“That ought to answer.”

“But ah! they are so poor! And the population is so fluctuating! One can hardly wish it otherwise, for the regular occupants of these wretched houses (the best of which only let for four and sixpence a week) are those on whom the malign influences of impure air and water tell so severely that their physical strength is permanently lowered by it. These people are not actively wicked, they are not strong enough! they creep about, get through half a day’s poor work, enduring gnawing hunger and pinching cold; and the first attack of illness carries them off. On the other hand, the navvies, &c., who are here to-day and gone to-morrow, are tremendous wife-beaters, and spend the greater part of their wages at the public-house. These are men of great physical force, and wide-awake to what you say to them if it be sufficiently entertaining; but you have no sooner begun to hope you have made some impression on them, than they are removed farther down the line.”

A loud ring at the house-bell, followed by a summons into the hall, here called Dr. Grace from listening to Mr. Bolter’s communications. After a few minutes, he returned, saying, “I am summoned to administer the Lord’s supper to a dying person, and baptize a new-born child. We can walk a little way together, but, first, let us unite in prayer.”

Dr. Grace was very gifted in extempore prayer and preaching: an inestimable power in those who possess it. Mr. Bolter followed him in every word. Then the doctor concluded with the Lord’s prayer, and a fervent, subdued benediction; and they arose and went forth into the night. The church clocks were striking nine—old women, under umbrellas were still crouched at the edge of the pavement, selling oysters, herrings, and greens, to those who would have

them ; and groups of little children who ought to have been in bed, were amusing themselves as children often do, who in imagination

Turn little dry, unhealthy courts  
To hamlets fit for noonday sports ;  
And in the long wet streets behold  
Grand avenues, and pleasant streams unfold.\*

## VII.

### THE KINGDOM OF FLOWERS.

My name is François Bizarre : I am the young missionary apostolic who accompanied M. Hue through China during his late travels, and what I have to complain of is, that he does not mention my name in his egotistic pages. I do not think it right to expose a brother priest, or I might tell the heretic readers of the *Eclectic*, a fact or two which would a little shake their faith in the entertaining volumes of my old companion. I fear that my plain unvarnished story will be found very dull after his romance ; but as I, too, have things to tell, and cannot get a place in his book, give me leave, I pray you, Mr. Editor, to transmit you some notes from my highly-curious diary, of what really did happen to us in that strange land, from the day we reached the town of Tien-men, where my ungracious friend was taken ill of a burning fever. The doctor of Kuen-kiang-hien, a plump oily man, with moon-like spectacles, tied on a rudimentary nose, a small grey beard, grey moustachios and a pigtail, seated himself in a bamboo arm-chair by our sick man's bed, and began beating his fingers on his pulse as if he were playing on the piano. "The cold air," he said, gravely, stroking his rat beard, "has overcome the internal principle of heat, and hence these vomitings. We must overcome this cold with warm drugs." He then dipped a stick of Indian ink in a cup of tea, which he rubbed on a dish of black stone, then took out a pencil and began to trace the prescription in large turnpike-gate letters on a broad sheet of paper. He then read it all over to M. Hue, pointing to each character with his long horn sheath of a fore-finger nail. Chinese medicine, I should say, though oily and of a dark-yellow colour, is not loathsome but has generally a taste of insipid sweetness. It is common for the Chinese patient, when he receives his prescription, to dispute the price, and to strike the more expensive medicines out of the receipt. Sometimes a Chinaman, who never cares for death, coolly decides, that rather than incur such an expense it would be better for his family that he should die, so he dismisses the doctor tradesman and sends for the undertaker. A favourite remedy of these allies of death, whose black livery they wear, is acupuncture, performed by thrusting needles (sometimes red hot) into particular parts of a patient's suffering body.

\* J. Stebbing.

Their great medicine is the red medicine, called by their pig-tailed doctors "the supernatural treasure for all desires." It is sold for its weight in silver, and is a patent, the property of a Peking family. Reduced to snuff, the pills are used as a means of testing how near a sick man is to death. He will live as many days as the number of times he sneezes. The Chinese doctors profess to cure hydrophobia, but pronounce consumption and cholera as beyond their reach. After all, medicine all over the world tries to remove not to prevent disease,—to palliate effects, not to remove causes. Doctors will never do much till they find out what disease is. Any one in China may practise medicine, but there are severe laws against ignorant surgeons and unlucky doctors.

It was on leaving Kuen-kiang-hien, that the polite prefect of the town presented my ungenerous friend Huc with a magnificent coffin, as a special compliment.

These infidel people have no fear of death, and a coffin is a favourite present from a successful son to his old father: you see coffins tricked up in the shop windows and placed for approval in mandarins' drawing-rooms. The carpenter will come and measure the dying man, who will haggle with him about the price of his "seed-pod," as a German writer calls it. You always know when a Chinaman is going to die by his ceasing to ask for his pipe. You will find even my ungenerous friend M. Huc remembers to mention this.

Two things struck me in China: the universal smell of musk in the kingdom of flowers, and the enormous consumption of melon-pips, which are what nuts and oranges are to you English, and what olives and prunes are to us Gauls. The scarlet and yellow melons are in some places only grown for the seed, and are piled up by the side of the road for the use of any traveller who will scoop out the seed for the proprietor.

On the rivers I have seen, and so I dare say has M. Huc, whole junks laden with these seeds. In the loneliest place you can procure them, when all other food is scarce. The three hundred millions of Chinese all eat them. When friends meet to drink tea or rice wine, there is always an accompaniment of melon-seeds. They are piled up on every dinner-table. They are eaten while travelling in the palanquin, they are picked at while discussing bargains. If a workman has a few sapecks, he does just what his child would do—buys melon seeds. They are an amusement and a food,—as the cigaret is to the Spaniard, and the betel-nut to the Hindoo.

It was on arriving at Hant-chouaw, we saw a mob take off the satin boots of a mandarin who had been unjustly degraded and exiled by orders from Peking, and hang them as a keepsake and memorial over the city gate.

Most of the Chinese towns have a perfect cobbler's-shop of testimonial boots rotting over their gate. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Chinese have no voice in the government, or that there is no appeal against its despotism. Nay, I may venture to say that they are quite as free as ourselves in France, though their emperor

is not elected by universal suffrage, as with us—for in France the press is burked. It is true, our august emperor and his officials do not need the impertinent advice of anonymous journalists; but we may not hope that Providence will always send us rulers in whom wisdom and goodness are so wondrously united. In China, however, if a mandarin is tyrannical, the placards and lampoons become more bitter than those of Pasquin, and they are posted even on his own door, so that the ironic laughter of the crowd that gathers to read them, reaches him as he plans some new tax over his opium-pipe. Sometimes if a new prefect has a bad reputation he is sent back, just like an unpopular minister in Scotland. No passports are required in China, and the personal arbitrary restrictions are very few. Emigration indeed is prohibited, but the law is never enforced.

The guild spirit of association is strong amongst the Chinese, and that, like agitation, is a strong element of liberty. The present rebellion against the Tartar dynasty commenced in a secret society. There are robbers' and beggars' associations, and on the other hand, anti-gambling alliances.

It is, perhaps, a proof of the weakness of the executive that the Chinese have a sort of Holy Brotherhood, called "the Society of the Old Bull," the object of which is to put down robbers in particular mountain districts. The members lop off a robber's head without trial directly he is arrested, and have been known to burn whole robber villages. The public readers, who recite history at street corners and pagoda doors, are also occasionally political emissaries. The government can scarcely be called despotic or without check, when we reflect that the emperor cannot choose even a sub-prefect but from the list of candidates handed to him by the mandarins.

It was on the blue lake Ping-hou, which is bordered by red hills covered with cotton and indigo, and edged by green rice valleys that we saw the yellow-sailed boats, and the fishing-vessels with the black nets hung to dry on the masts, and the famous floating-islands. These strange bamboo-rafts are floating-gardens, and carry sails: swallows and pigeons build their nests upon them. In this lake, too, you meet returning fishing-boats, with fishing-cormorants perched on the gunwales, wearing precautionary iron rings round their necks. If they are too long idle, the proprietor strikes them with a bamboo, to make them dive again.

The industrious Chinese have been great discoverers, or at least they have been lucky enough to preserve a knowledge which all nations once possessed. Their flowered satins are most precious. We have not yet equalled their porcelain for solidity and cheapness. They make a cloth from a sort of ivy. The loadstone they had for ages before Europe; gunpowder had led them to truck and swivel-guns as early as the thirteenth century. They have always known how to cut gems, work in metals, and make musical instruments. Wood-engraving and stereotype-printing are old discoveries of theirs; but now they only imitate the old arts feebly, and are rapidly retrograding. All along the northern

frontier the Chinese carry on a sharp trade. Horses, and the precious green jade stone come from Tartary, musk and shawls from Tibet, furs from Siberia, soaps, leather, and gold and silver threads from Silesia and Russia; from India come camphor, ivory, spices, and opium; while Europe contributes cotton goods, woollen cloth, wrought metal, and watches. In all trade with China, detested England stands first; her vessels that arrive at Chinese ports are three hundred and seventy-four to four French. England takes fifty-four millions pounds of tea, to six hundred thousand pounds that France consumes. Of raw silk England takes more than two million pounds. Of English cottons, Canton and Shanghai took in one year 1,320,000*l.* worth, and 440,000*l.* of woollen. There is no limit to what England may derive from China, more, perhaps, than she does now from the whole world. You may traverse all China, remember, nearly by canals. The nation is the most commercial in the world. The whole country is like a perpetual fair. The Chinaman has a passionate love of money, and is a born trader. With a capital of two hundred sapecks (tenpence, English) a Chinese will commence business.

Let ungracious Father Huc say what he will, a Chinese is essentially a shopkeeper, waiting patiently for customers, calculating on his swan-pan; his evenings are spent in barricading up his shop and counting his sapecks. A Chinese is born with a love for barter and sapecks. The first thing he longs for is a sapeck; the first words he spells are names of coins, the first amusement of his pencil is to add up figures; as soon as he can walk he learns to buy and sell. Children in China amuse themselves by pretending to keep shop, and before they give up playthings they can bargain and weigh money in their little scales.

Chinese towns, we found, are generally built on the same plan. They are usually square, surrounded by high walls, towers, and ditches. The streets are generally broad and straight, but in the south often winding and narrow. The houses are usually but one story high, built either of brick or varnished wood, with gray tile roofs; or of clay, with roofs of thatch. The richer houses consist of courts opening into courts; in the last are the gardens and the women's apartments. One side of every room is window-glazed with painted talc, transparent shell, or white and coloured paper. The corners of the gutters are decorated with figures of fish, birds, and dragons. The shops are illuminated with projecting painted boards, covered with inscriptions.

The government houses at Peking are raised on basements and covered with varnished tiles, but the bridges, towers, and pagodas are the special glory of China. Outside many of the smaller towns are lofty Buddhist towers, eight stories high. "The Song dynasty," says a Chinese proverb, "made the bridges, the Tang the towers, and the Ming the pagodas." These towers were in old times, it is said, of white marble, gilt brick, and even of copper; and were sometimes of thirteen stories. They were built on rude platforms,

and surrounded with gardens. Peking alone, it is said, boasts ten thousand pagodas, with their respective idols and burning perfumes.

As to religion, the Chinese are nearly all sceptical, indifferentists, or materialists. Confucius was a philosophic pantheist, who, it is proved, lived in the principality of Lan-sin, six centuries before Christ. Confucius is moral but never religious in his writings: he urges the duty of revenge, but recommends filial piety and fraternal love, and the general necessity of the conformity of human and divine laws. A love of order is the great rule he strives to implant, and the existence of a God is scarcely hinted at in his writings. Confucianists have, besides this intellectual Germanism, a belief in deities of heaven and earth, of the stars, mountains, and rivers: they worship, also, the souls of deceased relations, even, we believe, of mothers-in-law; and though they have no priests or idols, they indulge in divinations, horoscopes, and a belief in lucky and unlucky days. But to the literary aspirant for office—for in China the literary man is one with the office-seeker—Confucius is a deity. Every town has a temple raised to his honour. His tablet is in all the schools, masters and pupils prostrate themselves before his name at the beginning and end of classes. His image stands in all the academies and examination rooms. For four-and-twenty centuries this Chinese Plato has been worshipped by three hundred millions of people, and to this day his descendants retain the privilege of hereditary undisputed nobility.

After Confucius comes Lao-tze, his contemporary and the founder of another sect of rationalists, whose priests are celibate, and who practise magic and necromancy. His writings admit, as a first cause, an ineffable uncreated Reason, who is the type of the universe, but who himself has no known type. He describes, like Pythagoras, an algebraic cosmogony, and divides his deity into three principles. The soul he regarded as an emanation of divinity,—the good man's soul at death returning to the divine source, and being reabsorbed; the bad remaining alienated and exiled.

Buddhism was invited into China by the Han emperors, in the first century of our era. Buddha, the reformer and enemy of Brahminism, seems to have lived about 960 years before Christ. His religion, in comparison with that of Brahminism, is one of toleration, enlightenment, and mercy. After endless wars and persecutions Brahminism became triumphant in India, and Buddhism fled to Thibet, Mongolia, Japan, and China. Buddha's works, which must have been the ruin of his publisher, consist of eight hundred volumes. The Buddhist temples are built in pleasant places, surrounded by flowers and shrubs. The chief hall contains gigantic gilt statues of the Buddhist Trinity—the past, present, and future Buddhas—before which burn perfumes in bronze vases. On each side are trains of secondary deities; and the walls are hung with broad strips of satin, covered with sentences and maxims. Overhead dangles a world of enormous lanterns of painted luminous paper, and

the halls are crowded with a menagerie of deities—hideous monsters with reptile faces mixed with images of the saints and warriors of antiquity.

The bonzes wander about China like mendicant friars, collecting alms to support a decaying religion, for the Chinese now are all sceptics. The bonzes and bonzesses are bound by no rule, and can at any moment return to lay life. The Buddhist pilgrims are mere pleasure-seekers. Some bonzes spend their lives in going about collecting scraps of old written paper on dunghills and dustholes, and taking them (believing them sacred) to burn before the images in their pagodas. The English bonzes of this class are called antiquaries.

In illness, and that dreadful wrench of soul and body we call death, the Chinese character shows itself. The pig-tailed men believe that the pain of illness is the result of the attempts the soul makes to leave the body. They believe that tricks, threats, and prayers may sometimes compel the errant soul to return to its frail prison. They first try kind words, run after it, entreat it to come back, and describe what they must suffer if it will not hear reason. They urge and flatter it: they weep, they cry, "Come back, come back,—what have we done to you? What motive can you have for going away?—come back, we implore you!"

If the soul still struggles outward, tired of its bondage, the Chinese mourner gets bullying. He lets off fireworks, shouts, pushes to force back the soul. The men run about, crying they are on the track. They carry lanterns, if it is at night, to light the soul back again. When fairly dead—and most quiet people would die at once to get rid of all this noise and torment—they say the person has "saluted the age," has "thanked the world." Every one belonging to the deceased at once puts on white caps, girdles, and shoes; even the silk cord that ties his tail must be white. The body is covered with quicklime, and kept sometimes till the anniversary of the death. The day of the funeral is like an Irish wake. Every one smokes, drinks tea, gossips, laughs, till the time comes to gather round the coffin; then they shed tears, groan, sob, and address the dead in passionate and pathetic monologues. Every Chinese can weep and laugh at will, like an actor.

Chinese funerals are exorbitantly ostentatious; pride, and not affection, indeed, in every country is the chief mourner at a funeral. Musicians, weepers, and groaners are hired, who follow the coffin in long white robes and with dishevelled hair; while the disconsolate friends let off fireworks and pound at gongs. These noises are to frighten the demons who follow to snatch the dead man's soul; and to entrap those meaner spirits whom the noise would not frighten, they drop sham bank-notes and pence along the road.

The Chinese banquets offered at dead men's tombs are only intended to keep the dead in remembrance, and the worship of ancestors is with the wise merely an act of respect and recognition.

In Chinese marriages the wife brings no dower: on the contrary, the parents receive a stipulated sum of money. Polygamy is per-

mitted but not legalised ; a Chinese has never but one legitimate wife, who is the mistress of the house.

The ceremonies of marriage are accompanied by mutual prayers, libations, and sacrifices. Chinese marriages are seldom happy, says Father Huc, and I agree for once with the ungenerous father. The husband has seldom seen his wife before marriage, and mental compatibility is a mere chance. It is so much the custom to beat one's wife, that a man is afraid of being laughed at if he neglects his privilege.

Besides the sixty-three sorts of bamboo which furnish the Chinese with food and clothing, these strange people have the wax-tree, the tallow-tree, the paper mulberry, the varnish-tree, the dragon's-eye, the jujube, the cotton-tree, the cinnamon-tree, the orange, medlar, and all the southern fruits. The water-lily they turn to countless uses ; they make sweetmeats of its seeds, pickle its root, mix its leaves with tobacco, or use them as paper. Their agriculturists even pretend to distinguish in corn the sorts that flower by night and those that flower by day.

Beggars swarm in China, and their king lives at Peking. They die by the roadside, and are forgotten. At Peking there is a large house, called "The House of the Hen's Feathers:" here the floor of an immense hall is strewn three feet deep with feathers ; and into this wallowing sea of down at a certain hour all houseless vagabonds who apply for shelter are turned. At a beat of the tam-tam an immense tarpauling counterpane comes down unfurling from the ceiling, and spreads over them all, like the wings of a fabulous roc hatching a nest full of eggs. The next morning, at a similar beat, it is again drawn up, and the vagabonds disperse to show their sores and collect their alms.

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But here the young missionary's MS. gets angry and illegible, and we must close our pages on his violent expostulations with Father Huc and Jesuits in general. We are glad to have had from the honest youth the facts our readers have already perused ; but we do not wish to plunge him into trouble with his superiors, or ourselves into controversy. Ere we close the paper, however, we shall consider the effect of Lord Elgin's treaty on our Chinese trade ; for there is no limiting the progress of our trade with these three hundred millions of people. The Chinese are adaptive and fond of western fashions.

Every Chinaman wears blue cotton breeches, and if Manchester can once produce these better and cheaper than they get them at home, the Chinese will surrender the trade, grow less cotton and more rice.

In winter every one wears a loose dark-coloured tunic or cape. These Manchester should supply. The Chinese are not truly a manufacturing people. Our potteries could drive out of the market all the commoner sorts of Chinese crockery. The Chinese handloom is a miserable thing. Their needles are made with intense scheming labour. They hammer nails and tacks out of English iron, steel, and tin. No nation should toil on producing badly what another nation can produce cheaper, quicker, and better. When her coal



fields are opened, China may become a commercial nation; but she is not so at present, and thousands of us may grow rich and acquire the power of doing good that riches give, before that coal is dug. It is no use waiting for the rebellion to stop, for there will always be successful and powerful pirates and robbers in a country thickly peopled and subject to famines and inundations that impoverish and unseat suddenly whole villages of people. With a feeble and scattered government and no poor laws, there must in China always be robbers, of whom more than ten thousand were executed every year, even before the rebellion. These robbers have always played a great part in Chinese history. Their crimes are thus enumerated by the Peking Gazette: "They carry off persons for ransoms; they extract black mail from husbandmen, they burn down houses in order to plunder during the confusion; they assume the character of police-officers and so rob; they plunder travellers and carry off the wives and daughters of the Tanka boat people." The siege of Nankin may last for years.

Mr. Wingrove Cooke thinks we should garrison the Gold and Silver islands, near Nankin, and protect the great commercial trunk road of China. It is a general opinion that the enormous inland custom duties intercept nearly all the imports and exports of Shanghai; on silk, too, triple duties are consolidated in order that the red-haired barbarians may not benefit by having a new shipping port nearer to the raw produce; now these duties should be blown away by English cannon for ever.

According to Mr. Wingrove Cooke, however, that sagacious and shrewd traveller, the Chinese tariff is almost nominal, and the squeeze depends upon the avidity of the mandarin and the compressibility of the merchant. English goods do not make their way beyond a certain distance from the five ports; but the custom-houses are only barriers at special times, and under special cases.

Mr. Cooke has strong opinions on the causes of the unsatisfactory state of our export trade to China. He argues thus:—the Americans being producers of the raw material, beat us in drills and sheetings. In woollen cloth the Germans and Russians rival us. The Chinaman prefers the best English, but cannot afford it; and then, too, the Russian barter cloth for teas. The Chinese beat us in cottons exported to their own northern provinces, and we recover the monopoly only on a failure of the southern cotton crop. One great cause of failure is our ignorance of the requirements of China: we must spin narrow widths to suit their wants and not deluge them with perpetual shirting. Then, above all, the largest British houses in China care very little about British exports. Tea, silk, and opium is their game; they come out to make a fortune in seven years, not to force English calicoes like wadding into a cannon into remote places. Their work is to buy Chinese produce. The reason of this is that British produce is sold either for money or barter. On barter the merchant gets a higher nominal price for his cottons and woollens, than were he to sell them at the cash price of the day. The mandarins in China are, moreover, as a rule, Tories, and set their

faces against foreign goods. But this will not avail long in China, the most democratic country in the world, where even the Emperor has no power to enforce a really obnoxious edict. At present we have but skimmed the fringe of China. All our ports except Shanghai are separated from the inland waters by a chain of mountains—the Yang-tse-kiang is the Englishman's gate to China proper.

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### VIII.

#### ENGLISH LIFE.

PASSING by our parish church lately, we saw about two thousand persons, the most urgent interest of whose life at that moment appeared to be the contemplation of a wedding. It was not one of any extraordinary nature, neither two children of fifteen uniting their lots in life, nor a man of above a hundred years old\* marrying a girl of eighteen, whose great-great-grandfather he might very easily have been. It was merely one of the (about) five hundred ordinary weddings daily taking place in our kingdom; and we could not avoid entering into a hasty calculation of the amount of excitement derived by our population from this and similar sources.

We passed on to a darkened house where a death had been—where the grief was as new as when the world was young. It was no comfort to the mourners to know that in the great tide of life, their one vanished drop would never be missed—that death has reigned from Adam even until now. Successive generations do not get accustomed to his familiar face—each one must learn its own lesson of “good and evil.” Weep on, mourners,—five thousand families are at this same time your companions in sorrow, lamenting their unburied dead, within the narrow compass of the seas;—thirty thousand persons—and of these how many are there that think of the dead as “taken away from the evil to come?”

In the next house there is a young mother rejoicing over her first-born. Rejoice, young mother, and be glad;—on this same morning there are well nigh two thousand young lives screaming themselves into existence in our island. For many of them the world will be but a weary home; they will grow up poor, idle, diseased, and criminal; before one twelvemonth has passed about one-fourth of them will have run their short career; and more than one-third before they have well learned to know the

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\* Vide Census Report for 1851 for this illustration.

right hand from the left. Yet rejoice and be glad, for you know not of these things; or, knowing them, Hope tells you that they touch not you or yours.

Seeing how great a proportion of human interest is concentrated on the isolated and individual events which in the aggregate make up the fluctuations in our populations, it cannot be without its utility to devote a few pages to an investigation of the amount of, and circumstances attendant upon, these variations. Some of these conditions will be found of interest to most—some of them are of an importance urgently demanding attention from all; for true as it is that “one half the world does not know how the other half lives,” it is still more and more sadly true that a vastly greater proportion knows little how and why the others die. Many of those who would wish to know something about these matters, are deterred at the outset by the apparently interminable rows of uninteresting-looking figures in the reports of the Registrar-General; which, however, in interest and importance of results, stand far at the head of all statistical documents of this age. A few of these results, especially as regards England and Wales, we propose to put in an available form for our readers.

In 1751, the population of England was probably little more than five millions, certainly under six. Since that time it has more than trebled, and in this ratio: that for every million in 1751, there was a million and a half in 1801, and three millions in 1851. In 1801 the population of England and Wales was 8,892,536; by the census of 1851 it was 17,927,609, rather more than double the former. The estimated population in 1859 is very little short of twenty millions; it is increasing at the rate (to use round numbers) of two hundred thousand every year; an increase very far beyond that of any European State.

The interest of this statement is not merely speculative, extraordinary as that may be. Europe is in an unsettled condition, and it is incumbent upon us to know what are our resources, both as compared with what they were in times past, and with those of other nations.

From 1803 to 1815 the resources of England were probably fully taxed, yet not overstrained. Out of a population at that time of little over ten millions, the nation provided a *native force* in 1811 of 411,603 men—the entire aggregate of men under English direction was 501,488. It is evident, therefore, that if a similar exigency were now to arise, we are capable of raising and equipping an army and navy in 1859 of between eight and nine hundred thousand men.

The variations in population are effected by means of three agencies—births, deaths, and emigration. What is called the

“natural increase” of the population is that dependent upon the excess of births over deaths. This excess, which in 1801 was thirty-two thousand five hundred and ninety-five, had risen in 1851, through many fluctuations, to two hundred and twenty-four thousand four hundred and thirty-six. Since then there appears to have been a slight decrease; in 1855 it amounted to two hundred and nine thousand three hundred and forty. In most of the European States, this *natural* increase would very closely represent the *real* increase of population; but in England it is affected by the arrival and settlement of strangers in the country, and by emigration, which has of late years so much increased. In 1825, there left the ports of the United Kingdom fourteen thousand eight hundred and ninety-one persons, of whom considerably above thirteen thousand went to North America, and only four hundred and eighty-five to the Australian colonies. In 1849, there left these ports two hundred and ninety-nine thousand four hundred and ninety-eight persons. Between 1847 and 1850, above one million emigrants left our shores; since then the numbers have been somewhat reduced: in 1855, the latest year of which we find any accurate records, the number was one hundred and seventy-six thousand eight hundred and seven.

From 1825 to 1850, the entire number of emigrants was 2,624,070; of whom 1,536,467 went to the United States; 842,898 to North American colonies; 204,385 to Australia and New Zealand; and 40,320 to all other places.

Notwithstanding all this, our population, as before noticed, goes on steadily increasing about two millions every ten years, a ratio which, as it depends on a geometrical progression, must be expected to increase with each census.\*

No sooner are we born than we begin to die. This is strikingly exemplified in the fact, that, dividing life into periods of five years, the number of individuals living in each period grows steadily less as we advance; that is, there are more children under five years of age than between five and ten; more in this latter period than between ten and fifteen, and so on to the end. We will illustrate this by an extract from the census of 1851, taking only a few periods of life:—

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\* It is needful to bear in mind that whilst our remarks on population chiefly refer to England and Wales alone, the numbers of emigrants are those from *all* the sections of our United Kingdom. This inconvenience has been found almost inevitable.

Under 5 years of age there were living	2,348,107 persons.
From 15 to 20 .. .. .	1,757,189 ..
„ 25 to 30 .. .. .	1,470,475 ..
„ 40 to 45 .. .. .	968,619 ..
„ 50 to 55 .. .. .	708,801 ..
„ 60 to 65 .. .. .	481,310 ..
„ 65 to 70 .. .. .	327,519 ..
„ 75 to 80 .. .. .	146,102 ..
„ 85 to 90 .. .. .	25,405 ..
„ 95 to 100 .. .. .	1,330 ..
„ 100 upwards .. .. .	215 ..

There is a point worthy of passing notice relative to these ages, in connection with male and female life. In the entire population there is a slight excess of females over males; fewer females are born, but fewer die. Thus, of the 17,927,609 individuals in England and Wales in 1851, 8,781,225 were males, and 9,146,384 were females. But, up to the age of 15, the males predominate; after which the proportion of females steadily increases, until, in the very advanced periods of life, it becomes nearly double the number of males. Thus, between 90 and 95 years, there are 3,969 women to 2,282 men; between 95 and 100 there are 874 women to 456 men; and after 100, there are 137 women to 78 men. These are points of much importance to life assurance offices, but to which we can only very briefly allude.

Leaving for the present the statistics of the population, we will take a glance at some of the internal changes that make, as it were, the vitality of the social mass, and around which are grouped the great interests of humanity. And, first, of the great central event of life, marriage.

In round numbers, about three hundred thousand persons are married annually in England and Wales; the precise proportion to the population varies from fourteen to nearly eighteen persons to every thousand living. Of the average marriageable age, *i. e.*, from 15 to 45, about one in seventeen is married yearly. We say the *average* marriageable age, for a glance at the yearly returns will show some not unamusing variations from this.

In the year 1851, there were 154,206 marriages, *i. e.*, 308,412 persons were married, of ages varying from 15 to 90. They were arranged as follows:—

Between Bachelors and Spinsters ..	128,018 marriages.
„ Bachelors and Widows ..	6,625 ..
„ Widowers and Spinsters ..	14,313 ..
„ Widowers and Widows ..	7,250 ..

Those marriages which take place between bachelors and

spinsters are more restricted in the ages than those of the other classes. It is rare to find these occurring after 60 or 65, and the numbers begin to fall off very greatly after the age of 30 in females, and 35 in males. Thus, whilst at the age of 30, two thousand five hundred and eighty-eight females were married in 1851, there were only seven hundred and sixty-four at 35. Amongst men, the numbers between 35 and 40 fell from one thousand two hundred and ninety-nine to five hundred and thirteen, and to sixty-two at 50. Widowers marrying spinsters appear to be less restricted as to age; we find one widower aged 90 marrying a spinster aged 80. Of bachelors marrying widows, by far the largest numbers are between 20 and 60; after this age they become very rare. The few marriages that take place where both parties are between 60 and 90 are almost exclusively between widows and widowers.

At the census of 1851, there were nearly three millions and a half of married couples living in England, of whom the great majority were between the ages of 25 and 50. The extremes of the tables present some singular considerations. There were 45 husbands aged 15 and *under*; 95 aged 16; and 233 aged 17;—of all these only 94 had their wives living with them. Why this was, the figures do not tell us; most probably they had married in haste, and were undergoing the proverbial leisurely repentance. At the other end of the scale, we find one old gentleman who had lived above a century taking to himself a wife aged 18; twenty-nine others of similar ages had wives aged from 50 to 100.

We call some of Turner's paintings outrageous in colour, though the observer of nature sees more startling effects in earth and sky and water than even he would venture to depict. In like manner the novelist who would found his fictions upon some of the grave facts in these very grave returns of the Registrar-General, would be set aside as a most intolerable caricaturist. Who would venture to describe this hoary old centenarian trying to arouse some sympathetic interest in the mind of a girl who belonged to the fourth or fifth generation that had passed by his battered old hulk? The great majority of marriages are between the ages of 21 and 45, and are contracted between parties not before married. The exceptions to these rules appear, however, to be on the increase. In 1841 the number of minors married formed rather more than 8 per cent. of the entire marriages; in 1856, the proportion had gradually amounted to nearly 12 per cent. Of the minors married, the females are about three times as numerous as the males. In the same period the proportion of re-marriages has risen from 11 to 12 per cent.; the widowers being to the widows as 12 to 8.

The fluctuations in the number of marriages from year to year is one of the most interesting points connected with social science. On the whole, the number in a given average of years keeps pace with the population; but from one year to another the increase is not so uniform as that of deaths and births. The variations seem to express accurately the views which the great body of the people take of their prospects of prosperity. Whenever prices are very high, and public confidence unsettled, the number of marriages is certain to decrease; and when these adverse influences are removed, they are equally certain to increase. Yet it is not strictly correct to assert (as has been done recently\*) that the proportion of marriages is absolutely accordant with the low price of provisions, as the following calculation will show. In an average of five years of high prices, wheat being 67*s.* 8*d.* per quarter, there were 793 marriages to every 100,000 persons living. During five years of medium prices, wheat being 52*s.* 1*d.* per quarter, there were 843; and during five years of the lowest prices, 42*s.* 9*d.*, there were only 831 in the same number. It must, however, be remembered that the *lowest prices*, though favourable to the prosperity of our manufacturing population, are not so much so to the large numbers employed in agriculture.

The most remarkable variation that has occurred within the present century in the number of marriages, was observed in 1845-6. The rapid formation of railways gave employment to great numbers of the people; and the hopes of prosperity from the alteration of the tariff gave promise and confidence which were only too soon shaken. The result was that about 50,000 more persons were married in 1845 than in 1841. There were still more in 1846, after which the numbers fell off for the next four years, and only amounted in 1850 to the same as in 1846.

The influences which depress marriages are war, scarcity, low wages, want of employment, languid enterprise, national distrust and disasters. The opposites of these invariably act by increasing the number of marriages.

But these remarks do not apply to the whole of our United Kingdom. In Ireland poverty seems no bar to marriage; on the contrary, we find the following statement quoted in the Registrar-General's Sixth Annual Report:—"There is hardly a peasant of 20 who is not married; and invariably the greater the destitution of the people, the greater is the rapidity with which they contract the marriage union." With this quotation, it should be remarked, the Registrar-General does not agree.

The *forms* of marriage are worthy of a moment's attention.

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\* Vide Buckle's History of Civilization in England.

Still, the very great majority are performed according to the rites of the Established Church. Of above 150,000 in 1855, more than 127,000 were thus performed. Of the other forms, we were struck with the very small proportion of Quaker marriages: from 1841 to 1855, these have never risen above 83, nor fallen below 52 in the year. The numbers of other marriages increase yearly in the various registered places; and in 1855, 7441 were performed at the offices of the Registrars. Previous to Gretna Green marriages being made illegal, it is said that the numbers thus united were very great. At one turnpike-gate on the border, about 800 marriages were performed in one year.

It is worthy of remark, that the entire proportion of marriages to the population is decidedly on the increase: between 1838 and 1852, the numbers had increased as from 3 to 4.\*

Consistently with this, we observe that the proportion of births to the population is likewise on the increase. In 1838, there was one birth to every 33 persons living: in 1855 there was one to every 30. There seems no immediate danger, as once suggested by Dr. Price, of our population fading away. For although the proportion of both marriages and births to the entire population is smaller in England than in almost any European state, this is much more than counterbalanced by our very much lower mortality, as will be seen hereafter. England, therefore, increases in population faster than any other European country.

In 1855, 635,043 children were born; of whom twelve thousand more were males than females: in general about 104 males are born to 100 females. But as, in the entire population, about 108 males die to 100 females, it arises that there are always more females alive at any one time than males. About one in a hundred births are twin; and about one in six thousand are triple. Six per cent. are born out of wedlock: the greatest

\* The entire male and female population above 20 years of age of England and Wales in 1851 was thus arranged:—

Males	..	..	..	..	4,717,013
Females	..	..	..	..	5,099,584

Of these 1 428,434 were bachelors  
 1,444,556 were spinsters  
 2,954,729 were husbands  
 2,993,394 were wives  
 333,850 were widowers  
 661,634 were widows.

The difference between the number of husbands and that of wives, which ought, it would appear at first sight, to be equal, depends partly upon the fact that only those above 20 years of age are enumerated in each case; and partly because a certain proportion of husbands were absent from home on the night of the census.



proportion being from Norfolk, Cumberland, Hereford, Salop, and Westmoreland; the least from Kent, Hants, Northampton, Huntingdon, Devon, Cornwall, Gloucester, Warwick, Durham, and Monmouth. The numbers are, as might be expected, much higher in towns than in country districts. Judged by this criterion, England is far the most moral country of Europe, excepting perhaps Sardinia. The per centage of children born out of wedlock to every hundred births, is as follows, in the various cities of Europe:—

London	..	..	..	..	..	3·20
Genoa	..	..	..	..	..	8·07
Berlin	..	..	..	..	..	14·95
Frankfort	..	..	..	..	..	17·23
St. Petersburg	..	..	..	..	..	18·80
Paris (with Seine department)	..	..	..	..	..	28·81
Stockholm	..	..	..	..	..	40·70
Vienna	..	..	..	..	..	46·12

It will be necessary to enter a little more fully into the details of the deaths in our population than we have done concerning the births; inasmuch as we believe, that by a proper knowledge of the subject, much might be done to lessen the enormous list of deaths that occur annually. About nine thousand men, women, and children die weekly within the limits of England and Wales alone; and it is no random statement when we affirm our belief, that nearly two thousand of them die not so much by the "visitation of God," as by the wanton, reckless neglect of man. The ordinary annual mortality is 2·226 per cent. on the numbers living; but including years of epidemics, such as cholera and influenza, it is about 2·284 per cent. The mortality of males is to that of females as 236 to 220.

As for purposes of illustration there is but little material difference in the mortality of succeeding years, we will, in order to avoid multiplication of calculations, take one year as a specimen, the year 1855. In this year, 425,703 persons died; of whom 216,587 were males, and 209,116 were females.

The first thing that strikes us in running our eyes over the tables is, the enormous proportion of infants that die:—excluding from the calculation those who never see the light, 97,503 died before they were one year old; and 165,743, or considerably more than one-third of the entire deaths, were under 5 years old.

The following table will show approximatively the fatality of the early months of life; and how the verdict, "Thou shalt surely die," begins to take effect from birth. It is for the year 1838-9:—

Deaths under 1 month ..	..	..	..	21,477
Above 1 and under 2 months ..	..	..	..	7,810
" 2 " 3 " ..	..	..	..	5,968
" 3 " 6 " ..	..	..	..	14,128
" 6 " 9 " ..	..	..	..	11,944
" 9 " 12 " ..	..	..	..	10,977
Total				72,304

Above 1 year and under 2 ..	..	..	..	26,442
" 2 " 3 ..	..	..	..	14,929
" 3 " 4 ..	..	..	..	9,820
" 4 " 5 ..	..	..	..	7,200
Total under 5				130,695

Between 5 and 10 years, the mortality continues great, although considerably less than in the earlier periods. Without any doubt, the immunity from death is much the greatest between 10 and 15 for both sexes; the mortality, as compared with the numbers living at that age, not being more than two-thirds that of any other quinquennial period.

This subject of the deaths of children is one of so much importance, that we may be excused dwelling upon it at some length; as it seems to be less due to natural and inevitable causes, than to our social and commercial arrangements. The causes to which we allude appear to be most rife in such towns as Manchester; we will therefore make one or two extracts from the returns of that neighbourhood.

The Registrar of Hulme, in Charlton district, near Manchester, observes:—

“ When we take into consideration that the infants of the poor are, many of them, fed upon innutritious and improper food, and a large proportion of them in this district are constantly drugged with narcotics, such as Godfrey’s cordial, paregoric, and miscalled infants’ preservatives, inducing a morbid and congested state of the *primæ viæ*; that they live in unhealthy localities, in ill or non-ventilated dwellings, surrounded with an atmosphere pregnant with noxious exhalations, we cease in some degree to be surprised (these remote and predisposing causes existing) that when an epidemic affecting the abdominal viscera prevails it should prove so extremely fatal; and more particularly when these poor infants, many of them, have not had the advantage of judicious medical treatment, consequently no chance of recovery.”

It appears that in one district (Deansgate), out of 279 deaths of children, 153 had died without any medical attendance;

probably 200 without any until the last hours of life. The Registrar says:—

“ It is difficult to think of this frightful waste of life without feeling that all other circumstances affecting the mortality of large towns dwindle beside it into insignificance. . . . (Also) The unfortunate out-door occupations of the women, by causing the withholding of nature’s nutriment from the children (*opiates* being too frequently substituted) is terribly destructive to the latter.”

The concluding observations are too forcible and pointed to be omitted:—

“ How pitiful is the condition of many thousands of children born in this world! Here, in the most advanced nation of Europe, in one of the largest towns of England, in the midst of a population unmatched for its energy, industry, and manufacturing skill—in Manchester, the centre of a victorious agitation for commercial freedom—aspiring to literary culture—where Percival wrote and Dalton lived—13,362 children perished in seven years *over and above* the mortality natural to mankind. These ‘little children,’ brought up in unclean dwellings and impure streets, were left alone long days by their mothers to breathe the subtle sickly vapours, soothed by opium, a more ‘cursed’ distillation than ‘henbane;’ and when assailed by mortal diseases, their stomachs torn, their bodies convulsed, their brains bewildered, left to die without medical aid, which, like Hope, should ‘come to all,’ the skilled medical man never being called in at all, or only summoned to witness the death, and sanction the funeral.”

Each successive annual Report abounds with these and similar appeals, all tending to prove that the incredible mortality amongst children is due, in great measure, to *removeable causes*. Poverty is perhaps inevitable; but poison is not: we trust that the time is approaching when filth and pestilential accumulations also will be deemed removeable, and the conviction acted upon. Surely when our Saviour exhorted us to “suffer little children to come” unto Him, it was the reverse of this premature sending of them to Him that was intended!

But children are not alone the victims of human neglect. Will it be credited that, in a Christian land, in one year, one hundred and twenty-three persons could die of cold and hunger combined? Yet such is the case:—it is a weary, heart-breaking list to peruse—“exhaustion from cold and hunger;” “starvation;” “cold, fatigue, and hunger;” “frozen to death;” “want of the common necessaries of life;” “destitution;”—such are the constantly-recurring statements of the causes of death.

Leaving these sad instances, and recurring to what may be called the “natural mortality” of England and Wales, we find

this is calculated to be annually 17 in every 1000 persons living. We have seen that the "actual mortality" is nearly 23 in the 1000; this excess being made up in part by the causes enumerated, in part by a combination of circumstances tending to make nearly all the districts more or less unhealthy, judged by this standard.

The most important of these circumstances appears to be the aggregation of large masses of people in limited spaces. Hence the mortality of towns is very much greater than that of country districts. Of this one illustration will suffice:—in similar numbers of population, taken from towns and rural districts, the excess of mortality from—

Typhus,	was	55	per	cent.	more	in	town	than	country.
Consumption	24		"						"
Hepatitis, &c.	38		"						"
P'arturition	59		"						"
Rheumatism	52		"						"

The fatality of epidemics, of diseases of the nervous, circulatory, and digestive organs, is nearly double in towns than of similar populations in rural districts.

But there is a more general law than this, which may be thus stated: the nearer persons live one to another, the greater is the mortality. The following table is highly instructive if attentively studied, showing the relation which the average annual mortality bears to the density of population. The first column shows the number of Registration districts which have the annexed density of population; the second indicates the number of persons to one square mile; the third the annual deaths to 1000 living; and the fourth, the excess over the "natural mortality," or 17 in 1000.

Districts.	Persons to sq. mile.	Actual Mortality.	Excess over Nat. Mortality.
3	56	15	..
14	106	16	..
47	144	17	..
87	149	18	1
96	182	19	2
111	202	20	3
90	220	21	4
48	324	22	5
26	485	23	6
29	1,216	24	7
24	1,262	25	8
18	2,064	26	9
13	1,784	27	10
18	4,434	28 up to 36	11 to 19

This table is read thus:—There are three districts in England in which there are but 56 persons to each square mile; and in these the mortality is only 15 in the thousand annually; this is therefore rather below the *natural* mortality. And again, there are 29 districts in which there are 1216 persons to each square mile; the mortality in these is 24 in the thousand annually, and therefore 7 above the natural mortality. Full and interesting details connected with this subject may be found in the Sixteenth Annual Report of the Registrar-General.

With all these variations of mortality, England appears to be, as we have stated above, the most healthy country in Europe.\*

In England there is one death annually to every 45 living,	
„ France .. .. .	42 „
„ Prussia .. .. .	38 „
„ Austria .. .. .	33 „
„ Russia .. .. .	28 „

Glancing down the columns devoted to the mortality of different classes of our countrymen aged 20 and upwards, we find that farmers are the longest lived: and those classes in which the highest mortality is observed, are miners, bakers, butchers, and inn and beer-shop keepers. The mortality of physicians is also very high, being nearly 3 per cent. on the numbers living of that profession.

About one thousand persons annually commit suicide; of

\* The following additional comparisons between our own country and other European states, will not be uninteresting to our readers. The first table refers to Debt, Income, and Expenditure.

	Debt.	Income.	Expenditure.
England (1853) .. ..	£779,365,204	£56,834,711	£54,002,995
France (1853) .. ..	233,000,000	56,980,776	58,117,192
Turkey (1841) .. ..	5,000,000	6,645,450	6,667,269
Austria (1854) .. ..	211,635,000	27,100,000	36,600,000
Prussia (1853) .. ..	31,205,836	14,105,576	14,595,870
Russia (1854) .. ..	68,000,000		
United States (1854) ..	10,000,000	8,000,000	8,450,257

Thus England appears to be the only power that has an income greater than its expenditure. Whilst the debt of several other states is increasing, ours has diminished since the close of the last war (1817) about 80 millions.

	£.	s.	d.
The promise of England to pay 1 <i>l.</i> a year in perpetuity	31	2	0
is worth in the best market .. .. .			
That of France is worth .. .. .	23	2	0
„ Russia „ .. .. .	20	0	0
„ Austria „ .. .. .	13	7	0
„ Turkey „ .. .. .	13	4	0

These calculations are extracted from Mr. Farr's Report on the Great Powers, in the Registrar-General's Sixteenth Annual Report.

whom two-thirds are males, and one-third females. Ten times this number die violent deaths of various kinds, as from accident: the proportions of the sexes are nearly the same as those of suicides. The proportion of murders is 1 in 200,000 of the population. The deaths by lightning vary greatly, but seldom exceed twenty-five annually.

Between birth, marriage, and death, there are long intervals of time, which the millions of our countrymen are employing in various ways; it was our purpose originally to have inquired briefly into these various occupations, but our limits compel us to defer this for the present. There are one or two points of interest still to notice, connected with our social well-being.

It is very difficult to attain any accurate idea of the amount and distribution of education in a country; but, connected with the Reports to which we are so much indebted for these statistics, we find one *relative* test which is not without its value. It is founded upon the number of those who are able to sign their names to the marriage-register, and that of those who sign by marks or crosses; and this may be considered a very fair criterion of the amount of *elementary* education. It is gratifying to find, judging by this means, that education is gradually but evidently increasing. In 1841, there were 327 males out of every thousand married, and 488 females in the same number, who signed by marks; and these numbers slightly increased even up to 1845, when 332 males and 496 females out of each thousand did so. In 1855, there were only 295 males and 412 females who made marks instead of signing. In other words, the proportion of those unable to write has diminished from 40 to 35 per cent. of the entire number married.

In London, 88 of every 100 husbands wrote their names; in Cumberland, 84; Westmoreland, 82; Northumberland, 80; Yorkshire (N. Riding), 80. Norfolk, Stafford, Salop, Essex, Suffolk, and Huntingdon came at the other extreme; in the last-named place, only 52 per cent. wrote their names, and 48 made marks. The education of the women appears to keep pace, as to locality, relatively with that of the men. In Wales both the men and the women are unable to write in a much greater proportion than in any county in England; but it is observed that "it would not be fair to the Welsh people to refer this great defect to inferior aptitude, as it is partly the result of the great difficulties which many necessarily encounter in obtaining any literary education in the Welsh language, and to the embarrassments into which those of them fall who, in their situation, endeavour to acquire a practical knowledge of the two languages."

The Registrar-General concludes his observations on this branch of the subject thus:—

“It will be a happy circumstance when the men and women of England and Wales are educated, and can not only write their names and read their Bible, but are familiar with the great works of the English classical writers, know something of common things, and are acquainted with many of the productions, the phenomena, and the laws of nature. It will be as a new revelation; for then, indeed, to them that sit in darkness, light will come. Might not the produce of the intelligence which would burst forth from the people, who, down to the lowest classes, have in them the elements of all knowledge, as experience has shown, justify the expenditure? What more profitable investment can the nation make of a few farthings in the pound of its annual produce?”

Side by side with the educational condition of the people, we would willingly investigate the religious state; but the data for this purpose are scarcely sufficient. In 1851, there were probably in Great Britain sixteen millions of persons of 10 years old and upwards. It is calculated that on Sunday, March 31st, 1851, the total number of persons who attended places of public worship, was 7,261,032. From this it is to be feared, that in our most enlightened of lands, irreligion is more rife even than ignorance.

Far different from this must it be ere the knowledge of God shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the face of the great deep.

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## IX.

### ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

OUR English character is a strange mixture of the domestic and adventurous. Each in its extreme supplements the other, and forms its fitting counterpart. The crackling embers never sound so cheerful, and the red coals never send forth so bright a glow or so genial a warmth, as when the wintry blast is howling without, and dreary blackness broods over the landscape. The vivid imagination and the warm heart, which find such a charm in home fireside, love to face the tempest, to climb the perilous height, to battle with the raging seas, and too explore the ice-bound regions of the north. This last scene of enterprise has always had a fierce fascination for our English mind. It gives play to the wildest imagination, and food for

the most insatiable scientific appetite. The most mysterious phenomena in nature—the fitful splendour of the northern lights, the theory of terrestrial magnetism, the diffusion of heat and cold, the areas of animal and vegetable life, the tides and currents of the ocean,—all enchain the attention of the philosopher; while the quenchless thirst of adventure, the gloomy solitude and rugged wildness of the landscape, the floating mountains of ice, the grandeur of the midnight sun, wheeling its course along the northern sky; and the awful stillness of the night, on which for weeks together no dawn ever breaks,—fascinate the lover of the romantic and sublime.

Three centuries ago, our ancestors, beginning to learn the value of eastern commerce, resolved to seek a passage to China by the northern coast of Asia or America. Now the shortest way from England to Behring's Straits, is almost directly by the North Pole; so that our forefathers were not far wrong in their reckoning of distance. But the shortest way is not always the best, and, unfortunately for their schemes, the seas which had to be traversed in these North-East and North-West passages, were for the most part seas of ice. Several exploring expeditions went out, some of which never returned; while others returned with results more valuable to geographers than to merchants. The greatest discoverer was Baffin. Indeed, so far did he leave all others behind, that he was generally treated as a fabler and romancer, until Sir John Ross's expedition in 1818, thoroughly established his credit, even in the minutest particulars. This expedition was the result of a new zeal for the discovery of the North-West passage. But it failed. At the entrance of Lancaster's Sound, Ross, declaring that he saw land ahead, turned back and sailed to England, on the very threshold of success.

It was soon known that his second in command, Lieutenant Parry, a young man of high promise, and destined to a career equally eminent with his captain's for its boldness of adventure, its successful discoveries, and its manly, unaffected Christian piety, believed the land ahead to be merely cloud-land, and thought the search ought to have been continued. He was, therefore, entrusted by the Admiralty with the command of another expedition; and sailed in 1819, with the "Hecla" and "Griper," on his first great voyage of discovery. On reaching the turning-point of the last year, he beheld with joy a broad sheet of water, quite open, stretching away to the westward. We can imagine the exultation and anxiety the explorers must have felt, as they sailed along this magnificent channel; how eagerly their eyes must have strained to catch the faintest glimpse of land; with what wild bounds their hopes must have leapt forward to the



completion of their voyage, in the discovery of the North-West passage!

“ They were the first  
That ever burst  
Into that silent sea.”

And the calm, but eloquent narrative of the captain, gives a deeply interesting view of the hopes and fears with which all were agitated. They sailed further and further west; now running for days without obstruction, now tacking and struggling with the loose ice, which sometimes completely blocked up their passage. Everything showed that they were not in a bay, but in an open channel: and from that time the North-West passage has been a moral certainty. It was thirty years, however, before this moral certainty became the certainty of demonstration; for, on reaching Melville Island, they were stopped by a vast sea of ice which stretches westward, occupying the whole ocean north of the American continent—a dreary sea, spoken of by the Esquimaux, with superstitious dread, as the “Land of the white bear,” into which no sail—not even that of the adventurous M’Clure—has ever succeeded in penetrating. After wintering at Melville Island, therefore, at a place which he called Winter Harbour, Parry was obliged to return to England, having made one of the greatest geographical discoveries of modern times.

His voyage is connected, by a romantic incident, with the discovery of the North-West passage by Captain M’Clure. Parry inscribed the names of his ship and the date of his voyage on a sand-stone rock in Winter Harbour. M’Clure, sailing eastward from Behring’s Straits, had succeeded in connecting his discoveries with Parry’s; and so solved the problem of the North-West passage. In 1851, he reached Mercy Bay, to the north of Banks’s Land, and sledged over the strait to Winter Harbour. A record of his discovery, and of his position in Mercy Bay, was deposited on Parry’s sand-stone rock. The summer of 1852 passed; but the ice in Mercy Bay never thawed. Winter closed—their third winter in the ice. The provisions were failing, and the health of the crew was slowly giving way. Still they bore bravely up: the officers cheered the men; and all calmly awaited the dark and perilous future. In the spring of 1853, M’Clure divided his men; part were to try with sledges to reach some friendly settlement or ship; part, with him, were to risk another winter in the ice, with the certainty of death if they failed to make their way out the following summer. The men willingly submitted to the arrangement; though all knew how small was the chance of ever

meeting again. At last the week of parting arrived: but un-hoped-for deliverance was at hand. An expedition under Sir Edward Belcher left England in 1852 in search of Franklin, and also of M'Clure, who had announced his intention of trying to reach Winter Harbour from the west. Thither, therefore, the "Resolute" and "Intrepid" sailed; but found no trace of M'Clure. One day, however, an officer examining narrowly Parry's sand-stone block, caught sight of a roll of paper. He snatched it up, and read with amazement the announcement of the discovery of the North-West passage, and the position of the "Investigator" in Mercy Bay. As soon as sledging was possible, Lieutenant Pim was scudding over the ice. He was just in time.

"While walking near the ship," says Captain M'Clure, "in conversation with the first lieutenant \* \* we perceived a figure walking rapidly towards us from the rough ice at the entrance of the bay. From his pace and gestures we both naturally supposed at first that he was some one of our party pursued by a bear, but as we approached him doubts arose as to who it could be. He was certainly unlike any of our men; but recollecting that it was possible some one might be trying a new travelling dress, preparatory to the departure of our sledges, and certain that no one else was near, we continued to advance. When within about two hundred yards of us, this strange figure threw up his arms, and made gesticulations resembling those used by Esquimaux, besides shouting at the top of his voice words which, from the wind and intense excitement of the moment, sounded like a wild screech; and this brought us both fairly to a stand-still. The stranger came quietly on, and we saw that his face was as black as ebony; and really at the moment we might be pardoned for wondering whether he was a denizen of this or the other world, and had he but given us a glimpse of a tail or a cloven hoof we should assuredly have taken to our legs: as it was we gallantly stood our ground, and had the skies fallen upon us we could hardly have been more astonished when the dark-faced stranger called out—'I'm Lieutenant Pim, late of the Herald, and now in the Resolute. Captain Kellet is in her at Dealy Island.' To rush at and seize him by the hand was the first impulse, for the heart was too full for the tongue to speak. The announcement of relief being close at hand, when none was supposed to be even within the Arctic circle, was too sudden, unexpected, and joyous for our minds to comprehend it at once. The news flew with lightning rapidity, the ship was all in commotion; the sick, forgetting their maladies, leapt from their hammocks; the artificers dropped their tools, and the lower deck was cleared of men, for they all rushed for the hatchway to be assured that a stranger was actually amongst them, and that his tale was true. Dependancy fled the ship, and Lieutenant Pim received a welcome—pure, hearty, and grateful—that he will assuredly remember and cherish to the end of his days."

Iceing-in is the great danger of Arctic navigation. Where a broad stream of water is found one year, it may be expected to be there the next. But the mere cracks in the ice, up which vessels frequently venture, may be open one year and never afterwards. M'Clure's danger was not a solitary instance. In 1829, Sir John Ross got blocked up near the bottom of Boothia Bay, and was unheard of for four years. Everybody believed him dead; when one morning the "Isabella," at the head of Baffin's Bay, saw two boats sailing at some distance towards her. She sent a boat to meet them. "What's the name of your ship?" cried a voice from one of the stray boats. "The Isabella, of Hull, once commanded by Captain Ross," was the reply. "Then I'm that Captain Ross," answered the first voice. In vain the good sailor from the "Isabella" assured him that he had been dead two years and more. The captain knew better; and in a few weeks the fame of his exploits, discoveries, hardships, and escape, was known over the length and breadth of England. At the age of seventy-five, the same brave old navigator was once more wintering in the ice—in vain search for Sir John Franklin. Captain Kane lost his vessel in the same way, and had to travel with his scurvy-weakened crew for some months in open boats. From the evidence yet obtained, we suspect the same fate befel the ill-starred "Erebus" and "Terror." In connection with this danger, we may mention that ice accumulates much more off a northern than off a southern shore. The coast is usually rather steep; and the sun, which never rises high, melts the snow on hills with a southern aspect, before its slanting rays have ever touched the face of those with a northern. The ice on the south of a channel has therefore more sun, and receives the melting snows, and reflected rays from hills and cliffs adjoining; while the ice on the north side is subjected to these thawing influences only for a shorter time, and in a smaller degree. These circumstances have much more to do with the early breaking-up of the ice, than a few degrees' change in latitude. The accumulation of ice on one side of a channel, running north and south, is traceable to another less obvious cause. Dr. Kane, finding such an accumulation on the west side of Smith's Sound, where a southern current prevails, referred the fact to the diurnal rotation of the earth. This motion increasing as we recede from the pole, a body travelling southward, would have a slower easterly velocity than that part of the earth to which it was going. This would create a tendency in the body to move to the west as it got further south; and such we find in the trade winds, which blow so constantly within the tropics. So, too, a train moving southwards, tends to run off the line to

the west; one moving northward, to the east. The Atlantic gulf-stream also, which flows northwards from near the equator, sloughs off sea-weed in large quantities to the east, and but little to the west. The same law, acting on a southern current, would cause such an accumulation of ice as Dr. Kane observed on the west of Smith's Sound. Perhaps the subject demands more attention than scientific men have yet given it.

But there is something more than danger to be noticed about this frozen region. Let us take a look at the navigator as he ventures into its cold shade. The moment he leaves the open sea, and enters the ice, his old seamanship goes for nothing. A new art is required to work his vessel in these half-solid seas. Clumsy, heavy, but tight and snug little craft these vessels are. The shocks they encounter from the drifting ice, and the nips and blows they receive on all hands, would crunch up any ordinary vessel like a walnut in the gripe of the nut-crackers. Far on every side stretch floating islands of ice, now separating so as to leave a broad alluring channel for the vessel, then closing with a rapidity which seems to cut off all hope of escape. The treacherous quickness of their approach, and their magically sudden changes, are the marvel and terror of mariners. The most open sea yields no security. Many a vessel has been caught and sunk before those near her dreamed of her danger. These floes are fragments broken by thaw and currents from the vast surfaces called fields, and are themselves often of enormous size. Parry saw one half a mile in diameter. We can understand with what horror the seaman beholds such a mass floating towards him, as he lies off the shore of some rocky promontory. Parry describes the terrific crash of one of these floes against a precipice and the piles of broken ice splintered from it in the shock. If the ice is thick, and the shore shelving, ships may be brought so near the land that the floe strands before reaching them. And so heavy is the ice in these regions, that the mariner often owes his safety to this expedient. Dr. Kane found a piece standing nine feet above water, and, since there is six times as much below as above, the total thickness must have been sixty-three feet. This thickness is not the result of direct freezing. When the young ice is formed, the snow often weighs it down and cracks it. The sea water, issuing through, makes a snow sludge, which the winter freezes into solid ice. When Captain M'Clure sledged from Princess Royal Island to Banks's Strait—the expedition which first determined the North-West passage—the snow was so impregnated with sea water that it became as tenacious as clay. The exertion to make way was fearful, the perspiration streaming in big drops, instantly, before falling, converted into solid balls

of ice, upon their brows. It was impossible, with all their efforts, to drag their sledge more than seven miles a day. Fields of ice are the loose fragments and floes welded together by the freezing of the water between, and further encrusted with fresh layers of saturated snow, which is gradually converted into ice by the cold of the winter. No wonder, then, that this ice is far from smooth, and is found intersected by vast hummocks, or raised mounds, crossing the surface in all directions. It is scarcely necessary to point out to the reader how materially this must interfere with the sledging, which we ordinarily deem so easy and delightful a mode of travelling.

The ice-fields thus formed, however, though the largest, are not the most striking feature of the Arctic seas. The most remarkable objects are those floating mountains of ice which tower majestically from the surrounding waters, and are known under the familiar name of icebergs. Sometimes seventy or a hundred of these wonderful masses may be seen at a time. The imagination might weary itself with running riot amidst the fantastic forms and beauties they present. Temples of ice, with sculptured aisles and fretted columns, and solemn archways, grouped together in glorious symmetry, or thrown in hideous confusion and ruin by the shock of some terrible earthquake—cities of ice, with spire and dome and minaret, all gleaming in the sunset's blaze—fairy halls of ice spangled with jewels of every hue, and flashing in the noontide with the splendour of a myriad rainbows—mountains of ice, pale, cold, and spectral, with that awful light which distinguishes the snow-clad summits of the Alps amidst the gathering shadows of the evening. Their size is enormous; one of them, seen by Captain Fenton, of the "Judith," who accompanied Sir Martin Frobisher's third expedition, stood sixty-five fathoms above the water. The deep blue of the base, rising from the surf like a precipice of solid sapphire, and the dazzling whiteness of their crown of snow, render them amongst the most strikingly beautiful objects of these regions. They are at once the most terrible foes and the most steadfast friends of the mariner. When the storm-swell rolls in from the Atlantic, when the blocks of ice pitch and roll among the waves, grinding and crashing with a fearful noise, and hurrying the vessel onward in their course, these pitiless ice precipices, against which the waves are breaking in huge mountains of spray, may well be looked upon with feelings of terror. So, too, when they are seen bearing down with their resistless strength towards the field on the side of which the mariner is floating, he may well regard them as the most dreadful of foes. But how often, snugly moored under their lee, has he beheld the pack through which his feeble craft had for days been

vainly struggling, torn in pieces like a sheet of paper, and sailed proudly on, with a track of seething, eddying water, cleared of every fragment of ice for half a mile in his train. It is almost always as the good genii of the navigators that these ice mountains appear—capricious, indeed, as all genii are; often threatening, but seldom or never doing any harm; and sometimes rendering the most essential services. We have read, indeed, of one doting old berg—so far gone that it can scarcely be considered responsible—which very nearly played the part of a most malignant genius to Dr. Kane. This unfortunate explorer had just moored under its sheltering wall, when it suddenly began to tremble like a paralytic man, and to shed down fragments of ice upon his bark. The doctor thought it was time to be off, and had scarcely loosed his hawsers, and got clear of the berg, when a terrific crack shook through its whole frame, and in another instant the vast mass plunged, an avalanche of ruins, into the sea. As a kind of set-off, however, against this story, we must tell of a more genial berg to which the doctor once applied for help. While sailing up Smith's Sound, with tightly packed ice on his left, and an army of bergs on his right, all of a sudden the wind failed—a very common and annoying circumstance in these regions. At the same time he saw the bergs in motion, bearing down for the field of ice on his left. He could not move an inch, and destruction seemed inevitable, when, to his delight, he perceived a friendly berg rapidly ploughing its way up the channel. An ice anchor was happily attached, and a stout hawser (how they must have looked to the hawser!) was soon at full stretch towing them along. It was a race for life, but the vessel won it, having cleared the channel by about five yards, when the threatening berg came with a fearful crash in contact with the field.

But what are these bergs, and where do they come from? We often read of bergs which turn out to be only lumps of floe ice frozen to a remarkable thickness, and standing high above the waves. These, however, are wrongly named. Real bergs are fragments of glaciers, which exist in Greenland, as in the Alps and Norway, fed by great fields of snow, and forming the rivers of this frozen land. Ice has been shown to be a thick tenacious liquid, possessed of considerable plasticity, and pouring down an incline by its own gravity, and the internal movement of its own particles. These ice rivers may be seen winding along the valleys, oozing over the precipices, and finally standing like a frozen cataract on the very margin of the waves. Lieutenant Beecher witnessed the ruin and destruction with which a portion of one of these glaciers gave way and burst into the sea, where it at once began existence as a berg. Dr. Kane,

from observations of the Humboldt glacier, concluded that bergs were generally broken off by the tidal action, a portion of the ice river having already poured into the sea. But the mode of their separation is a matter demanding further investigation. Another question arises: How is all this ice ever to melt? The vast sea of unmelted ice we have before spoken of shows that if left to itself it never would. Wherever a sheltered bay prevents escape of the ice into the main drifts outside, it remains thick and solid through the whole short summer of these northern climes. But in the broader channels the thawing of the thinner portions sets the ice in motion within itself. Fragments are broken off, and the small pieces that are thus thrown over the surface of the ocean readily yield to the rays of an almost perpetual sun. A larger space is thus left for the movements of the floes, which are many of them drifted with the southern current down Baffin's Bay, and finally melted in the warmer waters of the Atlantic. In this way the icebergs are got rid of which would otherwise defy for centuries the feeble power of the sun in those latitudes. Even to the north of Spitzbergen, where the frost line is driven back to its extreme northern limit by the genial warmth of the gulf stream, this southward drift is still perceptible. Parry's memorable attempt to reach the North Pole was frustrated by the discovery that his party were moving south with the field faster than they were moving north by their own exertions. Probably Parry's men failed to perceive the beautiful purpose of this phenomenon; but it would hardly become us to be equally blind. Were it not for the drifting away of ice to warmer regions, the waters which our vessels now traverse with comparative ease would be bound in one eternal rigid sleep of frost, and the cold thus generated would spread a death-like chill over seas and continents far to the southward.

But though insufficient to melt the immense accumulation of ice, this northern sun is by no means destitute of power or beauty. We can well sympathise with the late Professor Forbes in his enthusiastic desire to see a sun above the horizon at midnight. Nothing by all accounts can exceed the solemn glory of this spectacle. The universal hush of midnight spread over the earth, but the orb of day swathed in all the glories of sunset slowly trailing his form along the northern sky. For hours and hours one protracted, ever-varying, combination of sun and mist, now stretching in golden waves along the horizon, now shooting out spires of flame up to the zenith, now drenching every floating cloud in a crimson glory, and now like a solitary ball of fire rolling along over the rugged wilderness of ice, and clothing the frozen ocean in a garment of light. So great is

the refraction of the atmosphere in these climates that Dr. Armstrong being once despatched in a boat to examine what appeared some lofty and remarkable mounds on the American coast, found, on approaching them, that they were little lumps of earth about three feet high. This extraordinary refractive power adds greatly to the sunset effects, as it must enhance all the prospect in this wild and desolate region. The broken surfaces of the floes are magnified into far-stretching, mountainous regions of ice, the bergs loom with a more awful grandeur, and the wild headlands tower aloft with even sterner and more fantastic forms; while the whole is wrapped in a gorgeous colouring from the myriad-tinted clouds which encircle the sunset.

We call it sunset, because it has all the effects of sunset, only in a much higher and grander degree; but in a short time the sun begins really to set, and then the night, the dark long Arctic night, steals slowly on. Every day the sun sinks lower in the horizon, and performs a shorter circle in the south. The hour comes when the navigator from the mast-head beholds his glorious disc for the last time trail along the ice to the south, and then sink—a long farewell. “The night cometh wherein no man can work;” “*tiefe schandervolle Nacht*,” as Goethe well says, “deep dreadful night,” awful, silent, portentous night, like a sleep from which there seems no awakening. If the Arctic day is the sublimest, the Arctic night is the solemnest of all natural spectacles. As when one gazes on a great river, at first perhaps a feeling of disappointment comes over his mind, but afterwards as he watches the vast body of waters roll on and on with the same ceaseless unvarying flow, a strange sense of power and mysterious grandeur grows irresistibly upon him; so is it with this Arctic night. At first it looks marvellously like any other night; but by degrees the sense of long duration—of utter “blackness of darkness”—of changeless gloom eating into the very soul, and tyrannizing over all nature around, presses upon him with the most irresistible power. With most of our explorers, indeed, there has been even on the darkest days an hour or two about noon when a faint streak of twilight just softened the gloom of the southern horizon. With Dr. Kane, however, who wintered further north, there were days upon days of utter, hopeless blackness, stagnating over the whole scene and unbroken by a single ray of even the dimmest twilight. One can readily imagine its effect upon all animal life, and still more upon the human spirits. No sound—no sight. The ice is too firm to give a crack or a motion; of living beings some have migrated to warmer climes, some are hibernating in holes or snow-drifts; a few hover silently around the vessel to catch



anything that may stay the pangs of their ravenous hunger. The occasional howl of the wolf, or the croak of the ill-omened raven, alone break the monotonous stillness, save where strangely and inharmoniously, amidst these inhospitable climes, from the tightly packed vessel of the mariner, sounds the unusual voice of "articulately-speaking man." Yet has this awful night a majestic beauty and sublimity strikingly contrasted with the dreary monotony of the landscape. As the mariner gazes up he beholds the silent sky all spangled with the light of stars, and watches the constellations wheeling round the pole day after day in the same grand unbroken order, or sees the whole dome drenched with silver light by the unsetting moon, shedding its pure rays upon the ice-bound ocean around. Now and then, too, from the flashing of the aurora

" Not light, but rather darkness visible,  
Serves only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades,"

such as reign over that desolate landscape, and still more desolate wilderness of ice. This grand phenomenon is partially known to most of our readers, but its true glory is only to be witnessed in these northern regions. It first flutters, in its wild trembling-pulses of light across the black sky, and over the dead snowy world, as if the palpitation of some vast unseen eyelid made light and darkness succeed each other; then it gathers energy and steadfast brilliance, and seems like a glowing arch of light sweeping across the whole heavens from north to south, and darting swift arrowy rays in every direction; sometimes it presents itself as a series of moving parallel columns gliding over each other, or chasing each other in solemn stillness across the sky; now it is seen flushing and burning in a crimson blaze of light, like the reflection of some huge sea of fire, weltering in its red, restless waves of flame; and again it grows pale and spectral, and only just lightens the hills and hummocks around, clothed in their death-like garment of snow. This phenomenon is usually explained to be the giving off of electricity from the earth into space, and some recent discoveries in electricity tend to confirm this view; but the subject is one requiring still further examination, and will probably yield large fruits to the careful investigator of nature.

As the winter night begins to deepen, the hazards of navigation grow more dreadful, and before the equinox navigation is at an end, the young ice forms round the vessel, and the winds and drifts keep the floe in a perpetual motion. All through the black night the broken masses are heard churning and grinding

around the vessel, drowning the sound of the human voice, and occasionally dashing against the ship with a shock which vibrates through all her timbers. The celebrated mariner Davis seems to have been deeply impressed with the sound of the ice which he heard while enveloped in a fog, that prevented him seeing it. He describes it as the sound of a "mighty great roaring of the sea, as if it had bene the breach of some shoare." Off the east coast of Greenland he writes :—

"The loathesome view of this shore, and the irksome noise of the yce was such as it bred strange conceits among us; so that we supposed the place to be wast and voyd of any sensible or vegitable creatures, whereupon I called the same 'desolation.'"

To winter in the pack is a hazardous experiment. Captain McClure, who first tried it, had many a hair-breadth escape. On one occasion, the whole pack in which he was hopelessly entangled drifted towards the black, perpendicular precipices of Princess Royal Island. As the ship drew nearer to her fate, they could see and hear the ice a-head splitting and crunching upon the rocks, when suddenly the whole pack, whirling round on its axis, coach-wheeled along the side of the island, and drifted away to the northward, snatching the "Investigator" from inevitable destruction. Once two huge pieces of ice in their neighbourhood came into violent collision. One, close to the vessel, reared slowly up out of the water, until it far overtopped the "Investigator's" hull, where it remained poised for a moment, uncertain whether to come down upon her and crush her with its weight, or to relapse into its original position. For a moment every breath was held; then a cry of joy burst from the crew, as the ice slowly rolled over, and sank back into its former place. Perhaps the best description of the scene of tumult and danger which this experiment involves is given in the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner":—

"And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold;  
And ice-mast-high came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around;  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled  
Like noises in a swound."

A lively account of the perils encountered by the "Judith," at a time when Arctic navigation was not yet understood, may give our readers some notion both of the dangers and of the courage of the first adventurers in these icy regions.

During the greater part of July, 1578,

“ they never saw any one day or houre wherein they were not troubled with continuall danger and feare of death ; and were twentie dayes almost together fast among the yce. They had their ship stricken through and through on both sides, their false stemme borne quite away, and could goe from their ship, in some places upon the yce very many miles ; and might easily have passed from one iland of yce to another, even to the shore ; and if God had not wonderfully provided for them and their necessitie, and time had not made them more cunning and wise to seeke strange remedies for strange kindes of dangers, it had bene impossible for them ever to have escaped : for among other devices, wheresoever they found any iland of yce of greater bignesse then the rest, they commonly coveted to recover the same, and thereof to make a bulwarke for their defence ; whereon having mored anker, they rod under the lee thereof for a time, being thereby guarded from the danger of the lesser driving yce. But when they must foregoe this new-found fort, by meanes of other yce, which at length would undermine and compasse them round about ; and when that, by heaving of the billowe, they were therewith like to be brused in peces, they used to make the ship fast to some firme and broad pece of yce they could find, and binding her nose fast thereunto, would fill all her sayles ; whereon, the wind, having great power, would force forward the ship, so the ship bearing before her the yce ; and so one yce, driving forward another, should at length get scope and sea roome. Having, by this meanes, at length put their enemies to flight, they occupied the cleare space for a prettie season, among sundry mountaines and Alpes of yce.”

And among these “ mountaines and Alpes of yce” we must leave them for the present, hoping to resume our acquaintance with them at some not very distant day.

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## X.

### NAPLES,—ITS PEOPLE AND GOVERNMENT.

It is not easy to understand the people of Italy, and this is especially true of the inhabitants of Naples. Nowhere, indeed, is the traveller more apt to deceive himself. Their striking characteristics are readily comprehended. The difficulty, however, is in reducing these strongly defined outlines to harmony. Beautiful virtues and odious vices interlace one another.

Time and frequent intercourse are essential to convince a stranger that the most opposite qualities find an existence in the same character. As some of Naples' noblest sons are happily now receiving a worthy proof of English hospitality and sympathy, it may not be ill-timed for one who has known them well, to sketch with a fresh pencil the city and its people.

Around Neapolis in the olden time, the worst vices of a corrupt civilization brooded. On its fertile soil, the vigour of the early Greek colonists dandled into effeminacy. Taken by the Romans, 427 U.C., it drew to its luxuriant shores the wealth and corruption of the imperial city. Horace enjoyed and satirized its follies. Tiberius and Caligula, during winter months, overshadowed it with their vices. The Ostrogoths afterwards revived it, for a time, with a barbarian strength; which, in its turn, became tumid and nerveless beneath its hot and lustrous skies. Such are the mingled sources of Neapolitan life. The presence of the Greek language is still found in the Italian sounds; and a Grecian profile, with its clear and chiselled form, is often seen in the faces of the people.

Modern Naples lies on the slopes and sinuous curves of its capacious haven. Its population, according to an official census, amounted, on the 1st of January, 1845, to 400,813 souls, besides 30,000 foreigners, soldiers, and prisoners. For full sixteen miles along the coast, however, the neighbourhood literally swarms with life. The impression produced by the distant prospect, and first inspection of Naples is altogether different from that made by other continental cities of like size and antiquity. The city is composed of irregular masses of light-coloured buildings, without order or elegance. With the exception of a handsome crescent, surrounded by an arcade, and graced on the line of incidence by a grand palace of the king, and in the middle of the semicircle by a church, built in the noblest Greek style, there is no architecture to awaken interest. The streets are generally narrow; and not one of them, save the Strada-di-Toledo, which extends half the length of the city, can boast of the safety or convenience of a causeway. Waggon, carriages, horses, donkeys, public conveyances, whose shapes and limbering defy description, dogs, and herds of goats, men, women, and children, mingle together upon the slippery stone pavement, in amusing and sometimes perilous proximity. The shops which line the main streets are small; no other European, however, can surpass the Neapolitan in the elegant arrangement of those costly fabrics, and works of *vertu*, with which the most brilliant and attractive shops are adorned; and the gay windows, glittering along the squalid streets, show an unpleasant resemblance to the sparkling eyes of the toad, set in its grimy

head. But strange sights and sounds greet the eye and ear whenever you turn into the innumerable narrow windings that branch off from the main thoroughfares. Here greengrocers maccaroni-sellers, braziers, and craftsmen of various guise, whose occupation is only conceived of in Naples, expose their fruits and wares in unsightly heaps, amid unmentionable filth and most disgusting odours.

Imagine then, kind reader, such a city, with its houses empty, and the whole population living out in its streets. No human being, either piccanniny or adult, abides under the roof longer than he can help; and such is the climate, that for seven months in the year the people can even sleep out of doors without discomfort. Every street, and alley, and court, therefore, are crowded with life—life varied, animated, intense. The brown complexions, the flashing eye, regular white teeth, extravagant gesture, and loud excited talk, arrest you at every corner. And the terrific contrasts of life clash here in violent and vivid antagonism, without an intermediate shade to blend them. You see the nobles, arrayed in most costly and sumptuous splendour, attended by gorgeously-clad servitors, lolling in their crimson equipages; while all the others seem, to an English gaze, to be not even decently clothed. The populace has lapsed almost into the nakedness of savagery. The men pursue their occupations in loose linen shirts and trousers; the head only ornamented by a dirty cap of the same material, from which dangles a red or blue tassel. The women are seen with bare feet, and uncovered breasts and heads; and the children roll into the street almost as they were born. At every hour of the day, after early dawn, you will see some of the people sipping coffee in a café; some excitedly talking in little groups; some eating maccaroni or fish at the stalls in the streets; some lazily basking in the sun; others playing with dirty cards, or enjoying the drolleries of *Pulcinella*: while, throughout the varied tumultuous medley, there is an air of general good humour; an expression that seems to say—"We live for to-day, to-morrow has no existence to us; the present is life, the future is a myth!"

The Neapolitans are not indolent, as has been carelessly said. When they have a motive and opportunity for work, they are industrious. All is done out of doors; they have no secrets. The workshop is the door-step, or the space before the house. So, conceive the hubbub and hum of one of these streets, like a hive with the cap taken off. Here iron beds are being formed and framed; there tailors sit stitching the linen breeches. Shoemakers are on their bench, and put soles and bodies together under the sun's broad blaze. The baker rolls his paste, and dries his maccaroni in the open air. In one spot, the

barber is shaving his customer, or has him sheeted like a ghost in his apron, and is merrily cutting his hair; in another, the letter-writer sits with his quills and table; and beside him the lover and man of business are whispering their secrets, and so inditing their epistles. Women and children squat in little groups on the ground, each pursuing their own vocation. The mother nurses the baby; the big boy tends the little one; the sister is busily engaged in performing the compliment of a certain Italian operation upon the heads of the children,—a compliment, by the way, that might be sometimes seasonably lavished on the head of a Franciscan monk. Stocking-mending, spinning, and washing, all go on together. Nor is there the least sense of inconvenience or restraint. The Italians have not the vanity of Englishmen in supposing themselves constantly observed. All act as freely and unrestrainedly in the open air as within doors.

The vivacity and the *abandon* of the Neapolitans are the theme of admiration with all its visitors. Their passions are displayed by the most vehement and yet elegant gesticulation. Every person is an actor. The half-clad woman, with her baby on one arm, stands forth in grand attitude, and with outstretched palm and pointed finger, pleads her cause with an energy and self-abandonment that speak to the heart. The man without a rag of an under garment, or the hope of ever possessing one, stands up in comic or tragic declamation, and surpasses in real expression of manner the finest orator. Even the little children quarrel or embrace each other with most lovely and striking gestures. One feels astonished at the proud bearing, and really noble dignity, of the lowest of the poor. Their love and their ire alike are developed in quick, marvellous expression. The incessant play of their fingers, the electric movement of their arms, and the most rapid gleam and shadow of their countenance, demonstrate instantly the hidden pulses of their feeling.

A dream of sweet tones has associated itself with the language of Italy. But in Naples—Ah mi! these sounds need their own language to describe them. How shall their discords or their melodies be ground out of the hurdy-gurdy of our English gutturals? The people are all and always talking. No one of them has ever had enough of the bovine or Boëtian dulness about him to ruminate over his thoughts in silence. They all talk, and always at the highest pitch of their voice. What a happy arrangement, therefore, that such incessant and loud-toned talkers have musical tongues! Who could endure the jabber else? There can be no greater amusement to the visitor than to stand at his window on the Chiaja, looking over the gardens of the Villa Reale towards the glorious bay. Immediately below him is the

grand resort of Naples: the broad carriage avenue becomes instinct with fashionable life at four o'clock in the day. Hundreds of carriages dash to and fro; we have counted ninety-five in five minutes. A stream of horsemen throng a road running parallel with this. In the earlier parts of the day other sights and sounds will interest him. Occasionally he will hear a chorus kept up between the sellers of fruits, flowers, and vegetables, and the donkeys, who also chant continually with that unutterable note that nature seems to have given as a discord to be the foil and relief of all her sweeter sounds. These street-sellers begin on the highest tone, and run down the gamut until falling on a favourite note, they prolong it in a monotonous wail or howl for several moments, which sound comes to the heart like the deep despairing cry of a fallen people, and floods us in a moment with woful memories and fears.

In Naples, above all other places, is it necessary to guard against a too hasty generalization. The people are marked by some most excellent qualities. They are naturally disposed to reverence goodness. A French pastor, who has been a long resident, has told us he did not know a blasphemer in the whole city. In no city of Italy, or of France, is the Sabbath better observed, or the churches more generally and numerous attended. Numbers go every day, but on the Sunday many of the churches are literally crammed. Among the poor in the severest depression or penury you never hear a murmur against Providence. In the depth of their wretchedness they do not repine, but patiently wait a brighter time. They are a people of warm and noble affections. Strong men may be seen embracing each other in the streets, and the children of every class are treated with an almost undue fondness. They are simple and temperate in diet. Although wine is cheap and good, they take little of it. A working man will on a hot day run to the corner of a street and content himself with a draught of lime-juice drink, for which he pays the smallest coin.

Among no people has the influence of the Church of Rome been so pervasive and pernicious. It has veiled the truth of God completely underneath the mummeries of its superstitious worship. Sermons may be heard in the Roman Catholic churches of other states of Italy, but one is rarely preached in Naples. Mariolatry is the only religion of the city. In the churches the images of the Virgin glitter, bedecked in flaunting colours and tinsel finery, over every altar. In the streets wooden representations or paintings of her are placed at every turn, with a burning lamp swinging in front. We have paced street after street for the purpose of close inspection, and have with difficulty found one shop where there was not, in the wall opposite to the

door, a small recess before which a lamp was kept burning night and day, and within which was a print or image of Mary. Thus the naturally religious character of the people is corrupted, and their conscientiousness is destroyed. Their public spirit is crushed. They cherish no association of past greatness; few of them, especially in the lower classes, have any notion, not to say hope of a noble life in years to come. Time and the Virgin do all; they live in the one, reverence the other, and have no future.

The nobles of Naples share in the general debasement of a corrupt church and a despotic government. Excluded from mercantile and professional engagements—having no upper house of Parliament as an arena for their talent and occupation—leaving the management of their estates in the country to their stewards, they seek in the capital to amuse their indolence by mutual intercourse, intrigue, the theatre, and the gaming-table. The saddest and darkest trait among them is said to be their infidelity to the marriage vow. The Neapolitan maiden is comparatively secure; partly, from the careful restraints surrounding her, and partly through the prevailing reverence for the Virgin. But painful testimonies are borne—with many most noble exceptions, be it noted—that marriage is welcomed as an introduction to licence.

The solid strength and the living force of Naples lie in its middle class, embracing those who are professionally engaged. The members of this class are not numerous, but they are distinguished for all the virtues, and by few of the characteristic vices of their countrymen. They are clever and diligent in business, benevolent, full of energy, the very soul of honour, well read, and, in many cases, of eminent attainments. They are intensely patriotic; yet it is by some of them we have heard the *ignis fatuus* of Italian unity reprobated most severely. They know well enough that there is too much jealousy among the different states of the Peninsula for such a dream to be realised. This class, however, of the Neapolitan city and state are less known in England than the other sections of the population, owing to these two causes. The most distinguished of them are so well known, that descriptions published in England of their character and opinions would become dangerous; and they themselves are compelled to a reticence not easily understood. Further, they are sceptical in matters touching Church and State, and so their reputation has been unjustly loaded with the blackest calumny.

How shall the *political* atmosphere that swoons around Naples be described? Preconceived impressions of its overshadowing oppressiveness are far outdone in the reality. It is difficult for an Englishman to shake off the persuasion that he has entered



a city in a state of siege. There are soldiers here ; soldiers there ; soldiers everywhere. They stand at the gates of the public walk—hover round every spot where citizens may group—keep watch in every square. There are depôts for them in every principal street. Drums are heard incessantly. The trumpet-call, by day and night, soon becomes one of the most familiar sounds. Small companies pass under the window every half-hour. Regiments are seen drilling in the centre of the city. They are trained to a state of most exact discipline by officers who are in close connexion with the court. They penetrate with a dreadful omnipresence every nook and corner, so as to make conspiracy impossible ; and between this soldiery and the Neapolitans there is no link of sympathy. They are Swiss mercenaries, speaking a language which prevents any communion with the people. They are, too, for the most part, brutally ignorant ; and, knowing that they possess the confidence of the king, wear an air of offensive and domineering insolence. Two of our own friends—one a justice of the peace in Yorkshire, the other a Cambridge collegian—were standing *together* a little while ago in a public square, when they were impudently told that this was not permitted ; they must separate and walk away. Ten thousand of these Swiss soldiers are concentrated in Naples.

The apparatus of war are seen on every side. The epithet “Bomba,” appears most consistent, for heaps of shot and shells fill up the area of the palace yard, and lie piled up at the entrance gates. Cannon is planted to command each of the great thoroughfares, so as to sweep the streets in case of popular commotion.

The opinion we would convey of the king of Naples has not been formed hastily. He is a man of a dull, obtuse mind, whose meagre faculties have been starved by neglect and lack of knowledge, till he has sunk into a state of maudlin inanity. Yet he has the accursed pride of his family, and the dogged, one-ideaed purpose which marks the poor idiot as much as the self-willed hero. He lives in a small world of his own, encircled by a host of sycophants who offer to his placid majesty the incense of perpetual flattery. He belongs to the Spanish branch of the Bourbon family—the worst branch of a bad stock. A hereditary infirmity descends from generation to generation of this family, as with our own Stuarts, which makes them almost innocently incapable of comprehending the duties they owe to their people. Not only are the lessons of past history, and the simplest maxims of government, unintelligible to them, but the most earnest entreaty of friendly states—the most palpable and fearful omens in their very vicinity—fall unheeded on their numb and petrified stupidity. Yet, in their dearth of soul, they

hold with the grip of death the sceptre of tyranny. Bomba is such a monarch, and yet in his maundering imagines himself to be the father of his people. He is opposed to liberal opinions, and is unyielding to foreign courts, simply because his dull incapacity cannot understand their demands. He has trembled once in the storm of a revolution; and every muttering of change awakens the horror of that time in the *old* child's dreams.

To understand the king's position we must bear in mind another fact—FERDINAND is a bigoted Roman Catholic. This renders him popular with the common people; it led to the lament of General Pepe in 1848, that he found the soldiers more devoted to the king than to Italy; and it has filled Naples with almost as many priests as soldiers. The Jesuits also have of late years been re-established in Italy. This party is wholly ultra-montane; it is predominant in Naples. It regards freedom of conscience as a curse; political liberalism as atheism; and tolerance as the evangel of Hell. The keeping of the king's conscience is entirely under their direction. Hence the government is a soul-crushing tyranny, and its mal-administration an unparalleled infamy. The ever-swelling mercenary troops are constantly demanding higher pay; secret spies are increased; corruption and iniquity spread with the festering growth of the police; and taxes are ever pressing more and more heavily on the people. Meanwhile, repression of public opinion becomes a more desperate necessity. Letters are opened. Independent foreign journals are excluded. The most famous literary productions are forbidden to be read, and death-warrants pursue those who have a proscribed book in their possession.

Familiar as Englishmen are with the subject, no language can picture the horrible evils of the espionage employed in Naples. The spies, who are in pay of the government, are the vilest and most loathsome informers. More than 60,000 ducats per month, we have been told—a sum to be estimated by the prevailing cheapness of food in Naples—is being paid by the government to these wretches. They glide through every street, every court, every secret alley; they skulk at your elbow in every café; and haunt every place of amusement. Their presence is a miasma in the atmosphere. They clog the footsteps and fasten like blood-hounds upon a man in any wise suspected. The confessional is also wringing out secrets from wives, daughters, and domestics. It is not unusual for a man, who is unconscious of having uttered too liberal an opinion, to receive a tap on the shoulder from the police as he walks along the street. He is allowed to give no intimation to his friends, but is summarily cast into prison, where he is told he must await a trial that can be indefinitely postponed. Men are constantly disappearing in this manner from

the circle of their families. The statement of Mr. Gladstone that the number of state prisoners in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies in the year 1851 was from 15,000 to 20,000 has never been disproved. That gentleman has described for the English public the prisons of Naples. We will, however, add some additional examples. Luigi Settembrini, a literary gentleman of distinction (now an honoured guest and exile on our shores) was arrested in 1839 when twenty-seven years of age. He was twenty-six months in prison before he was tried. He was then declared not guilty, but nevertheless kept in prison sixteen months more. After having been appointed, March 1848, Under-secretary for the department of Public Instruction, of which Baron Poerio (another of our exile friends) was Secretary—in which office, well known as a disinterested member of the moderate party, he was arrested on the 23rd of June 1849, not on any charge, but as a measure of prevention. He says,\* “I was shut up in solitary confinement, where the little hair I had on my cheeks was shaved off with insult. I saw my friend, Mr. Philip Agresti, shut up in a horrible dungeon, hewn in the rock, dark and most loathsome, as there was in it a well into which was emptied all the dirt of the other prisoners. On the 12th of December I was taken to the dark and loathsome prisons of the Vicaria; twenty-seven of us together, with other political victims, were thrown among thieves, forgers, and murderers.” A prisoner is not able to read the charges which are to be brought against him. “If,” says Settembrini, in April 1850, “I had been able to get a copy of all proceedings, and if I had had time and means of reading them, perhaps, even in this dark den, where I am buried without seeing a ray of sun, where I feel my mind half gone and my body half worn out by suffering,—perhaps I might have argued the whole of the points, and made observations on the whole of the proceedings.” Ten months after this he was condemned on the unsupported charge of having canvassed to be a deputy, and has dragged on an existence in the horrors of these Neapolitan dungeons till his recent liberation.

Baron Carlos Poerio was, we have said, Secretary for the department of Public Instruction in 1848. The king, when he offered his resignation, would not accept it. He was known to be so moderate, that he was urged by the Duke of Balzo, the queen-mother's husband, to attend a meeting of leading political men to deliberate on the state of the country. Twice was the king graciously pleased to express himself with respect to his conduct while he was minister; but, when the reaction came, he who had sought to aid the king in maintaining the constitution became a

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\* Difesa di Luigi Settembrini, 1850.

conspicuous victim. He was most absurdly charged with aiming to overturn the constitutional government, and with complicity in the crime of placarding revolutionary proclamations. His own words (his "*Difesa Napoli*," 1850) will best indicate the baselessness of these charges:—"I repelled with all my might so foolish and so foul an accusation. I asked to see the pretended proofs of my guilt, ready to clear myself at once, and the Inquisitor was silent! I asked to be confronted with my vile accuser, being confident that I should be able to put him to shame in a moment as a mean and cowardly calumniator, and the Inquisitor continued silent. After seventy days of solitary confinement, during two months of which I was not allowed to see even my excellent mother, I have been kept in the castle four long months; I have been at last dragged to the prison of the Vicaria, in which those accused of political crimes are mixed with those accused of any crime: for nearly two months my life is wasting away in one of those rather dens than prisons, where ten or twelve human beings are heaped together and stowed away like pigs, and I have not yet been able to learn what it is that is falsely alleged against me, and what is the name of my dastardly calumniator."

Such are the prisons, and such the justice from which our exiles have come to these shores. They have dragged out an existence of anguish and despair in caverns excavated beneath the level of the sea, the walls of which were loathly wet with slime; or in prisons crowded with felons, swarming with vermin. They have slept on the bare ground, with irons on their feet and hands, and not even the necessities of decency allowed them; and these are gentlemen by birth and profession, men of cultivated tastes and refined sensibility, whose only crime has been the love of truth, and fidelity to the oath they had taken to their sovereign.

Perhaps of all acts of perfidy in the history of humanity, none is darker than that which followed the revolution in Naples of 1848, and of which most of the exiles, to whom we proudly give an asylum, were the victims. The events of that year are well remembered: the insurrection in Palermo January 12th—the king, with his imbecile fear, suddenly conceding more than any other potentate had granted—the resurrection from their hidden graves of men whose life was liberty—the efforts of the retrograde party, and of the Jesuits—the double dealing of the king when relieved from the pressure of terror—the suspicions of the people—the mysterious barricades raised in the Toledo—the attack of the Swiss mercenaries on the deputies—the bloody fifteenth of May—houses on fire, streets deluged with gore and strewn with corpses, wounded women and children lying huddled in heaps—the populace uniting with the soldiers to raise

the cry of "The King for ever!" Then came the monstrous charge which cast the responsibility of overthrowing the constitution on the Liberal leaders; and then the dungeons choked with prisoners, some of whom have passed before the tribunal of Him who judgeth rightly, and some, through His guiding providence, are among us.

From that time the iron of oppression has stuck deeply in the heart of the people, and distrust in the heart of the king. The shouts of the populace have lately greeted him as he has ridden through the streets; his weak intellect ministers fondly to the delusion that he has crushed rebellion; but to this moment, as though haunted by a pursuing demon, he perpetually changes his residence, devoting himself more than ever to the superstitions of the church; while the spectral thought, gleaming among the parasitic crowds that dance attendance on him, penetrates even to his sick chamber, that he is fast going down to the grave, with the curses of thousands upon his name.

This paper would not be complete, without reference to the means adopted by the Neapolitan government of raising money through lotteries, and to the influence of these lotteries upon the whole life of the people. Every tenth shop is taken by the government for the sale of lottery tickets: the State holds out the prizes; the people purchase the chances. The king's treasury is said to derive an enormous sum annually from this source. All means are used to induce the purchase of tickets. The writer has stood at the door of these lottery offices on the Saturday afternoons. He has seen the well-dressed gentleman enter to ascertain the fortune of his number; he has seen the artizan pass in with his apron on, and come out with a face of blank disappointment; with pain has he watched the aged beggar totter in, covered with rags; and the poor mother, covering her naked babe in her own torn garments of calico, and coming out again with the expression on the face—"I will try next week." He has noticed the little child of seven go up to the counter with its scrip. All the people play at this horrible game—the lady, the tradesman, the noble, the lodging-house keeper, the merchant, the priest, and the beggar. Distinguished ecclesiastics have graced the public ceremony of drawing the prizes on that day. The evils of the system are endless. It consumes vast sums of money in shops and office-keepers; it withdraws the people from industrial sources of income; it fosters a universal craving for gambling; and plunges an excitable people into a miserable restlessness, or a reckless despair. What shall we think of a government that multiplies these temptations for its subjects, and derives a revenue from such a nefarious institution?

## XI.

## THE DEBATE ON REFORM.

LORD DERBY's Government have committed the most enormous political blunder of the nineteenth century. The ambition of his mystery-loving Chancellor of the Exchequer and of his versatile Secretary for the Colonies ought now to be satisfied: they have failed, perhaps, to prove themselves great statesmen, but have demonstrated their genius by achieving an absurdity to which the faculties of ordinary men would never have been equal. They may now rest assured that posterity will never confound them with the common herd of humdrum politicians. Some men win immortality by building a palace or a cathedral; others are content to be remembered by the grotesque eccentricity of their structures: nearly every county in England can boast half a score of such, in which wealth and labour, and even ingenuity, are lavished to no practical purpose—structures which amuse the curiosity and provoke the ridicule of their neighbours. In the latter way the Government Reform Bill will unquestionably perpetuate the name of its author. Men will call it "Disraeli's Folly."

We cannot imagine how a knot of clever men could have fallen into so strange an error. If it had been their supreme anxiety to discover how they might most effectually disappoint the expectations which their promises had excited in the minds of some credulous and friendly Liberals, and at the same time inflict annoyance and insult on all consistent and conscientious Conservatives; how they might provoke by one ingenious measure the scorn of Mr. Bright and Mr. Newdegate's indignant grief; play false to their supporters without conciliating their opponents; divide their friends and unite their foes—they could not have produced a Bill more admirably adapted to accomplish all these conflicting and apparently irreconcilable purposes.

To demonstrate the faults of the Bill by any elaborate argument would be to insult the good sense of our readers; and before these pages meet the eye of the public, we suppose its fate will have been sealed. And yet a page or two may, perhaps, be well employed in branding the follies which a Conservative Government, hiding their true designs under the mask of liberalism, have been tempted to perpetrate.

The Derby Disraeli Reform Bill was ruined from the very first by the total want of confidence on the part of its authors in the good sense and right feeling of our English artisans. It sprang from men who fear the people instead of trusting them, and hence was cursed from its birth with a mortal taint. No politician deserves the name of a statesman who dreams of maintaining for ever the barriers which exclude five-sixths of our adult male population from all direct influence on the government of their country; and we may wait very long before another opportunity presents itself as

favourable as the present for largely extending the base of the constitution. There is at the present moment, through the coincident combination of many various and happy influences, a larger measure of sympathy feeling between all the ranks and orders of the community than has existed in England for very many years.

There is no great practical grievance for which just now the cries of the people are in vain demanding redress. The great flagrant iniquities which disgraced the Government half a century ago have been abolished. The Test and Corporation Acts for ever disappeared: Catholic Emancipation has been won: Trade has ceased to be an open question: even church-rates under sentence of death, and are lying for execution. The public mind is, therefore, not irritated and angered by evils like those which created the fierce political animosities of former days. And we forget that very many of the men who are now resisting the just and honest reform have distinguished themselves during the twenty years by generous and laborious efforts to improve the country, to purify the morals, and to elevate the education of the people. "The Condition of England Question" has been most dear among the noblemen and honourable gentlemen who now show such strange ignorance of the instincts and tendencies of the rising classes; but their earnest efforts for the public good have produced a profound impression on the hearts of the people they distrust, and have made our working men no longer look on a lord as their natural enemy. Cruel wounds have been gradually healing, and kindly confidence has been silently displacing envious and malignant antipathy.

The reconciliation which had grown slowly but surely under the genial dews of a long peace struck its roots deeper into the soil during the perils and glories of the Russian war. The nation had a common fear, a common hope, a common grief, and a common glory. The workmen came in crowds from their mills and factories and furnaces to listen to Mr. Russell's stirring letters from the trenches; and if coroneted ladies thought with agony of their sons and husbands who were dying under the walls of Sebastopol or in the hospital at Varna, many an untaught daughter of poverty bent under the same grief, and quick electric sympathies bound them together; and when the triumph came, there was a universal joy. Hardly was peace proclaimed when a second great calamity came upon us; and in the horrors of the Indian mutiny the mutual sympathies of all classes were greatly intensified and confirmed. We are now a united people: at any rate, our union is more complete than it ever has been before in the memory of any living statesman. If large numbers of the unenfranchised were now received within the pale of the constitution with the generous consent of those who are already invested with political privileges, the change would be accomplished without violence or convulsion; but if resistance to popular demands is maintained till resistance becomes impossible, the franchise will at last be forcibly wrested from the hands of a terror-stricken Government by an irritated, perhaps infuriated,

but victorious democracy. If conferred now, it will be received as an expression of confidence; if long withheld, it will be received at last as a demonstration of fear. Now, it would be welcomed as a seal and compact of mutual good will; five or ten years hence it will be gloried in as a trophy of the resistless energy of the democratic will and of the feebleness of the lordly rulers of the land.

We have never condescended to flatter the working-classes. We neither deny nor extenuate their faults. The extension of education has not yet destroyed drunkenness, nor corrected improvidence, nor taught working men the true laws which determine their relation to their masters and the amount of their wages. And yet we question whether the ten-pounders on whom the Bill of '32 conferred the franchise were then, or are now, very much better qualified for the honest and intelligent discharge of their political duties. If the working-people are too easily led by loud and vulgar demagogues, the shopkeepers are too generally more anxious to find a member who promotes the petty interests of their town, or gets government appointments for their sons and nephews, than one who will vote fearlessly for the good of the nation. The shopkeepers know very little more than their inferiors about the principles of political science. Moreover, we believe that the excessive timidity of the tradesman needs correction by the bolder and more generous sympathies of the artisan and mechanic. Our foreign policy, especially, has of late years stooped below the true dignity of England, through the great influence of the trading spirit in the House of Commons. It has been a thing based on calculations about cotton and hardware and the income tax, instead of being actuated by those great principles by which an empire with traditions like our own ought to be guided. We believe that the huckstering spirit of modern politics derives its strength from the lower section of the middle classes, and may be overruled by infusing into the constituencies an increase of the democratic element.

The truth is, that the qualification for exercising the franchise lies more in the moral sympathies of men than in their knowledge of the axioms and lessons of political science. We believe that on the whole the classes enfranchised by the Reform Bill have used their freedom nobly; but, except when some great agitation has lodged a particular principle of public policy in their minds, they have not been guided by a very full or accurate understanding of the questions which their representatives would have to determine. They have chosen the men with whose general tendencies they had sympathy, and in whose characters they had confidence; and we believe that the labouring population would act very much on the same plan. A constituency may be qualified to choose a good member of Parliament, although the individual electors may be very ill-qualified to pronounce judgment on complicated and delicate questions of government and policy.

We think, too, that sufficient importance has not been attached to the Conservative elements which begin to operate on all classes of men as soon as they receive political privileges. Who doubts that



the middle classes of this country are far more disposed to treat the minister of the day, whoever he may be, with confidence, and to respect the law, than they were before '32? Gradually extend the suffrage to the working people, and you will make them more conservative too.

Again we say that the fundamental error of the Government Reform lay in its evident distrust of the people; but this was not its only fault. Throughout it was an evasion and a sham. Its voting papers were an apology for refusing the ballot. Its tender treatment of nomination boroughs was a cowardly homage to the smaller constituencies which at present possess political power, and an insult to the great unenfranchised masses which claim it. Its pretence of adopting the principle of Mr. Locke King was a deception; the whole value of the concession was cancelled by the exclusion from the county constituency of a hundred thousand of the most independent electors. The ministers must have been afflicted with temporary insanity to propose so monstrous a scheme: it is crowded with inconsistencies. They made loud professions of attachment to the sacred traditions of the constitution, and in the same breath deprive forty-shilling freeholders of the county franchise. They declare themselves anxious to satisfy all reasonable demands for an extension of the suffrage, and then proceed to grant the franchise to ten-pound occupiers in counties who do not care two straws for the privilege, and resolutely deny it to the great masses of the town population who are incessantly crying for it.

As we have seldom an opportunity of agreeing with Mr. Newdegate more than about once in twenty years, we have the special pleasure in expressing our concurrence with his very just protest against the Bill on the ground that the Government had unfortunately introduced a Reform Bill which was objectionable to both sides of the House: and in this fact, which it is impossible for any competent person to deny, lies the justification of Lord John Russell's Amendment: merely to have thrown out the Bill on the second reading would have meant nothing. Gentlemen like the excellent and honourable member for North Warwickshire, who do not like the taste of "Locke King and water" (a very disagreeable kind of negus for respectable county members), and gentlemen like Mr. Bright, weary of the great dish which has been continually on the table since '32, in which the immaculate and omniscient borough ten-pounder is the principal ingredient, would have deserted the ministerial banquet together; gone into the same lobby, and swelled the numbers of a majority which could have had no significance or power. To have voted for the second reading, or to have opposed it, would have been equally ambiguous. Tories, who dislike the Bill because it lowers the county franchise, and Liberals, who dislike it because it leaves the borough franchise where it is, might have united in rejecting it; or, with equal consistency, they might have united in accepting it,—the former, because it maintains the safe, money-loving, cautious ten-pounders against a dreaded and reckless democracy; the latter, because it accepts and embodies the proposal to have the qualification for a county vote.

The only course by which an unequivocal expression of the opinion of the various sections of the Liberal party on the Government measure could be secured was to meet the motion for the second reading by a resolution affirming the principles and grounds on which the Bill was condemned. We cannot, therefore, join in the censures and taunts which have been so freely uttered by the supporters of the Ministry on the honesty and frankness of the tactics of Lord John Russell,—censures which we regret have found a faint echo on the other side of the House. Whatever may be his lordship's faults, he can hardly be charged with any want of boldness and straightforwardness: he has sometimes been rash, but is a stranger to the arts of the conspirator. And this charge of pursuing a selfish end by crooked means, of stooping to a mean and ignoble policy to satisfy the cravings of a restless ambition, comes with a very ill grace from gentlemen whose political chiefs have shrunk from no humiliation, blushed at no shame to which their rapacious love of office has subjected them.

The debate has revived the ancient glories of English political strife. Sir Bulwer Lytton's splendid declamation, Sir Hugh Cairns' fierce invective, Mr. Sydney Herbert's easy, vigorous, playful good sense, and Mr. Bright's masculine argument and elevated passion, were worthy of the best days of the House of Commons. And there were many of the lesser luminaries which kindled to an unwonted brightness. But we read the elaborate speech of Lord Stanley with profound regret. The cheers which hailed him when he rose to reply to Lord John Russell, should have taught the young and ambitious statesman that a crisis in his political life had come, and that the tone and temper of his speech in that great debate would exert a strong and permanent influence on his political reputation and destiny. Those cheers should have reminded him that both sides of the House expected that he would deal with the momentous question, to which he was about to address himself, with an eye to the country rather than to the present occupants of the Treasury Bench; and to the splendid feasibilities of his future career rather than to a brief prolongation of his official life. But instead of rising to the true height of the occasion, he averred and endorsed, with a strange frankness, the insincerity of his party. He virtually told the House of Commons that they had better accept the present chance of Reform, for that if the present holders of office were turned out, they might be expected to take their old place, and fulfil their most natural functions as the opponents of all constitutional changes. In other words, Lord Stanley and his friends are reformers to retain office; and if they lose office their sympathies with Reform will perish. If we mistake not, the speech will do the noble lord irretrievable injury with the people of England.

For our own part we are anxious to have, as speedily as we can get it, a Bill which will set the great question at rest for the next twenty years at least. We deprecate the angry discussions, the mutual invectives, the chronic bitterness of feeling between the various classes of the State which are inseparable from an agitation

for enfranchisement. We have other work to do, which this exciting movement will extend or hinder;—the waste places of English society to reclaim and cultivate, ecclesiastical controversies to maintain, India to govern, and a troubled Europe to watch with anxious solicitude. The storms which may be delayed but cannot be wholly dispersed, with which the political horizon of the Continent is now gloomy, ought not, when they break, to find England too agitated by internal discords to take her rightful position as the friend of freedom, and the dauntless foe of all injustice and tyranny. Now is the time for a calm, thorough, yet moderate Reform; and we pray God that the opportunity may not, through the jealousies of party, the violence of the people, or the selfishness and cowardice of their rulers, be irrecoverably lost.

## Brief Notice.

SKETCH-BOOK OF POPULAR GEOLOGY; being a Series of Lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh. By HUGH MILLER. With an Introductory Preface, giving a resumé of the progress of Geological Science within the last two years. By Mrs. MILLER.

HUGH MILLER may fairly be considered as the scientific champion of Revelation. With as profound a knowledge as any man living of every detail of the science which has so often and so unjustly been appealed to for the purpose of undermining revealed truth as it regards our physical world; with a mind cultivated and refined beyond that of almost any of his compeers or co-workers; with a perseverance in arduous indefatigable research and thought for which his reason had at length to pay the fearful penalty: thus endowed, the whole energies of his mind appear to have been constantly devoted to one purpose—the demonstration that the God of nature was the God of the Bible. And this demonstration has been triumphant; it having been fully proved that there is nothing in the revelations of geology which can be considered as *opposed* to the statements of Scripture; and that where there is any apparent want of accordance, it is only such as *additional* (not *contradictory*) evidence may cause to disappear.

When Robinson Crusoe met with a footprint on his desert sands, it needed no fashionable intelligence to announce to him that a distinguished visitor had been that way. When we find what we call bars of "pig iron," lying about, no matter where, we know at once that those have once been melted. When after heavy floods we find the banks of a trout stream spread with a layer of sand, on which perhaps fish are lying choked with mud, with shells and small pebbles, we know with certainty the mode of their production. When on the top of the great pyramid, or on the lead-roofing of some temple, we meet with an irregular, oblong figure, carved out in the stone or metal, with a legend attached, to the purport that this is "John Smith, his foot," we not only know that some one passing under that name has been there, but we are enabled to guess somewhat concerning his habits and manners, as well as his mental development.

When the catacombs of Egypt are found stored with the mummies of men, apes, and crocodiles; we know that these are the representatives of generations long passed. Precisely similar in nature is the evidence concerning the world's history. We find solid rock underlying all other strata, everywhere with every appearance of former fusion; and we see no necessity to believe that this appearance is

owing to some other mysterious and inexplicable cause; other rocks are made up of animal remains, as mollusca, with their shells, for hundreds of yards in thickness; and we know that these have lived and died successively. When we see the marble of our chimneypieces consisting in great measure of fossilized shells, bearing the most striking resemblances to those which are to-day tenanted by living sentient creatures, we feel certain that the owners of those shells have lived there or thereabouts, and we know that *time* was required to harden their nidus thus. And when we see this marble in its bed, covered up with still harder and more richly fossiliferous beds thousands of feet thick, we have no hesitation in concluding that these had an origin analogous in nature, and correspondingly remote in time.

Thus the *data* of geology are indisputable; what we have to do, and what Hugh Miller has done, is to trace rationally their accordance with Scripture. As to the much-controverted "time question," it has, if properly examined, less importance than has been attributed to it. We believe as Christians that 6000 years ago man was called into being; we believe that in the beginning God created, as the original has it, "the *substance* of the heavens and the *substance* of the earth;" but all thinking men are now agreed that the interval between the two events is long and undefined. There is some difference as to the precise opinion—some place the lapse of time necessary for the production of phenomena with which we are now familiar, between the first creation of matter and the beginning of the first day's actual productions; others consider the days mentioned 'as long periods of time, since in Scripture, and especially in the poetical and prophetic books, "*day*" is often used in an indefinitely prolonged sense. The best and most careful critics are fully agreed that there is no objection to the reception of either interpretation; and it is probable that the truth is found in a combination of the two.

In the present work under notice we have, under the modest title of a Sketch-book, a very complete introduction to geology, especially that of Scotland; illustrating by local phenomena the great changes that have marked the various epochs in the world's history. Here is not science diluted to meet the popular taste, but science in its most refined form, made comprehensible to the popular mind. That the diction is graceful—that the thoughts are profound, will be understood by all who know the name and works of Hugh Miller; but with all this, the most characteristic feature is the truly Christian spirit that pervades the whole. Mrs. Miller's preface is a very valuable contribution to the records of the progress of science.

We must find space, in conclusion, for one brief extract, as a specimen of style. It is a picture relating to "flies in amber."

"Lo! where the forest glade terminates in a brown primeval wilderness. The sunbeams fall with dazzling brightness on the trunk of a tall, stately tree, just a little touched with decay; and it reflects the light far and wide, and gleams in strong contrast with the gloom of the bosky recesses beyond; like the pillar of fire in the wilderness, relieved against the cloud of night. 'Tis a decaying pine of stately size, bleeding amber. The insects of the hour flutter around it; and when, beguiled by the grateful perfume, they touch its deceitful surface, they fare as the lords of creation did in a long posterior age, in that

'Serbonian bog,  
Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old,  
Where armies whole have sunk.'

"But as it happened to so many of the heroes of classic history, death is fane here, and by dying they became immortal; for it is from the individuals who thus perish, that future ages are yet to learn that the species which they represent ever existed, or to become acquainted with even the generic peculiarities by which they were distinguished."

# THE ECLECTIC.

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MAY, 1859.

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## I.

*Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, D.C.L., M.P. for the University of Oxford. 3 vols. Oxford: University Press. 1858.

HOMER! GREECE! The words are magical! But the circumstances that constitute the charm of either are too multitudinous to enumerate fully. Continental Greece, with its varied outline and uneven surface, from the basin of lacustrine Thessaly, rich in barley—the joy of the husbandman, and well-fed horses—down through olive-growing Attica, diverging by “the Acroceraunian mountains of old fame” and the Isthmian gates into the Peloponnesus, with its forests, ravines, rugged table land, abundant streams, and champaign bordering the sea—a scene of infinite diversity, but each picture one of appropriate and enthralling beauty. The outline even of the beetling rocks wherewith this lovely land is belted, from Thrace frowning a stern defiance on slavish Asia, round to the Æginetan Gulf and Epirus, is broken here and there by

“ Glens where ocean comes  
To 'scape the wild winds' rancour,  
And harbours, worthiest homes  
Where Freedom's sails could anchor.”

But, most of all, those emerald gems set in the shield of the silver sea,—

“ The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,  
Where burning Sappho lov'd and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung ;”

which need no poet to proclaim their loveliness, for every eye and heart spontaneously confess their attraction. This outward aspect of Greece is passing fair.

Its climate, ranging from Scandinavian severity to tropic

heat, but mated everywhere with an atmosphere clear, pure, transparent, elastic to a proverb—to breathe and move in which is “health to the navel and marrow to the bones”—a laughing-gas which qualifies even the torpid Englishman who breathes it for the epithet “Merry as a Greek.” A soil of maternal bounty, which lavishly shed its abundance into the lap of the tiller, where the fruits were richer, where the crops were heavier, where the flowers were sweeter than elsewhere : where the very ground was carpeted with perfume, the wild thyme yielding up its fragrance to every pressure of the vagrant foot of man.

The physical beauty of the Hellenic races that dwelt in this chosen land—seen in their sculptured ideal, sung by their poets, and commemorated by the great achievements which were only possible to a happy organization. No race was ever so beautiful, and none was so susceptible of impression from beauty. The Apollo, the Venus, whose typical perfection have been the admiration and unreachd ideal of all succeeding artists, were modelled from the living men of Greece. The forms of the men who projected these divine humanities were themselves perfect. The sculptors were their own lay-figures.

But far passing these, and almost darkening them into shadow, was the intellect, the genius, the free polity, and the proud patriotism that have left us far loftier models and exemplars than those merely of the human frame. Greece has been fertile in great men, and great deeds that extinguish her other claims to fame. Lycurgus, Solon, Leonidas, Epaminondas; Marathon, Thermopylæ, Artemisium, Salamis; Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus; Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Xenophon; Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes: these are names of places and persons that outweigh all material claims upon our regard. These are the winds that breathe their melody over the harp of our souls, as we hear of Greece, and thrill us with a power beyond the fortunes of the nation and the site of its territory. Its popular *agoré*, with its pure rhetoric, persuasive reasoning, powerful emotion, and passionate entreaty—its battle-fields for freedom against stealthy domestic tyrants and Oriental invaders—where the heart drained out its last drop cheerfully for the mother land, and chose to be carried home dead upon the shield rather than desert it for the dear life; the blaze of genius and of glory that has rested over Greece for two thousand years, and has lighted up its very ruins with a dazzling effect denied to architecture in all its integrity elsewhere—the Parthenon, the Acropolis, winning the foot of the pilgrim from all lands, and as certainly witching the soul of all pilgrims—these form a total of attraction the charm of which is immeasurably strong—the eye, the heart, the intellect, and

the moral feelings combining to lay their homage on the altar of immortal Greece.

The character of this people gives a deep interest to the study of its literature. We feel it in all its force when we turn over the pages of their venerable Homer.

The phenomenon that presents itself to our contemplation in connexion with the Homeric poems is this—that somewhere contiguous to the ninth century before Christ, blazes up into our literary sky, not one epic poem but two, each unique and marvellous in the plan of its construction, shot with rays of most varied and inimitable beauty,—each of them “a versified *Aurora Borealis*,”—the models after which succeeding epopees have learned to shine in all ages. It stands to reason, nevertheless, that there must have been a literature and poetry in Greece before these master-pieces of constructive genius were put together; that other bards had sung of love, and war, and devotion, before Homer coined his story of Achilles into golden hexameters, and issued the sterling mintage of his genius for the circulation of the world. Although to all actual seeming his poetry started complete from his imperial brain, like the armed Pallas from the teeming skull of Jove, no germ of preparation lending its aid to the creative process, it is certain that trains were laid in the associations around him, the men of genius that had lived before him, and the musical traditions that had nursed his infant reverence and delight. In fact, although lost to us, there was a literature in its widest sense, and emphatically must there have been poetry, long—long ages before the bard of the *Iliad* trolled his wondrous song. From the beginning has there been music and poetry in the world,—twanging lyre and droning pipe, majestic march and tripping dance of words. We trace their course more or less imperfectly in the wonderful library of Hebrew literature, which leaves little to desiderate in the quality of evidence, and we conclude from analogy that in other climes and nations the progress must have been in its main direction similar.

The marvel of Homer is, that we do not know his poetic progenitors, nor the means whereby he has been lifted up to that lofty pedestal, which he occupies with such commanding grace. He stands alone, not only amid the bards of Greece, but the verse-makers of all time. The beauty, copiousness, and felicitous power of language in his poems indisputably reveal the high cultivation of the people amongst whom they sprang. A full grammar, a fixed syntax, a regular prosody, a melodious rhythm, a rich vocabulary, and a splendid versification, indicate no immaturity in national progress,—rather bespeak centuries of existence, and all the concomitants of civilization—social intercourse, commerce, civil freedom, and schools of learning. Without these

indispensable preliminaries we cannot conceive of the avatar of a Homer.

To increase the wonder of Homer's poems, some have denied him the knowledge of the art of writing; and to this theory we are surprised to find Mr. Gladstone inclines. It has been urged on the ground that papyrus was only known to the Greeks, or accessible, as late as the time of Psammetichus, B.C. 650; but the Ionians had parchments from their own Asiatic Pergamus, while it is certain that papyrus was used for writing purposes incredibly far back in the history of the world. Inscribed papyrus sheets have been found in the tomb of Nentef, of the VIIth Egyptian dynasty. Homer himself describes the art of writing as even known in the heroic ages of which he sings,\* and references are frequently made to writings in the age before or during the Trojan war by the tragedians and historians.† But while the sundry introductory formulæ of the speeches in his poems, and certain common-places that aid the memory, are repeated here and there, which sufficiently indicate the design of these verses to be rehearsed popularly rather than read, it is equally certain on every ground of probability, or we might say of possibility, that they could only have been composed with the help of the stylus;—otherwise the gigantic mental effort would transcend all we know of human power, in the composition and exact recollection of two such vast, intricate, perfectly harmonised poems. Hug has well said on this point, and we need say no more “—It is incredible that a poem at once so unique, and so complete, so admirable in its construction, so perfect in its minutest details, should have been produced without any aid from writing. It would be a miracle.”

To proceed, however, now to matters biographical. Of Homer himself, if there ever were such a person, we frankly confess that we know nothing. The very fact of his existence as an individual has been disputed, there being at least two other hypotheses on the subject which have found respectable advocates. Some have maintained that there were many Homers, and that the poetic labours of the multitude have shed their combined honours upon the head of one; while others, again, have surmised that there was no Homer at all, that his existence is a myth, and his name an anonyme, not a reality.

Perrault and Hedelin in France, (not to go back to certain of the Alexandrian grammarians,) Bentley in England and Vico in

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\* *Iliad*, vi. 168.

† See Nitsh's *Historia Homeri*; also Euripides' *Hecuba*, 856, *Hippol.* 856, *Iphig.* in *Aulis*, 35 seq., *Androm.* 965; Sophocles, *Trach.* 157; *Ælian* (*Var. Hist.* 111, 4.); Dio Chrysostom, *Orat.* II., p. 87, etc., etc.



Italy are known amongst the impugners of the Homeric authorship of both the great Greek epics. Wolf and Heyne in Germany, and more recently Hermann, Thiersch, W. Müller, F. Schlegel and Lachmann have advocated opinions tending to the same result. But Goethe, once a sceptic, had the grace to repent and to believe in one Homer, and the one authorship of the two poems that bear his name. Our own conviction is nevertheless clear that there was a poet of ancient times called Homer, and that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are his work. This conviction is based, however, simply on prepossession, on *a-priori* reasoning from the overwhelming probabilities of the case, on world-old tradition to this effect. It is far easier to believe that there should be one transcendent genius amongst the Greeks capable of producing an unequalled epos in ancient times, rather than two or more. It is not within the compass of likelihood that the sky of early literature should be starred with frequent constellations of the most brilliant and steadfast lustre, and that there were families of Homerids, rather than one Homer. In Homer we recognise "the bright particular star" of his age, which outshines and obscures all others, and to his unrivalled genius, whatever the facts of his life—and they are lost to history—and whatever the era of his birth—and chronology possesses no record of the event—we are quite contented to refer the glory of those poems which the world for three thousand years has been constrained to admire, but has proved unable to imitate. If we mention the traditions of his life, it is only emphatically to declare that we place no reliance whatever on these unsubstantial echoes. His history surrounding his poems is like the hollow crater of a volcano—all is scoræ and cinder-dust, while the centre only is red with an inextinguishable fire.

The most likely tradition assigns Smyrna as his birthplace, that emporium of the trade of Asia Minor, abounding in the wealth that allows leisure and promotes luxury, and in the tumult of ideas which incites quick and earnest thought. Ionia found an outlet here for her material productions, and here received in return those glorious imports of commerce—the best fruits of trading—independence, enlargement, and excitement of mind. Here, doubtless, were schools, and colleges, and philosophers, and poets, and all the priesthood of the muses in their various grades and array. In the colonnades of her temples, and under the fragrant cover of her orange groves, bards meditated their measured verse, and scholars discussed their vexing systems. The murmur of the liquid Meles in her march towards the sea, mingled with the music of lute and pipe; and the breezes of the encircling mountains, and the breath of the sea-air, formed an appropriate accompaniment to the resounding chorus of song

or the earnest soliloquy of the sage. In such a soil, amid such circumstances of golden opportunity and unusual promise, have the greater part of commentators and biographers planted the life-stem of Homer, and made him draw thence those influences which have effloresced and fructified so magnificently in the products of his genius. Tradition has assigned him other birthplaces. Who has not with the bitterness of the satirist exclaimed—

“Seven cities quarrelled over Homer dead,  
Through which the living Homer begg’d his bread!”

All this we dismiss as the natural product of his posthumous fame, men being willing to give a harbour to renowned dust who will not appreciate the virtue and nobleness of a present life. As little can we allow with Pausanias that the bard was blind—a blind schoolmaster, unfit to teach!—a blind beggar, unfit to conceive immortal verses! The miracle of a Homer in any age is sufficiently startling, without the adventitious wonders of blindness and mendicancy. Yet the Chiotes and the Thiakiotes point to his school, his house, his tomb, with legend and landmark quite notorious and palpable, confirmatory of the tradition, and ask with audacious credulity, “Is there not a cause!”

As little do we know of the age in which Homer lived—all the years from the seventh century before Christ, back to the tenth, being severally guessed at by his biographers. His poems were certainly known by the eighth century, B.C., if any reliance can be placed upon the report that Lysurgus, the regent of Sparta, found them in Crete, when the course of his travels led him to that island. If so, we shall scarcely err in making their author live, as it has been generally conceded, in the ninth age before the incarnation of our Lord. The finish of his compositions would incline us to the lowest possible date consistent with ascertained facts; yet who shall say that an exceptional phenomenon is not as possible three thousand years ago, as two thousand? The true poet will always be a wonder, and none the less for appearing in an age when literature flourished, as when it was poor and scant. That Homer travelled, we doubt not: that he used his eyes, organs of singular perspicacity, to capital purpose, is obvious on the face of his works; and his poems are the creation of ample leisure, careful culture, and acquaintance with an existing literature.

Heraclides of Pontus, a pupil and contemporary of Plato, is the first of extant writers who declares that Lysurgus brought the Homeric poems into the Peloponnesus. We know nothing of the source whence Heraclides derived his tradition, nor does

Ælian, who repeats it, answer the inquiry ; but certain it is that an interval of four or five hundred years separates the writer who reports the story from the hero of it. Plutarch, at an interval of double the length, declares that portions of Homer were known even before Lycurgus brought the whole from Crete, thus confirming in general terms the fact that the agency of Lycurgus was engaged in the introduction of the poems into peninsular Greece, although he avers they were known before in a fragmentary condition. Herodotus, too, whose date is the fifth century before Christ, in his History narrates that there had been in Sicyon, six centuries before the Christian era, state-recitations of Homer, attended with rewards for the successful performers. Dieuchidas of Megara, an author of uncertain age, is quoted by Diogenes Laertius, as testifying that Solon regulated the recitations of Homer in public ; and Lycurgus, contemporary with Demosthenes, avers that the Greeks fought at Marathon with these stirring notes ringing in their ears—marching to battle, doubtless, with the clash of spear and shield, as they rang out the sonorous war-song of Achilles and Troy.

That Pisistratus collected and arranged them in their final and existing form depends absolutely upon the credit of the writers of the Augustan age—Cicero and Josephus being the main authorities, together with an ancient Scholion recently discovered. But as these later writers had access to a whole library of Grecian literature from which we have been shut out, we may be contented to assume that they had reliable and written authority for their statements, and to receive it as a fact that Pisistratus was the first sovereign of Attica, who bestowed critical cares upon the completion, arrangement, and preservation of Homer's great Epics. We must not wonder that these poems received the care of legislators. Every Greek, to whatever political division of territory he belonged, but especially the inhabitants of the Peloponnesus and the Greek isles, must have looked upon the Iliad and Odyssey as the most precious heritage handed down to them from their fathers,—the blazonry of their national virtues, the sum of their religious creed, the annals of their ancestry, and the stimulant of their national pride. These were their Old and New Testament. These were alike the war songs of their Joshua, and their Mosaic code. They enlivened their feasts, instructed their youth, nursed their patriotism, and inflamed their valour. What wonder then they were cherished by the people of Greece, and published by their rulers ! Thus from the editorial care of government, the careful criticism of scholars, and the zealous vigilance of an admiring people, we have every reason to believe that we possess the poems of Homer in a trustworthy condition of text. Aristarch

and the Alexandrian critics professed to distinguish the genuine verses of Homer in their copies from the spurious, by prefixing an obelus to those which they condemned, but which they had not the arrogance to cancel and exclude. We are thankful to these men for their labours, and their notes of suspicion draw our attention more closely to the evidence on which disputed verses rest; but on the whole are satisfied that we possess as pure a text of these writings as of any ancient composition whatever, and repose in the dictum of Heyne, that owing to a large collation of copies and the advance of the critical art, we possess at the present day, perhaps, a purer text than Aristarchus, after all his excisions, could produce.

Passing on from the supposed age of Homer's own existence we find that the evidence is still more vague and unsatisfactory upon which the conclusions are drawn as to the era of the heroic age which he celebrated in his poems. Here history is silent. Homer's verses are the only oracle, and they are ambiguous and dubious, as oracles proverbially were. Mr. Gladstone has been treacherously deceived by it. There are two or three serious mistakes in connexion with his theory which we shall notice.

In the first place, he regards the poems of Homer as a product of the age whose manners they depict, *i.e.* of the heroic age.

In the second place, to make this supposition good, he brings that age down to the period in which Homer is presumed to have lived; a late date totally inconsistent with the state of society represented in the poem, or with the main event recorded, the capture of Troy and the Greek expedition.

In the third place, he assumes the incidents, traditions, and legends of the *Iliad* to be historical facts, and the manners and morals depicted to be correct representations of those of the heroic age: he believes the poem to be a chronicle, not a fiction.

As it is Mr. Gladstone's voluminous work which has prompted our dissertation, it may be as well at once to say, that the main premiss on which he builds the historical value of Homer we broadly deny—namely, that the poet lived upon the borders of that heroic age which he so vigorously conceives and paints. Mr. Gladstone's statements are extremely decided on this point; but we shall venture to add, that they are irremediably wrong. A sentence or two from this last and most enthusiastic commentator on the Ionian bard will exhibit his belief on the subject. Speaking of the remote antiquity of Homer, he says:—"Writing of the heroic time, he, and he alone, writes like one who, as from internal evidence we may confidently assert, *stood within its precincts*, and was imbued from head to foot with its spirit and its associations." Again: "Nothing can cancel—

nothing, it might almost be said, can narrow—the enormous interval, in point of authority, between Homer, *who sang in the heroic age*, and those who not only collected their materials, but formed their thoughts after it was closed.” Further in the same strain: “Homer was fully within the sphere and spirit of the heroic age.” Again, to like effect: “This passage should be construed as disclosing to us that brilliant halo, which the Homeric poems had cast *over an age still recent*.” “It becomes at once, both an emphatic testimony to the immense power exercised by the verse of Homer, and a distinct declaration by Hesiod, of the wide social interval, by which he was himself separated from the heroic period; a declaration entirely accordant with the internal evidence of the poems of Hesiod generally, and amounting, by implication, to the double statement from this poet, that *Homer belonged to the heroic age*, and that he himself did not belong to it.” Stronger still than even this—and so strong as to need no additional citation: “Homer ought to be received as *an original witness, contemporary with the manners—nay, perhaps, even with some of the persons he describes*, and subject only to such deductions as other original witnesses are liable to suffer.”

Now this is a hypothesis so prodigiously at odds with the patent facts of the case, that we wonder how a person of Mr. Gladstone’s learning and ingenuity could adopt it for a moment—the more so, as it is unnecessary to establish the historical worth of the tradition, domestic and ethnological, embodied in the poet’s strain. We may allow these a kind of hazy authority, in the absence of records more ancient and reliable,—nay, believe them, in the main, faithful records of facts as they floated down to the age of Homer, especially if corroborated by anything like collateral evidence; but the belief of Mr. Gladstone, based on the stanzas of a rhapsodist, can boast no stronger a probability than our own. We can construct no missing history of the world, or forgotten races, out of these waifs of legendary lore, woven into a cento of song.

Homer had the poet’s aim before him—Pleasure to the imagination; not the historian’s, which is, Truth to the memory. We doubt not the verses of Homer do contain vestiges of actual history; and we are confident they reproduce *the spirit* of the heroic times, devoid of their unpoetic details, as no history, contemporary or subsequent, could have done; for, against Mr. Gladstone, we hold with Coleridge—The imagination can work more freely, and with a higher truthfulness, upon distant and absent scenes, than the immediate world with which it comes into hard contact. Imagination does not narrate the seen—but pictures the unseen.

An immense deal of confusion has been introduced into the Homeric argument by the use of the ambiguous phrase "the Homeric age." Now the Homeric age may mean the age depicted in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, or, on the other hand, the age in which the poet himself lived and wrote. These two ages may be separated by an immeasurable period, at least one which defies definition at either limit. We know scarcely less of the period of the Heroic age than we do of the age of Homer's existence; but still there is a long interval between the two, and that interval must not be swallowed up in the convenient phrase, the Homeric age. Our personal belief is, that that interval is indeed a long one, and that the real manners of the Homeric, or Heroic, or any other age, do not find their precise historical representation in the song of the Ionian bard. It is a song, a poem, and embodies his conception of those august, mighty days whose legends had fired his wakening mind. Sir Walter Scott was not born in Marmion's time, nor Schiller in Wallenstein's, yet are they imbued from head to foot with the associations and spirit of the age of which they sing. We may be sure in the real Homeric age there were no hexameters, musical, flowing, varied in their cæsura, bearing the impress in their pauses, flexure, and diphthongal resolutions and colligations of the existence of a school of criticism, and of centuries of poetical composition.

In the Homeric age, heroes did not deliver themselves of such magnificent speeches as Homer has put in the mouths of his characters, which, for sustained force, beauty, consistency, and expressiveness, are only faintly imitated in later writers, and never have been surpassed. The poems, in fact, of Homer constitute a protracted narrative drama, and are to be regarded as entirely the creation of the poet, as any tragedy now acted upon the stage. We cannot consent to identify the days which produced them—the age of the actual Homer—with the days they so graphically depict—the Homeric age, or the age of heroic adventure—and conclude our argument by opposing to Mr. Gladstone's authority that of the Chevalier Bunsen, who declares, in his "Egypt's Place in Universal History," that the historical date of the Trojan War may be the middle of the second Millenium before Christ, or the year 1500, which would give an interval between that event and Homer's time of some six hundred years. Eratosthenes' date, 1150, and that of Thucydides, 1230, are in every sense impossible.

Besides the evidence of contemporary history is conclusive against Mr. Gladstone's theory. The very remotest date assigned for the existence of the poet is B.C. 850, or the middle of the ninth century. But was that the heroic age of Greece? Solo-

mon lived within easy reach of Ionia, and, most probably, in commercial intercourse with the cities of Asia Minor, a hundred and fifty years before,—but was the age of Solomon the heroic age?—the age that saw Tyre a flourishing entrepôt; and voyages to distant India or China prosecuted regularly down the Red Sea? Were the days when Egypt was old with its amazing civilization,—when Babylon and Nineveh were decrepid with years and luxury, and tottering to their fall, having passed through successive phases of prosperity and decline,—were those the days of heroes?—the days of the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, with their shrewd common-sense and well developed world-wisdom?—the days of Joel and Jonah; of the Grecian architecture of the Jewish temple; of the organization of a regular traffic along the whole Mediterranean lake by the hardy Phœnician and not less hardy Greek—were those the heroic days? Certainly not. These times represent a state of the world widely differing from the heroic times pictured by Homer,—yet they represent a period anterior to that assigned to the living Homer, by a couple of hundred years. If this be so, what becomes of the theory of Mr. Gladstone, who, in order to transform Homer into a narrator, instead of a creator, makes the year 850 before Christ, a part and parcel of the heroic age in the colonies and mainland of Greece?

While we render homage to the lively enthusiasm which Mr. Gladstone has brought to his task, and the ample reading and thought he has devoted to the illustration of his author, we cannot help thinking that his over-refinement of speculation and extreme subtlety of criticism are misapplied in dealing with such a subject as Homer. The Homeric poems need for their true criticism and fair interpretation a mind of broad, hearty Catholic sympathies, able to enjoy, appreciate, and relish the productions of the ruder, as well as of the more refined ages. The subtlety of the critic overreaches itself. It sees what was never visible—hears what was never whispered—will swear to what does not exist. As the Kabbalists dealt with the Jewish Scriptures, so would our modern commentator deal with Homer, and assign reasons and trace motives as freely as if he had the *entrée* of the poet's brain, creating and resolving mysteries with the wave of a wand. That preposterous critic of the Kabbalistic school, who found in the first letters of the first verse of the Iliad, the number of the books in both Iliad and Odyssey, was an exaggeration of Mr. Gladstone. ΜΗ of μῆνις represents 48 in Greek, and the two poems contain twenty-four books each, or forty-eight in all. But besides the fact that Homer did not himself divide the poems into twenty-four books each, there is the obvious truth that the bard evidently selected

the word to begin his strain which was most adapted to the prominence of its position, the subject of his song, and the exigencies of his metre.

Mr. Gladstone in like manner supplies his own sufficient answer in many cases. He devotes an essay, of several pages, to the discussion of Homer's *perception and use of Number*, and finds him defective therein. To make the poet's shortcomings more apparent, the passage from Æschylus is quoted, in which this choicest of inventions is ascribed to the skill of Prometheus, and Plato is referred to as speaking in superlative terms of Number. The inference drawn is, that if Homer had known any of those higher processes of numeration which gained it so lofty an estimate amongst the later Greeks, he would have exhibited these in his poems. It is shown that Homer uses the units, and ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, eighty, ninety, and a hundred—the exception being (on the ground assigned) “the utterly untractable *ἑβδόμηκοντα*.” But the candour which accounted for the absence of this word from the text might have accounted for the absence of others in the same way. The most appropriate number might be rejected on account of its unsuitableness for poetical uses, without any more substantial or latent reason ordaining its exclusion. The rule applied still more forcibly to the prosodial versification of the classic tongues than to our accentual one—

“at times

Kings are not more imperative than rhymes.”

Again charging Virgil with altering the Homeric traditions, and with making Simois take the place of the river Scamander, which holds the chief prominence in the *Iliad*, the critic finds the reason in the Latin poet's metrical convenience, which Simois suited best. Had he applied the same rule to Homer's selection of the Scamander, he would have dealt equal justice to both the poets, without seeking for a reason founded on the greater or less volume of water in either channel, in the time of the earlier singer.

The scanty nomenclature for colours in these divine poems would resolve itself into the strong contrasts of light and shade in the clime of the East, in “the land of the Sun”—making the delicate gradations and infinite variety of colour amongst the northern nations a thing unknown. The Latin poetical vocabulary, which is so largely adopted from the Greek, is pauperised from its parentage, and to some extent from the influence of the same natural causes.

But while we have had Mr. Gladstone's work mainly in view in the pages devoted to the Ionian bard, and are fully alive to



the extraordinary merits of his commentary, we must be allowed to say that the three bulky volumes devoted to the subject require a supplement of three bulky volumes more to exhibit the manifold beauties of the poems themselves. This will be understood when we say that the first volume is devoted to an examination of the ethnology of the Greek races; the second, to a discussion of their religion; and the third to a notice of their assemblies, a comparison of Greeks and Trojans, the geography of Homer, and the plot of the the Iliad;—all these outside the region of the poems themselves—offshoots that grow out of them, excursions suggested by them, but not elements necessarily in them. The comment of Mr. Gladstone's is that of a philosopher, not that of a poet—it deals with incidental although very interesting matters, but would be more in keeping if appended to a work on the origin of the Greek races, religion, and polity, than to an inspiration of the poetic muse, pulsing with feeling, and flushed with the innate fire of genius.

On the ethnology of the Greeks as traced by Mr. Gladstone and others to oriental sources, we are disposed to demur, finding the hypothesis of a western or northern origin more consistent with the circumstances of the case. The same course of events which has doomed modern Greece to be tenanted for at least a thousand years by a race of essentially Teuton or Sclavé descent—the pressure of the Northern tide being evidently downward and westward—has been in operation all along from the first, and given to the islands of Greece and its mainland a population marked in its creed, social polity, and physical organization by features that broadly distinguish them from all oriental peoples. We remember the profound darkness resting upon their early migrations, represented in Müller's phrase in his Dorians, that the Ionians in Attica seem to have dropped out of heaven, hence we will not dogmatise on this part of their history, but are fully persuaded on the point of their European derivation. We are proud to claim the Greeks as westerns—cousins of the freest races that ever dwelt upon the face of the earth. The Germany of Tacitus presents more features in common with the Hellenic warriors at Ilium, than the most elaborate parallels between heroic Greece and any Eastern race whatever. Greece the philosopher, having no sacred books to check or guide its speculations, finds its counterpart in the philosophical devotion to the interpretation of our sacred books characteristic of the restless mind of Europe; and Greece the citizen, was but the forerunner, in its assertion of individual independence and personal freedom of action and thought, of the predominant ideas of the western races. A wide Atlantic, and not a mere Hellespont divides all that is Greek from all that is Asiatic. Iranians and Turanians

may fight for the paternity of so goodly a child as a developed and beautiful Greece, and the Owens and Cuviers, the Lathams and Müllers, of comparative anatomy and ethnology, trace out the original stems and the outlying branches from which it may claim propagation and descent—but to us, notwithstanding, with the force of demonstration, or rather with the self-evidence of an axiom, it remains incontrovertible that Greece in its government, religion, and prevailing style of thought and manners owes as little to Asia or Egypt, as any other people under the sun. Admitting that Asia is the common centre of the populations of the globe, nevertheless the whole development and culture of the Greek took place at such remote periods and distances from the properly Asiatic culture and development, and was modified by such different conditions of climate and habit, acting upon it for an indefinite period, that the result is something totally unlike, and that Grecian civilization is one thing, and Asiatic another. This, we say, looking at Greece throughout its entire history and modifications and not confining our view to the Trojan period. It appears, indeed, then, according to Homer's conception of the distant antiquity of which he wrote, shaping his representation of course by what he fancied the truth of things; so that a thousand years before Christ, the ethnology and mythology of the Greek people were as distinct from the Asiatic, as they ever proved in days more closely approaching our own.

But it will be asked, Was not Priam an Asiatic monarch, his troops Asiatic, and yet the language and worship of both the conflicting hosts at Troy the same? Priam was not Asiatic in the sense in which we employ the term. He evidently belonged to a Greek race, settled in the north-west angle of Asia Minor, and his dialect and creed were Greek: all degenerated probably by barbarous intermixtures both of blood and language, yet retaining their essential integrity with the language and nation from which they sprang. A Pallas, therefore, of the same circle of the gods, may defend Troy with her Palladium, and a Jupiter may subvert it, in perfect harmony with the belief of both parties, Greek and Trojan bowing at the same shrine, and sacrificing at the same altar, while their interests, feelings, and objects are so different. In the "Iliad" we see no war of races, but a war of kindred tribes, provoked by unredressed injury, and ending in the just humiliation of the offending brother.

The other questions opened up, and discussed with so much subtlety of speculation, erudition, and brilliancy of style, by Mr. Gladstone, in his numerous and prolix essays, we leave untouched: they will interest the leisurely scholars of his university more than the general reading public. We would rather have followed his guidance in a genial, critical, earnest

study and exhibition of the distinctive elements that characterise Homer's poems, and raise them, without a parallel, above all succeeding poems, in his own or any tongue. The marvellous constructive skill of these epics has never yet been appreciated. Their outer splendour—the majestic rolling rhythm of the verse—the astounding wealth, the metrical power, and choral music of his language—the salient force of his metaphors, and the epic dignity of his similes—the bold statuesque profile of his characters, and the dramatic truth and force of their action—all these shining qualities have been observed and wonderingly studied, but the inner structure, the exquisite plan and framework—the *anatomie vivante*—of both poems, have as yet escaped the keen inspection and the admiration of the critic. The moral sentiment, too, which inspires and vitalises the Iliad and Odyssey with a noble life, escapes the mere critic: a Harvey needs to appear to show the red, healthful blood streaming through the body of these poems. Not without reason did the great Greek father Basil say, that the entire poetry of Homer is one lesson of virtue; or Cicero exclaim,—

“Is quid est pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,  
Planius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.”

The ungovernable rage of the son of Thetis is indeed the leading fact in the Iliad, and how it wrought disaster to Greeks and Trojans in turn; but the connexion of this fact with the fate of Troy and the will of the supreme god, is the under-current of thought which gives significance and majesty to the poet's strain. The ancients perceived this, and hence much of their critical and æsthetic delight in the poem. They saw the agency of the Omnipotent represented throughout it, as shaping human passions to the accomplishment of divine purposes; and this, to them, gave a unity, a *moral* dignity to the Iliad which, as a simple record of a quarrel between two Grecian heroes, it could not possess. *The faith of the poet*, which glorified all his work, is spoken in his ever-recurring sublime words,  $\Delta\iota\varsigma\delta'\epsilon\tau\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\iota\sigma\tau\omicron\beta\omicron\upsilon\lambda\eta$ . Nevertheless, the will of Jove was done.

Intimately and livingly connected with his religious faith, is his elevated social morality. Of course we do not judge him by the standard of the Gospel, but comparing him with all other Greek poets, he rises grandly above them, not only in the surpassing power of his genius, but in the purity of his heart. With what reverence he has pictured the deep and holy love of marriage! Andromache and Penelope will never lose the fragrance of their name as model wives and women, while woman's purity and faithfulness are admired; and the maiden modesty of his unmarried

females is quite in keeping with the noble purity of their mothers. Amid, too, the carnage and riotous bloodshed of war, all the chivalrous virtues of warriors are displayed. The simplicity, the incorruptible honour, the stanch fidelity, the ardent friendship, the gentle and sacred love of the Greek chieftains, are the counterpart of their rough tempestuous irascible tempers. It is specially observable how the entire *Iliad*, which might seem at first sight an elaborate glorification of the implacable wrath of Achilles, is in reality an account of the way in which that wrath was punished and repressed, first in being the occasion of the death of the hero's dearest friend, and secondly, in being made to give way to milder counsels with respect to the disposal of Hector's dead body. The wrath of the son of Peleus with the Greeks, issued in reconciliation; his wrath with the Trojans, issued in the restoration of their slain hero's corse; the wrath in neither case being allowed to act out its savage promptings, and being mollified or removed by incumbent considerations, in obedience to the will of Jove. This is admirable, subverts a noble moral purpose, and at the same time most ingeniously reinstates Achilles in our esteem, by transforming the brute instinct of revenge into "the late remorse of love," the relings of reasonable man.

In the language of Mr. Granville Penn, who has pursued his line of observation with signal success. "Thus, we finally attain to the height of this great argument, and plainly discover that it was Homer's object, no less than it was Milton's, TO ASSERT ETERNAL PROVIDENCE."

We cannot close without an emphatic recommendation of the study of Homer, in a good translation to all English scholars, and in the original Greek, to all capable of enjoying the exquisite rhythm of his verses, and the untranslatable propriety and beauty of his language. In no Greek composition is the language so rich, so varied, so sweet. Besides, his work is a complete classical dictionary in the historical characters he introduces, the deities and worship he describes, the geographical notices in which he abounds. He too has jotted down for us the interludes of Olympian life, the jealousies and brawls of his Zeus and Here, his Pallas and Thetis, his Hephaestus and Cyprian goddess, in such terms as forbid our deeming them earnest beliefs of the poet, notwithstanding the contrary opinion expressed by Gladstone. Homer found these deities current notions around him, and used them, just as probably he joined in their national worship, because he knew nothing better; but at the same time, with the philosophers and thoughtful men of all Greece at all periods, recognised something grander, simpler, and Almighty, far beyond the sphere of these deified mortals. The

whole company of gods were to Homer just so many stage-players, and their influence on life and on his poems were machinery, as much so as the supernatural action of the *Inferno*, the *Gierusalemme*, and the *Henriade*. No man could have written the divine poems of Homer who was not as shrewd and sensible as he was gifted with "The vision and the faculty divine." We charge him not with unbelief, in the sense of a positive and speculative rejection of the "gods many, and lords many," of the men of his nation, but give him the credit of emancipation from the thralldom of vulgar superstition, and the possession of a deeper reverence and a holier truth under the outward guise of an easy poetical half-belief in the fables of the prevailing mythology.

And his was a sunny, cheery soul, sprightly as the grasshopper in his own meadow; bright as the Mediterranean breaking in starry light upon its shores. He is all life and action, sympathy with right, admiration for the noble and beautiful in nature and life. His soul thrills to the music of his own harp, and he is an enraptured listener to himself. If it be true that in his old age he wandered in blindness from one hospitable board to another, one can easily conceive how his sightless orbs rolled, eager to realise the visions presented to his muse as he sang

"The earth, the heaven, the sea,  
The sun that rests not, and the moon full-orbed,—"

—the grace of woman and the glory of manly achievement; and how even Plato, despite his condemnation of the poets, should be forced to concede that Homer was the great preceptor of Hellas, the restrainer of vice, the inspirer of virtue.

Wherever the poet came, he charmed and taught—he taught by charming—he charmed as none before had done who had aimed to teach. Homer alone achieved this distinction to universal admiration. None shared, none contested the palm. Aoidoi, Homerids, and cyclical reciters and versifiers were in abundance, but in the most insane promptings of his ambition no rival bard claimed equality with Homer. He sang alone. Gladstone expresses this well, and with his words we close our review:—"The architects of degenerate ages think, as Bernini did of Michael Angelo, that they can improve upon their designs [those of their predecessors]; but the name of no Greek has been recorded who thought he could improve upon Homer."

## II.

## SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S LECTURES.

*Lectures on Metaphysics.* By Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Edited by the Rev. H. L. Mansel, B.D., Oxford, and John Keitch, M.A. Two Vols. Edinburgh; Blackwood & Sons.

ONLY a few years ago the question was not unfrequently asked in accomplished, learned, and even philosophical circles, "Who is Sir William Hamilton?" There was much to explain, if not to justify this inquiry. For a long time after Sir William's name was first heard on this side of the border, his reputation was of a very vague, mythical, and almost romantic kind. It was a sort of mediæval fame, such as the masters of philosophy enjoyed before the inventing of printing or the existence of publishers. The Scottish professor first became famous, like William of Champeaux and Peter Abelard, through his lectures—through the high-toned eulogies of ardent pupils who year after year crowded to his class. His early fame was thus fame in the strictest sense, and of the most literal kind—eloquent breath, musical wind, as Mr. Carlyle would call it—the many-voiced praises of enthusiastic students, who celebrated in chorus the advent of a second Aristotle, destined to correct and complete the unfinished labours of the first. Fame of this kind is essentially vague and fluctuating, and liable to great extremes. As there are no means of testing the accuracy of their reports, the eulogists have it all their own way, and their testimony naturally is very differently received by different classes. While the credulous are awed into wonder and admiration, the critical instinctively assume a position of antagonism and incredulity. They receive the high-flown panegyrics in a sceptical spirit, as at least the offspring of youthful enthusiasm, if not the actual creations of youthful fancy. The zeal of the disciples increased in proportion as the grounds of it were assailed. Hostile criticism only strengthened their confidence. Their feeling of superiority was the more secure as it was radically unassailable. They enjoyed a triumph in the proud consciousness that they were the possessors of an esoteric doctrine; repositories of new and powerful principles, whose development would create an epoch in the history of speculation. This was rather provoking to those not in the secret. Public curiosity was piqued, but not satisfied. It was scarcely to be expected that those familiar with philosophical inquiries would accept such extravagant claims second-hand, on the mere testimony of partial and prejudiced witnesses. In proportion as the claims were high, it was

the more necessary and important that they should be well supported by definite and accessible evidence. The demand for satisfactory proof of this kind was reasonable, nor was it altogether impossible to meet it. Sir William Hamilton had contributed some of his profoundest essays to the "Edinburgh Review," before his appointment to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University; but they were completely buried in the pages of the Whig "Quarterly," and remained unknown till forced into the light by the fame the writer soon acquired as a lecturer. The question, Who is Sir William Hamilton? was still further replied to by his edition of Reid's works, and more recently by his collected Discussions. Most intelligent readers can now sufficiently answer this question for themselves. Sir William Hamilton is generally known, not only as a scholar, a teacher, and a thinker, but as taking rank among the very first men of the age in each of these departments. The foremost nations of Europe have each recognised his claim to this distinguished position. Germany has celebrated the range and accuracy of his scholarship; France, the depth and penetration of his thought: while England, in her central university, has recognised his genius as a teacher by sitting humbly at his feet, and accepting the principles he taught in the spirit of sincere and zealous discipleship. Professor Brandis, the editor of Aristotle, and the profoundest authority on all subjects connected with Greek speculation that Germany has produced, speaks of Sir William as the "great master of the Peripatetic philosophy." M. Victor Cousin pronounces him to be the first metaphysician in Europe; and Dr. Mansel counts it his highest ambition to expound his system at Oxford.

What is Sir William Hamilton's system? is the more general inquiry now amongst those who, without being profoundly conversant with the subject, take a general interest in philosophical inquiries. What has he written, and where shall we find the best exposition of his system, as a whole? It is not very easy to give a satisfactory reply to the last of these questions. Sir William never wrote a book, though he projected and collected the materials for many. All his contributions to philosophy were fragmentary—discussions of isolated questions and particular points. These discussions, it is true, were exhaustive and complete. Still they were only parts which their author never connected into a systematic whole. No one was better fitted for this work than Sir William Hamilton. He had sounded the depths and shallows of every metaphysical question, knew in its minutest ramification every philosophical opinion that had ever been held, and perfectly assimilated his marvellous knowledge by the sleepless activity of an intellect, whose speculative

originality and critical power were unsurpassed. He had, in particular, given special attention to the higher philosophic questions connected with the limits of knowledge, and the conditions of thought: he had arrived in this direction at results equally new and important, and was engaged for years in collecting materials for an independent work, embodying, in a systematic form, the result of his speculations. But the book was never written. The principles it would have developed were, indeed, gradually suggested in the shape of foot-notes and appendices to various of his published fragments; but the work in which they were to have been expanded, applied, and wrought into a connected whole, remained to the last, like many other of Sir William's projected works, a project only. A glance into his published writings will be sufficient to explain this. Both his scholarship and his critical faculty combined to cripple his power of production. His amazing reading never interfered with his originality and vigour of thought, but it evidently became a snare to him as soon as he began to write. He could not be content with merely stating an opinion from one particular point of view. He was always tempted to explain not only all the forms it had assumed in the history of speculation, but all the possible varieties of which it was susceptible. These two series were generally coextensive, as most of the varieties were capable, if not at once, at least by a little research of historic verification. This work of historic verification had an especial fascination for Sir William. He delighted to track an opinion through its obscure windings up to its remotest source in the primitive regions of philosophic thought; to follow an idea from its first birth in the prolific brain of some Greek thinker to the time when in the intellect of some modern philosopher, perhaps, it had fructified into a vast system of Gothic speculation. Such inquiries combined the excitement of the chase and the stimulus of hopeful adventure, the pleasure of exertion and the interest of discovery. The difficulties that arose gave zest to the pursuit, and strengthened the resolve to persevere in spite of all obstacles. If there was a fault in the scent it must be found out, if the stream dipped out of sight its underground course must be discovered. In this way Sir William Hamilton was the Bruce of many an intellectual Nile, the Nimrod of many a speculative hunt. This exhaustive research was of course at first simply a means to an end. The history and criticism of opinions would be regarded as the most powerful instrument of scientific progress, and would be chiefly valued as helping to establish the framework of philosophic thought, as well as to correct its defects and supply its deficiencies. By degrees, however, it would unconsciously tend, like the miser's love of money, to become an end to itself. Some traces



of this influence are plainly discernible in Sir William's writings. He often follows the history of an idea in voluminous notes far beyond the point at which it serves to elucidate the text; and this is sometimes carried to such an extent that the text becomes a mere peg on which to hang a number of independent historical dissertations. This is not all, however. There are notes within notes, like Chinese puzzles, notes scientific as well as historical, notes on words as well as on things. Indeed, Sir William is always tempted to give a history, not only of every idea, but of every epithet which has ever been employed to express it. In proportion as this temptation is yielded to, of course anything like rapid progress with the work in hand is out of the question.

Sir William's critical power was equally fatal to his progress as an author. The blended strength and delicacy, the sweep and minuteness of this faculty, were marvellous. The range of its action extended from the highest objects of thought to the smallest details connected with the mechanism of its expression, from the conditions of the thinkable to the sound of a word, the shape of a letter, the position of a stop, and the length of a hyphen. As his articles astonished philosophers so his corrected proofs were a marvel amongst printers. Nothing escaped his keen and searching glance, and his corrections were more minute and exhaustive than those of any professional reader for the press. Compositors found it impossible to take any liberties with his manuscript even in the matter of pointing and spelling, which they usually consider their own province. In these directions, indeed, compositors claim rank as composers, giving form and finish to the slovenly copy that passes through their hands. They commonly look upon authors with a kind of mild compassion, as a half-saved race, gifted with a certain faculty of putting words together, but utterly ignorant of punctuation and orthography. These important deficiencies they kindly undertake to supply, and often resent with quiet pertinacity any attempt to question their assumed right, or interfere with the discharge of their self-imposed duties. It was vain, however, for them to attempt fighting the battle of vowels and diphthongs, commas and semicolons with Sir William Hamilton. He had views on the subject of points and brackets which he maintained as resolutely as the quantification of the predicate. His system of spelling and punctuation differed, however, in many particulars from that of the printers, and this occasionally produced a collision. The latter inclined to the current and the popular, while Sir William, with austere virtue, held to the classical and the correct. This difference was reflected in the discrepancies between the copy and the proof. The compositors, for example, would spell the first syllable of the word *phenomenon* with a single vowel, while

Sir William insisted on the diphthong. Phaenomenon fairly enough written in the copy would come back phenomenon in the proof; a line of diphthongs amongst the corrections would emphasise the careless or self-willed blunders, and while the majority were, of course, altered in the second proof, the cloven hoof of resistance would sometimes peep out in the retention, in one or more instances, of the single vowel. It was impossible, however, for even a comma to escape detection and expulsion if it had been smuggled in without authority. *Ex pede Herculem. Ex uno disce omnes.* What is true of the smallest was equally true, not only of the greatest but of everything that lay between these extremes. Sir William subjected whatever he did himself to the same searching and remorseless criticism he applied to others. Every step in the process of thought, from the first obscure perception of a principle to the last form of its elaborated expression, was analyzed and tested over and over again. His lofty notions of excellence in everything connected with scientific form made him excessively fastidious in arrangement and expression. After working out a point, he was rarely satisfied with the result of his labours, believing that the thought might be still further expanded, or the language rendered more forcible and exact. The result naturally was, that he shrank from finishing anything, throwing aside even his matured expositions in an unfinished state for revision and elaboration at a future day. Meanwhile, whatever he published was looked upon as simply fragmentary, imperfect, and provisional. The dissertations appended to his edition of Reid illustrate this. They are the best examples of philosophic exposition we possess, yet their author regarded them as mere supplementary notes, giving partial and isolated explanations of points hereafter to be more fully developed in their mutual connection and dependence as parts of a scientific whole. This scientific whole was the goal to which all his labours tended. He possessed the very genius of system, and was never satisfied with his speculations till they could be exhibited in their organic unity—till every part was placed in its true relation to the complete sphere of philosophic thought. But the parts were so numerous, the whole so vast, and the necessary elaboration so great, that the work was really hopeless. When it is remembered, too, that on every point the history was to run parallel to the science, and be equally minute and exhaustive, it is certainly not surprising that the plan was never carried out. Such an ideal of philosophic exposition, however admirable in itself, is wholly unfit for "such a being as man in such a state as the present." With vastly-enlarged powers, and an antediluvian term of life, something might be done towards its realization. But for mere mortals within the short span of threescore years and ten, to

execute such a work is out of the question. The scale is too vast, and the time it involves too great. They have not leisure to read through a library in order to correct a reference or verify a quotation. Lord Bacon says it is well to commit the beginning of all great works to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the end to Briareus with his hundred hands. Sir William's survey of philosophy was Argus-eyed, but unfortunately he had only a single pair of hands; and when he took up the pen to record the results of his comprehensive review, the progress was so slow and unsatisfactory that he soon threw it aside again with impatience and disgust. Hence all his more important works were postponed to that distant day which is to bring wealth to the poor, wisdom to the foolish, and power to the feeble—tomorrow. He never finished, and perhaps never seriously commenced even one of the many independent works he had projected. This list included treatises connected not only with philosophy, but with history and literature as well. In addition to his metaphysical and logical works on the Limits of Knowledge, and the New Analytic, he had undertaken others of a more general character; one, for example, on Luther and the Reformation, another on the Scaligers and the Revival of Letters, and a third on Buchanan and early Scotch Scholarship. These were favourite subjects with Sir William Hamilton: he was quite at home in them, and would have done them ample justice. For years he had been engaged in collecting materials for their illustration, often, too, from curious, out-of-the-way, and almost unknown sources. He had diligently searched and read and thought about them, done everything, in fact, except write. This last, however, was deferred till failing health rendered it hopeless. And beyond a few scattered notes in his published writings, a few pregnant memoranda amongst his papers, we question if anything remains to represent the many years of thought and labour devoted, by the first scholar and critic of the age, to subjects of universal interest and lasting importance. It is an immense and irreparable loss.

Though he never published any independent philosophical work, Sir William is, however, the author of a system destined to exert a powerful influence on the development of mental science in this country. His system, though traced only in brief notes and outlines, is nevertheless, in all essential features, complete. It consists of a body of original and exhaustive speculation on the highest problems of philosophy. These problems are briefly analysed, arranged, and reduced to a few simple laws that finally determine their position and value as objects of thought. His system was designated by its author the "Philosophy of the Conditioned," or of the Limited and Finite, as opposed to the Ab-

solute and the Infinite. While the principles of this philosophy involve the highest and most abstract laws of thought, its aim is nevertheless a comparatively humble and practical one. Its object is to check the presumption of science by clearly defining its limits. Philosophy is often represented as soaring eagle-like, in the proud consciousness of strength, towards the sun of truth, and spurning in its upward course the narrow bonds of space and time. Sir William shows that such transcendent flights are essentially impossible, by tracing with a firm but vigorous hand the bars against which the daring spirit of speculation beats its eager pinions in vain. Other inquirers have devoted themselves mainly to the problem of knowledge, but Sir William selected for special investigation the equally important one of ignorance. While they had expatiated on the range and power of our mental faculties, he signalized their weakness and limitation. He demonstrated how little we know, or ever can know, touching the highest objects of speculation. This, it may be thought perhaps, is neither a very new nor very important result, but it is, in reality, both. It is a decided step in advance. As Socrates was wiser than other men, because he knew his own ignorance, so the Philosophy of the Conditioned is in advance of other philosophies, because it frankly recognizes its own necessary limitations.

It is of the highest importance, too, as offering a satisfactory settlement of problems, many of which have been keenly debated for two thousand years. How is this accomplished? The main principle of the new system is, that only the conditioned is conceivable—that all thought lies between two contradictory extremes, neither of which is conceivable, but one of which is necessary. Now, most of the higher problems of philosophy passing beyond the mean of positive thought touch on one or both of these negative extremes, and thus postulate a knowledge of the inconceivable as a condition of their solution. Hitherto these questions, having been reduced to no general law, have been dealt with in a capricious and inconsistent manner. They have neither been scientifically solved nor scientifically rejected as insoluble. Their legitimacy has been allowed on all hands, or, at most, only inconsequently questioned as a controversial expedient. What the combatants have universally allowed, however, the fortunes of the controversy itself, however, indirectly deny. The arguments on either side have moved in a perpetual circle, and no progress whatever has been made. This surely ought to have awakened a suspicion as to the real nature of the problems themselves, and fixed attention on the previous inquiry, Are they capable of solution? Such an inquiry having never been pursued in a scientific spirit, the problems have held their ground, to the confusion of inquirers and the discredit of the science. Philosophy has become

fairly obnoxious to the reproach of failing to accomplish what it had voluntarily undertaken and professed itself able to perform. Take, for example, the well-known problem of liberty and necessity. The first step in dealing with such a question should be to determine its legitimacy. Philosophy ought to accept it as within its sphere, or reject it on scientific grounds as insoluble. Historically, it has been accepted without inquiry as a question which reason is fully competent to decide. Each party in the controversy allows that the freedom or necessity of human actions must be established, not by facts, but by arguments. There is little or no dispute about the vulgar fact of feeling free. The friends of necessity admit it as an erroneous impression which reason must correct, the advocates of freedom as a natural conviction which reason must justify. Both implicitly allow that the fact is of no value unless it can be construed to reason, or in other words, rendered intelligible; and both thus stake the acceptance of the popular belief on the success of the rival reasonings. In pursuing the argument, however, they soon become mutually involved in hopeless difficulties which each presses triumphantly home on the other. The whole argument depends on making the freedom or necessity of human actions intelligible. But we cannot conceive either of a free act that is of an absolute commencement, or of a necessary act that is of an infinite series of relative commencements. Baffled by these difficulties, the combatants fall back on the experience they had at the outset mutually agreed to reject, the one appealing to the universal consciousness of being free to choose between different courses of action, the other to the equally universal consciousness of being determined by motives. Such an appeal, however, valuable in itself, is incompetent, and even suicidal to those who had undertaken to decide the question by reasoning. It is a tacit confession of defeat. When, however, the rival reasonings are swept away by a scientific proof that the problem in itself is insoluble, the ground is cleared for a consistent and triumphant appeal to consciousness. The fact of freedom can be established both directly and indirectly in the consciousness of choice, and through those moral phenomena, such as the sense of duty, the conviction of responsibility, and the feeling of remorse which involve it. This is only a specimen, necessarily brief and imperfect, of one among the many celebrated metaphysical controversies which the philosophy of the conditioned helps to decide. This philosophy has, however, not only a speculative, but a practical bearing of the most important kind. The influence of a false philosophy is not confined to the region of pure thought in which it is elaborated. It imperceptibly descends by a thousand subtle channels till it reaches the common springs of human action, and mingles with

them often as a disturbing element of unexpected force. Metaphysical inquiry, as the highest department of science, necessarily affects every other region of human thought. Unsound philosophy is the fruitful source of what is false and worthless in morals and theology, and the speculative errors of one generation are generally reflected, to a greater or less extent, in the perverted faith and practice of the next. The ambitious systems of Pantheism, that have arisen in our own day, rest on a philosophic basis which the philosophy of the condition overturns. We need only refer to Dr. Mansel's recently-published Bampton lectures to show the important bearing of Sir William Hamilton's principles in this direction.

Beside this higher philosophy, which is peculiarly his own, Sir William elaborated systems of logic and psychology which both in substance and form contain a good deal that is original and important. These systems were expounded by Sir William to his students during his two years' course of lectures as professor of logic and metaphysics. The first year was devoted to metaphysics or experimental psychology, the second to logic. Of the latter course something is known from the public controversies in which Sir William Hamilton was involved with regard to his new doctrine of a quantified predicate. But of the former little or nothing was known beyond the reports of the students themselves. These reports were, however, as we have said, quite sufficient to excite public curiosity in a high degree. The publication of the two volumes before us, containing the first part of Sir William's course, will meet the wide-spread desire to know something more both of the teacher and the system taught. The lectures are throughout, we need scarcely say, admirable specimens of philosophic exposition—luminous and comprehensive as a whole; clear, well-ordered, and exact in every part. The first volume is perhaps the more interesting of the two. After the introductory lectures, containing a general account of philosophy, an explanation of philosophic terms, and a sketch of the philosophic sciences, it is occupied with a discussion of consciousness as the groundwork and source of psychology. Sir William first expounds its nature and special conditions, and then its more general phenomena. Under the latter head two questions are discussed, which are almost new to the philosophy of this country—Are we always conscious, is the mind always active? and is the mind ever unconsciously modified? are there such things as latent states and processes? A full reply to the first question involves a thorough examination of the curious phenomena connected with sleep and dreaming reverie, and somnambulism. The facts accumulated with regard to these states, tend directly to prove that the mind is always conscious.

Sir William gives the result of an inquiry made by M. Jouffroy, which goes to prove that the mind is really active in ordinary sleep, even when followed by no waking memory of having dreamed. What makes the difference between the new and the familiar sounds that assail us in our sleep? A countryman, on coming to London, at first cannot sleep for the noises in the street below. After a while, however, when he is become accustomed to them, he sleeps as soundly as he did in the quietness of his rural home. What makes the difference? Clearly not the senses: the ear is assailed in just the same way as before. It must, therefore, be the mind, which, watching while the senses sleep, rouses them on the occurrence of new and startling sounds; but, when fully satisfied as to their cause, leaves the senses to their repose. From these and other facts, it is concluded that in sleep the senses are torpid, but that the mind is awake; that certain of our senses continue to transmit to the mind the imperfect sensations they receive; that the mind judges these sensations; and that it is in virtue of its judgments that it awakens or does not awaken the senses. Of the curious facts which the discussion contains, the following may be given as an example:—

“ I give the case on the authority of Junker, a celebrated physician and professor of Halle, who flourished during the first half of the last century, and he says that he took every pains to verify the facts by frequent personal observation. I regret that I am unable at the moment to find the book in which the case is recorded, but of all its relevant circumstances I have a vivid remembrance. The object of observation was the postman between Halle and a town, I forget which, some eight miles distant. This distance the postman was in the habit of traversing daily. A considerable part of his way lay across a district of unenclosed champaign meadow-land, and in walking over this smooth surface the postman was generally asleep. But at the termination of this part of his road there was a narrow foot-bridge over a stream, and to reach this bridge it was necessary to ascend some broken steps. Now it was ascertained as completely as any fact of the kind could be—the observers were shrewd, and the object of observation was a man of undoubted probity—I say, it was completely ascertained: 1. That the postman was asleep in passing over this level course. 2. That he held on his way in this state without deflection towards the bridge; and 3. That just before arriving at the bridge he awoke. But this case is not only deserving of all credit from the positive testimony by which it is vouched, it is also credible as only one of a class of analogous cases which it may be adduced as representing. This case, besides showing that the mind must be active though the body is asleep, shows also that certain bodily functions may be dormant while others are alert. The locomotive faculty was here in exercise, while the senses were in slumber,

This suggests to me another example of the same phenomenon. It is found in a story told by Erasmus, in one of his letters, concerning his learned friend Oporinus, the celebrated professor and printer of Basle. Oporinus was on a journey with a bookseller, and on their road they had fallen in with a manuscript. Tired with their day's travelling—travelling was then almost exclusively performed on horseback—they came at nightfall to their inn. They were, however, curious to ascertain the contents of their manuscript, and Oporinus undertook the task of reading it aloud. This he continued for some time, when the bookseller found it necessary to put a question concerning a word which he had not rightly understood. It was now discovered that Oporinus was asleep, and being awakened by his companion, he found that he had no recollection of what for a considerable time he had been reading. Most of you, I dare say, have known or heard of similar occurrences, and I do not quote the anecdote as anything remarkable. But, still, it is a case concurring with a thousand others to prove: 1. That one bodily sense or function may be asleep while another is awake; and 2. That the mind may be in a certain state of activity during sleep, and no memory of that activity remain after the sleep has ceased. The first is evident; for Oporinus, while reading, must have had his eyes and the muscles of his tongue and fauces awake, though his ears and other senses were asleep; and the second is no less so, for the act of reading supposed a very complex series of mental energies. I may notice, by the way, that physiologists have observed, that our bodily senses and powers do not fall asleep simultaneously, but in a certain succession. We all know that the first symptom of slumber is the relaxation of the eyelids; whereas, hearing continues alert for a season after the power of vision has been dormant. In the case last alluded to this order was, however, violated; and the sight was forcibly kept awake while the hearing had lapsed into torpidity."

The discussion of latent mental states, or the unconscious modifications of the mind is still more curious and interesting; but for an explanation of this subject, we must refer our readers to the volume itself.

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### III.

#### THE FROST KING.

WHEN the planet Mars is surveyed through a telescope, a bright spot may be observed at the pole which is presented to view. This little patch seems to increase or diminish in proportion to its exposure to the sun. From the superior brilliancy of the part in question, as compared with the ruddy aspect of the orb in general, Sir William Herschel concluded that its terminal



regions are sheeted with ice whilst turned from the parent luminary; and that as winter advanced Mars draws down his hood of snow to protect him from the pinching cold.

But whatever may be the fact with regard to our neighbour, it is certain that were one of his inhabitants (if he has inhabitants) to turn his eyes to the earth (if he has eyes to turn), and to examine us through a telescope (if he has a telescope to employ), he would perceive that the tips of our little star exhibit a more glistening appearance than the intermediate portions; and in case the observer were a philosopher, he would probably infer that we, too, wore a head-dress of snow, which expanded or contracted as the particular extremity dipped into or issued out of the long wintry night.

Now it is in these regions, amid the ice-built glittering palaces, the grim-palled sepulchres, or the wide white deserts of our polar zones, that the ærial wizard monarch reigns, whose title we have presumed to place at the head of this paper, and some of whose humorous and characteristic freaks it is our present humour to describe. There are some who hail the great Frost King with the most irreverent but not unloving title Jack Frost, and who, as they mention his name, think involuntarily of roaring fires, snap-dragon, and Christmas jollity within doors; and of mountain snowballs, flying skates, and shrouded fields out of doors.

Yearly he makes his raid upon us from his own secure and inaccessible retreat: the blast of his breath chills the air and foretells his coming. To resist his onset is impossible; and so we seek to welcome him as a friend; and to many, while to others he is mercilessly cruel, he is a merry monarch. With what wild glee the apple-cheeked boys rush out of school to scamper noiselessly over the fresh-laid snow, and to pelt each other with snowballs! And with cosy confidence the family group creep close round the fire that night. Home is homelier; wit is brighter; love is fonder; minds are stronger; hearts are freer in the winter than in the summer. Under the iron reign of our king, therefore, while we do not forget the shivering bodies and the fireless homes of the very poor, we believe there is more noble happiness than in the mild voluptuous ease of warmer days. And there is beauty, too,

“ When Christmas revels in a world of snow  
And bids her berries blush and carols flow,  
Her spangling shower when Frost the wizard flings,  
Or, borne on ether blue, on viewless wings  
O’er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,  
And gems with icicles the sheltering eaves.

We do not envy the soul of him who does not feel a thrill of

exultation on the first wintry morning, when, on gazing o'er the landscape, he sees

"The cherished fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white."

Every healthful boy knows this ecstasy, and every healthful man will renew his juvenile transport as he sees the wild dashing waste of snow. There is a gloomy magnificence in a snowstorm—when the air is darkened, and through its dim light you see, far as the eye can pierce, the endless rapid whirling fall of the broad airy flakes; but in the morning, when the upper heavens, having discharged their thick fleecy burdens, are again brilliantly blue, and the sun's light flashes back from the glistening, spotless snow, there is a fascinating, cheerful beauty in the panorama to which few are insensible.

"The snow, the snow, 'tis a pleasant thing  
To see it falling, falling  
Down upon earth with noiseless wing  
As at some spirit's calling.  
Each flake's a fairy parachute  
From teeming clouds let down;  
And earth is still and air is mute  
As frost's enchanted zone."

Truly a pleasant thing to see, and a noiseless. But did it ever occur to any of our readers to inquire what might be the noise and commotion, if by any means a mechanical obstacle were to be, or could be, presented to the formation of this snow—this quiet, soft, harmless, flaky sheet? Let us examine. Each flake of snow is made up of a multitude of little hexagonal or stellar crystals of ice, or congealed water. Suppose we take a vessel of water and cool it down gradually: it may fall some degrees below the freezing-point ( $32^{\circ}$  F.) without solidifying, if it be kept perfectly motionless during the process. But touch it, or shake it ever so gently, and it shoots into crystals and becomes solid ice immediately, the temperature rising to  $32^{\circ}$  again. All this is done very noiselessly and peacefully: but we must inquire further. It is the property of cold to contract bodies exposed to its influence, as, conversely, heat expands them: the mercury or the spirit in the thermometer contracts and expands with much uniformity, in accordance with the diminution or increase of temperature. Is it so with this water? We put it in a bottle, fill it, and cork it tightly up;—now we freeze it, and our bottle bursts. But we may try again; we may make a strong hollow brass or iron globe, and fill it with water; then, having closed the opening with a tightly-fitting screw, we may

expose this to be frozen. Brass or iron fares but as the brittle glass;—no matter how thick the shell, the expansive power of congealing water is too great for it. This experiment was tried at Florence, and the force which this innocent, noiseless process of congelation had exerted in bursting the containing vessel was calculated at 28,000 pounds. But, in truth, it appears to be resistless—the strongest solid rock might be rent by a teaspoonful of water properly applied. We may, then, form some slight conception of the enormous forces in operation during the fall of even a few flakes of snow,\* and what a contrast the slightest change in the action of natural laws would produce—when these forces, now so silently repressed as

“Thro’ the hush’d air the whitening shower descends,”

might explode in destructive thunderous fury.

Those who have spent one winter in our country know the implacable enmity which the genius of that season, our Frost King,

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\* The relations of cold to water are worthy of a little further investigation, presenting, as they do, one of those remarkable provisions of Providence, of incalculable importance to man, which appertain to no general laws as yet discovered. We have before stated the generally well-known law, that bodies (fluid and solid) contract in proportion to the reduction of temperature—a bar of metal or any other substance is palpably *less* at zero than at 500°. Now, supposing this to hold good throughout all the variations of temperature in water, the results would be most seriously fatal to the constitution of our earth. For instance, the water of our deep rivers we will suppose to be cooling down towards 32° (the freezing-point): all the coldest water becoming more and more dense would seek the lowest strata, and the first congelation would take place at the bottom, instead of the surface as now; and before any ice appeared at the top, the whole stream would be solid and obstructed. A converse process would go on during the summer; but ice being a bad conductor of heat, and this being applied only to the surface, it is highly probable that once frozen, any tolerably deep stream would never thaw or become navigable again; it is nearly certain that such rivers as our Thames would rarely be navigable, if ever, after one congelation.

But this is obviated by a peculiarity which appertains only to water, iron, and one or two other less important substances. Water decreases in bulk down to 40° F.; but after this it begins to expand *slowly*; and at 32°, if solidification take place then, this solidification is accompanied by another *sudden* expansion, amounting, according to some authorities, to one-seventh of its bulk; to others, about one-twentieth; the latter is most probably correct. And thus the water of a river or lake obeys the general law, of the coolest portion sinking to the bottom, until the temperature reaches 40°; but after this the cooling goes on on the surface chiefly, and the ice first appears there, and is propagated downwards.

It is a remarkable fact that iron presents this expansion also on cooling from the melted state. Gold, silver, and copper contract on solidifying; so that coins formed of these metals cannot be cast, but must be stamped; but iron runs freely into moulds, and by expanding at the moment of solidification, it fills them completely, and makes perfect casts. With the exception of bismuth, no other bodies are known with certainty to conform to this law.

bears to Heat. As little caloric as possible is allowed in his dominions; the old feud of chaos which Milton describes has not yet ceased—

“For *hot, cold, moist, dry*, four champions fierce,  
Strain here for mastery, and to battle bring  
Their embryo atoms.”

It is owing to this, when *cold* has gained the mastery, the liquids are stiffened into solids, for their caloric is expelled. A certain quantity of heat, specific to each substance, is requisite for their continuance, in the fluid condition; and when it is drained away the cohesive attraction of the particles brings them into such close connection, that they will no longer slide over each other, as was the case before, and a compact, well-knitted body is the result. Arctic voyagers, when opening a bottle of sherry or port, have frequently found the wine reduced to a state in which a knife and fork might be properly employed instead of a glass or a tumbler. At  $15^{\circ}$  or  $20^{\circ}$  below zero rum becomes so thick and so treacly, that it can scarcely be poured out of the vessel in which it is kept. King Frost is still more hard upon Sir John Barleycorn; for the merry knight is easily stupefied, and, consequently, instead of tapping a barrel of ale, you might have to chop up its contents with an axe. The solidification of mercury is also a provoking proceeding; for when this takes place, the metal in the tube of a thermometer is as useless for meteorological purposes as the black-lead in a pencil. Pure and unadulterated alcohol\*—if anything pure and unadulterated can be obtained in this world—has hitherto resisted the fiercest cold which has been encountered. And that precious fluid, the human blood, though it naturally congeals at a few degrees below the freezing-point of water when it has been spilt, yet holds out against all the assaults of the Frost King so long as it is kept within the living frame; for whilst there, its

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\* There is something peculiar in this, and worthy of remark. *Æther*, which is a pure hydro-carbon—i.e., a combination simply of hydrogen and carbon—may be frozen; but alcohol, which, chemically considered, consists of one atom of *æther* and one of water, resists all attempts to solidify it. The addition of water, which is readily congealed, does modify the relations of other bodies to temperature very remarkably. One instance of this is afforded by sulphuric acid: at sp. gr. 977, it freezes at  $1^{\circ}$  F., i. e.,  $31^{\circ}$  below the freezing-point of water. If it be reduced by the addition of water to sp. gr. 948, it freezes  $58^{\circ}$  below that point. If further reduced to sp. gr. 846, the freezing-point rises to  $10^{\circ}$  above that of water; but still further reduced to 758, it falls again to  $77^{\circ}$  below that of water. There is no known law applicable to these phenomena. It is also worthy of note that as there is but one liquid that resists freezing, so there is but one solid that resists melting: except those which are destroyed chemically in the attempt. The one is alcohol, a hydro-carbon, the other is pure carbon, the diamond, which has never yet been fused.

liquidity is maintained by the gentle warmth which perpetually streams from the portable furnace fitted within the body, and whose fires are only extinguished in death.\*

The powers of the Frost King, which are so pervasive and potent, are, however, restrained. If they were not, even the gases would be reduced to a fluid, or even solid condition. Carbonic acid would fall in flakes of mephitic snow, and the air which now supplies our lungs might serve the stomachs of another race of inhabitants who should drink as we breathe it. Fortunately, the temperature of the existing geological era has been fixed at such an average point, and the range of the thermometer confined within such admirable limits, that all the popular fluids of the planet are available in their natural form, and rarely require to be sawn or melted.

Again, let it be remarked that King Frost is no friend to vegetation. His *flora* is scarcely worth mentioning. During the short summer of the high latitudes he permits a few flowers—saxifrages ranunculi, anemones, &c.—to impart a hectic flush to his otherwise pallid landscapes. Lichens and mosses he treats with some degree of consideration, for, containing as they do a large quantity of nutritious material, they afford some forage for deer and other animals when all other resources fail. But the way in which the snow-robed monarch deals with trees is particularly marked. As you approach his dominions, the magnificent timber of the temperate zones is succeeded by the pine and fir, whose slim feathery forms contrast so strikingly with the spreading branches and huge domes of foliage which characterize the giants of the midland glades. Even in our own island the change in forest physiognomy is very decided. Who has not heard of Dr. Johnson's savage *mot* upon the state of Scotch vegetation? When told that our northern brethren would probably hang him in effigy for his numerous sarcasms upon the nation, "Sir," said he, "I would almost give them leave to do it in reality, if they could only find a tree fit for the purpose."

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\* The resistance of vitality to cold is one of the most interesting points connected with this subject. Man can live in the tropics or at the poles, a difference of temperature embracing about 140 or 150° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. And not only can he live, but he can preserve his temperature: of course in the arctic regions his skin feels uncomfortably cold, and would indicate some fall of temperature to the thermometer; but this instrument held in the mouth in these regions and in the tropics would mark but a very slight variation from the ordinary heat of the human frame. It is also found that almost any amount of *still* cold can be borne without much discomfort after some inuring to it; but if a breeze arises, the sensation becomes almost intolerable, even though, at the same time, the temperature rises as much as 40° or 50°, as from—40° F. to zero, or even to above that mark.

Some of the natives of our own woods really do venture to show themselves within the peculiar jurisdiction of King Frost. But it is done timidly, apologetically, as much as to say, "We know we take a great liberty in presuming to grow in these parts, but we will conduct ourselves modestly, and endeavour to occupy as little room as possible." And certainly to look at the birch, for instance, we should scarcely be able to recognise an old acquaintance in the stunted, puny shrub which answers to that appellation in the solitudes of Norway or Lapland. There, it is so far curtailed in its dimensions, that it becomes positively ridiculous. Never perhaps a portly tree, even in the most favourable climates, it is yet available to some extent with us for purposes of timber, and every one knows how valuable it has proved in the administration of discipline to children. But in the countries just mentioned a full-grown birch may not exceed two or three feet in height, so that a person can stride over a specimen without difficulty, or even trudge through a forest as Gulliver would do through a Lilliputian wood.

The willow, again, is still more pinched in its proportions, for in some localities it is so crushed by the cold that an entire specimen—roots, stem, and boughs—might be lodged in a saucer. Mr. Miles, a bouncing American traveller, full of the stars and stripes, describes his astonishment on encountering a specimen of a forest tree in Iceland. It was the very tallest and bulkiest he had seen in the whole region. It stood in the governor's garden, and was looked up to as a vegetable of great consequence. And pray what was the stature of this northern giant? It was not *less* than five or six feet high, and its trunk would have made a good walking-stick if it had only been straight!

In like manner, in the temperate and frigid zones, which appear as we ascend the slopes of mountains, plants decrease both in size and numbers, trees become stunted, and disappear, shrubs follow, and at the region of perpetual snow only mosses and lichens remain. At the base of tropical mountains we find the region and climate of palms and bananas; ascending about 5,000 feet, we have the climate of tree ferns and figs, corresponding to tropical zones; higher still we find myrtles and laurels, the flora of the sub-tropical climate; next come the evergreen trees, the natives of warm temperate regions; then succeed European trees, those of the colder temperate regions; then the pines (about 12,000 feet above the sea level) belonging to the sub-arctic zone; then the quasi-arctic zone presents to us the rhododendrons; succeeded by alpine plants, a few *compositæ* and *umbelliferae*, mosses, lichens, and barrenness. The upper limit of shrubs is marked by the *Befarias*, the rhododendrons, in the Andes, at an elevation of 13,420 feet; and on the Himalayas, the *tama*,

a species of broom, flourishes at an altitude of 17,000 feet, and vegetation is continued even 1000 feet higher.

The distribution of animal life follows the same laws; but the subject is too extensive to be more than alluded to here. Cold latitudes and zones are not more favourable to these than to vegetables: those genera which are native to warmer climates degenerate in size when transplanted to colder ones; and the representative species are, as a rule, smaller in the latter than the former, though occasionally they are more hardy. Familiar illustrations of this are found in the Shetland pony, and in the Highland sheep and cattle, all stunted and dwarfed in comparison with their English congeners. As to the human race, a recent writer in the "British Quarterly" observes that "in both the arctic and antarctic regions the human race falls much below its ordinary height; the Laplander and Esquimaux are very short; and the Terra del Fuegians who go naked in a cold latitude, are described by Darwin, as so stunted and hideous that one can hardly make one's self believe they are fellow-creatures." But whatever changes of constitution may accrue in obedience to cold, human and animal life may not be expelled. Oxen graze on the Alps at a height of 8000 feet—the chamois and steinbok ascend a thousand feet higher—the goat of Cashmere ranges from 10,000 to 13,000 feet above the sea level—the Pamir sheep is found 15,600 feet high, or even occasionally 17,000 feet, bounding lightly over the frozen snows at an altitude where man can scarcely breathe; and the llama ranges the bleak and rocky precipices of the Cordillera de los Andes at a height of 18,000 feet. Man, of course, is a cosmopolite, though these are by no means his *milieux de predilection*.

Perhaps the most paradoxical property of cold is, that in some cases it burns and blisters.

"The parching air

Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire."

Take up a British snowball, and it simply chills the hand: take up a British cannon-ball, and if the weather be frosty it produces the same result, though in a more painful proportion. But let the place be the polar circle, with the temperature at forty or fifty degrees below zero, and on grasping the iron missile you would experience a sensation of intense heat. And this would be no mere fancy. Looking at your fingers you would find them seared almost as effectually as if you had seized a mass of glowing metal. Why is this? It seems as absurd as it would be to attempt to fire a magazine with an icicle. But a little consideration will explain the fact. Metal is a rapid conductor of heat. A warm body imparts its caloric to a cold one, until both are brought to the same level of

temperature. When, therefore, the hand touches the ball, the caloric passes out so copiously that it blisters the skin where it is in contact with the iron ; whilst, on the other hand, a substance which is an imperfect transmitter of heat sucks it in so slowly that no inflammatory consequences are perceived. An Esquimaux of any experience would no more venture to take up a bullet with his bare fingers when the weather was at its worst—and those pilfering rascals rarely hesitate to commit a little snug larceny—than a hostile Spaniard would have ventured to touch one of General Elliott's heated shot at the siege of Gibraltar.

Even when the temperature is not such as to produce these scorching effects, the wizard king of the ice-world indulges in many a curious prank. When a traveller, for instance, has lifted a drinking-can to his lips without due preparation the skin has been known to peel off and adhere to the rim of the vessel when withdrawn. A carpenter whilst erecting a wooden hut with gloved hands, put some nails in his mouth, according to the custom of the craft : they were instantly glued to the flesh as if it had been lined with bird-lime, and the poor fellow tore away a good strip of his flesh in removing them. Jack Frost once played an ugly trick on a sailor in the Northern Seas. Having to convey a bottle of liquor from a warm cabin to a hut on the shore, the unsuspecting mariner thrust in one of his fingers to prevent the fluid being spilled in the transit, but on attempting to extract this extempore bung, he discovered that it was fast frozen into the neck. Measures were taken to release it, but his sufferings were so great, in consequence, that amputation was ultimately required. Another sailor, whose hands had been benumbed, plunged them into a basin of cold water, the surface of the liquid was instantly frozen over by these human icicles, and though every attention was paid him he was compelled to sacrifice a part of four fingers on the one hand and three on the other.

Frost, too, appears to have a great aversion to beards and moustaches, for the hair becomes stiff like porcupine's quills, and each particular hair wears its coating of ice, while the skin that is covered by them becomes painfully tender. One explorer says that he and his companions, having folded their shawls and handkerchiefs round their mouths at the commencement of a sledge excursion found them so firmly attached to their beards at the conclusion, that they had to cut off the latter in order to free themselves from the wrappings. Some sailors who wintered in Spitzbergen, relate that one of them thrust his feet so near the embers that his stockings were burnt before he was conscious of any warmth. When they washed their linen in hot water it froze as soon as it was removed, and whilst a handkerchief might



be as stiff as a board on one side the other would probably be steaming merrily before the fire.

The effect of cold, too, upon the human breath is somewhat striking. "At a little distance," says an observer, "it looked like the smoke of a musket just fired, and a party of men working on the ice appeared to be enveloped in a white cloud." Sleeping in their canvas tents, almost as closely packed as herrings in a cask, arctic adventurers have found their blankets or felt bags powdered with snow when they arose, and have even seen the delicate white particles descending from the roof in a shower of crystalline flakes. What was this but the vapour exhaled from the lungs? Can the reader exactly realize the idea of sighs and suspirations being converted into ice—chopped with a hatchet—and carried away in tubs or buckets? "The severe weather," says Parry, "had been the means of keeping in a solid state all the vapour which had accumulated and frozen upon the ship's sides on the lower deck. The late mildness, however, having caused a thaw to take place below, it now became necessary immediately to scrape off the coating of ice; and it will perhaps be scarcely credited that we this day removed above one hundred buckets-full, each containing from five to six gallons, being the accumulation which had taken place in an interval of less than four weeks. It may be observed that this vapour must principally have been produced from the men's breath and from the steam of their victuals during meals." Might not a credulous person be held somewhat excusable if he accorded a slight amount of faith to the story of the country where the cold was so great in winter that it froze the words of the inhabitants the moment they were uttered, the consequence being that when the warm weather returned the congealed sentences shared in the thaw, and forthwith there arose a mighty thunder of babbling in the air? And had not Baron Munchausen some adventure of a similar complexion with a horn which began to play most vigorously on being brought into a warm temperature, a tune it seems having been frozen up in its brazen interior?

Sometimes the Frost King attacks a traveller's eyes. He strikes him blind for a season. The reflection from the white landscape—from the pure unsullied snow of a region whose atmosphere is never gorged with soot—is so intense that the vision frequently breaks down under the protracted glare. Hence it has been no uncommon thing for arctic sledge parties to return to their ships guiding some of their companions like led horses. What would the world have been—retaining our present organs—if instead of the sweet green which carpets its surface so largely, the livery of the planet always had been a brilliant white? Would not our eyes have been dimmed and darkened with excess of

light, unless the whole human race did its work by night or wore smoked spectacles if it continued abroad by day?

Other organs, too, are assailed, as well as the eyes; the nose, being prominent, is first attacked; mildly, we admit, as to the mode—*suaviter in modo*—but severely enough as to the result. In fact, the ostensible tenderness with which the frost handles the traveller's nose, is a treacherous manoeuvre to effect its complete destruction. Were he to lay hold of it with force and arms, giving it a wrench which inflicted considerable torture, the sufferer would instantly take measures for its protection from further outrage. But this would not suit the purposes of the wily assailant. He wants to kill your splendid aquiline organ outright, if he possibly can. Accordingly, he touches it gently with his icy fingers, and benumbs it so gradually that its vitality is slowly undermined, and, long ere you are aware, your nose may be dead on your face.\*

In fact, the Frost King trusts greatly to his soporific power over the human system. In administering a strong dose of cold ice, he knows that he administers a deadly opiate. During one of Captain Cook's expeditions, a party of individuals landed at Tierra del Fuego for the purpose of exploring. Having ascended a hill, the snow began to fall, and obscured the air so completely that they could not tell how to work their way back to the beach. Finding that they might have to pass the night without protection, the surgeon, Dr. Solander, cautioned the little company against indulging in any tendency to drowsiness. He implored them to keep in constant motion; for whoever, said he, sat down would assuredly sleep, and whoever slept would probably perish. Like a flock of bewildered sheep, they wandered to and fro in the darkness, when one of the party declared that he must lie down and rest. Who was it? No other than the doctor himself. Drugged by the cold, he flung himself upon the ground, and, spite of the remonstrances of his comrades, was soon buried in slumber, seemingly as deep as death. Another of the band, a negro, shortly fell beneath the frost, and lay like a corpse on the snow. Part hastened on, and managed to kindle a fire at a sheltered spot, after which they returned

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\* Beaupré relates:—"I perceived one day on a journey that two officers, prisoners of war and my companions in misfortune, had the points of their noses of a horn white, the colour of old wax. I warned them, and frictions of snow were sufficient to remove this first stage of congelation, which they had not suspected. But what appeared to them very singular was, that while I gave them advice, I myself needed the same; my nose was in the same condition; *sibi non cavere et aliis consilium dare*. From that moment we were on the alert; we kept on our guard; and that we might not fall victims to a security alike fatal and involuntary, each begged his neighbour, on terms of reciprocal service, to watch over his nose and ears."

for their companions. The surgeon was roused with difficulty, and slowly revived; but the poor black, and another of the troop, were sleeping the sleep which knows no waking, and dreaming dreams which are more stirring and startling than the greatest events of this shadowy life.

Where, however, the Frost King abstains from seizing his victims at once, he frequently assails them both physically and mentally, by sap and mine. He may tolerate a few Esquimaux and Greenlanders in his snowy wastes, grudgingly enough, but woe be to the sons of the South if they venture to quarter themselves for any length of time in the neighbourhood of the metropolis of cold. The rigour of the climate, the long darkness of winter, the want of generous food and constant exercise, all concur in disordering the frame, and debilitating the intellect. The condition in which Lieut. Bedford Pim found the crew of the "Investigator," after their three years' imprisonment in the ice at Baring's Land, shows how body and mind may be mauled by the insidious hostilities of frost. "The stern reality now presented itself:—One officer, subject to periods of mental aberration; one man in a state of dementia, or imbecility, his condition and appearance rendered still more pitiable from severe frost-bite of the fingers; two men carried on the sledges, the one with scurvy, the other with urinary disease and inflammation of the leg; the remainder all more or less affected with scorbutic disease and debility, as indicated to the spectator in the tottering gait, attenuated form, and care-worn expression of countenance." Equally touching was the position of Dr. Kane's party after a second winter in Rensselaer Harbour, the brig being converted into an hospital, and most of the men lying helpless in their berths. So terribly had hardship told upon their frames, that when the first officer, Brookes, surveyed himself in a looking-glass, he burst into tears at his altered and haggard aspect. In some instances the mind appears to suffer from a peculiar species of affection. The Snow King smites it with a drunken sort of madness. "The effect," so writes Parry, "which exposure to severe frost has in benumbing the mental as well as the corporeal faculties was very striking in this man as well as in two of the young gentlemen who returned after dark. When I sent for them into my cabin, they looked wild, spoke thick and indistinctly, and it was impossible to draw from them a rational answer to any of our questions. After being on board for a short time, the mental faculties appeared gradually to return with the returning circulation, and it was not till then that a looker-on could easily persuade himself that they had not been drinking too freely."

A number of Dr. Kane's followers whilst retracing their steps to the vessel, after relieving some of their comrades, seemed to

lose their wits entirely. In their frenzy the men ate snow, though it burnt and excoriated the lips; their voices sank into inarticulate mumblings; they reeled along with a vacant stare like sots; they were utterly unconscious of the arrival of help from the ship, and when they reached it, and had tumbled into their beds instinctively with all their clothing upon them, the whole troop broke out into raving delirium, so that for two days the brig presented the appearance of a perfect madhouse. The very dogs attached to Kane's expedition were seized with brain disease and perished in a state of apparent lunacy.

Perhaps, however, one of the most signal illustrations of the power of the Frost King was presented by the French army of 1812. Out of that magnificent host which crossed the Muscovite frontier in June only a small remnant returned in December, flying like deer before the awful hunter who had left his icy palace in the North to join in the chase of the invaders. Sharper than the spears of the Cossacks were the darts which he launched from his quiver. Deadlier than iron ball and leaden bullet were the soft flakes of snow which fell on the routed band. Happy those who escaped not only the sabres of the dragoon but the keener scimitars of the frost. Few more hideous spectacles have been witnessed than the vehicles which began to pour into the friendly towns in Poland laden with the victims of a Russian winter. Some poor wretches there were whose eyes had been eaten out with cold: some whose lips had been peeled from their jaws, leaving the naked gums and grinning teeth revoltingly displayed: some whose noses had been shorn from their faces as if with a razor: some whose fingers had snapped from their hands like sticks of ice; and not a few whose feet had frozen in their boots and become as lifeless as the leather in which they were encased. Cart-loads of mangled men, each bearing upon his form or in his countenance some mark of the fury of the climate, told how perilous a thing it was to beard the Lord of the Snow world unarmed and unprotected.\* "I could not help it freezing!" was the bitter exclamation of Napoleon to the Abbé de Pradt when he reached Warsaw, and discovered too late that he had enemies against whom neither cannon nor courage could avail.

But let us not close this flying glance at some of the proceedings of the Frost King without acknowledging that he can do good as well as inflict ill. He serves no insignificant or useless purpose in the economy of creation, and plays his part in many of the great processes of nature.

One of the most important functions of frost, so far as we are

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\* Further illustrations are found in Xenophon, and in Quintus Curtius' "History of Alexander the Great."

concerned, appears to be the breaking up of the clods in the ploughed fields, so as to prepare the ground for the reception and nurture of the seed, in a manner which no mechanical contrivance could effect. The hard lumps of clayey earth become permeated throughout by water, and this freezing, expands and bursts the soil into small fragments, thus saving an infinity of mechanical trituration. The snow also, overlying the earth, in which is the seed or the sprouting plant, serves as a (comparatively) warm blanket and defence against the extreme rigours of the storm.

Frost is likewise employed in wearing down rocks and pulverizing them till they become fit for soil. He is, moreover, launching constantly whole fleets of icebergs, with their cargoes of cold, and despatching them to the southerly seas to temper the air, equalize the climate of the ocean, and strew its bed with the stones and gravel which will one day become dry land. Far aloft, the heated winds of the tropics are travelling to the poles to cool themselves in those frigid altitudes, and back they will return to mitigate the fires of the equator and keep the atmosphere mild and refreshed. The feverish glow of the line is literally held in check by the congealed masses which are preserved in the great austral and boreal granaries of frost.

Another most interesting and important function of cold is its antiseptic or preservative property. Every one knows how long meat, game, and other eatables may be preserved in ice undecomposed, far better than in the most elaborately-constructed sealed canisters. But the extent of this conservative influence is so great as to appear at first sight scarcely credible. There are well-authenticated instances of the bodies of animals belonging to long-since extinct species being found in a nearly-perfect state, imbedded in the huge masses of ice in the arctic and sub-arctic regions. In 1799, a Tungusian fisherman observed, during the gradual melting down of an ice-rock, a mighty shapeless mass, which month after month became more exposed. This proved to be a mammoth, all perfect, skin, flesh, eyes, ears, trunk, tusks, and bones. The mammoth is an extinct elephant, and how many ages this specimen had been imbedded here it is not possible to say with accuracy. However, seven years afterwards, when the dogs, wolves, and other wild beasts had fed upon its flesh it was visited by Mr. Adams, who found parts of the flesh, still good, abundance of skin and tendon, and the eyes with the pupils (*he says*) still visible. The entire skeleton of this animal is now in the museum of the Academy at St. Petersburg; and part of its skin and hair is in the museum of the College of Surgeons in London.

The other pleasant and healthful notices and uses of cold, let the curler or the skater, returned from his exercise—the con-

fectioner who keeps his ice-house—the astronomer whose speculum reflects the starlight on a clear wintry night—and, lastly, the dentist who has discovered it to be the best anæsthetic agent,\* *each* honestly speak for himself. The Frost King is no enemy but a friend of man.

## IV.

## TOWN AND FOREST.

## CHAPTER IX.

## TRANQUIL VALE.

Far in the windings of a vale,  
Fast by a sheltering wood,  
The safe retreat of health and peace,  
A rural mansion stood.

ELLEN, meanwhile, was viewing with delight the gay tokens of advancing autumn in Kent, where the trees, though shedding stray leaves, were yet well clothed, and the weather was delightful. She and the children took so much exercise, morning and afternoon, that they returned in a glow, and did not dream of being cold. Late in the evening, however, when the glow had passed off, and the house was shut up, Ellen was not sorry to have a bright little wood fire.

Sometimes in her walks, while the young ones were busy gathering nuts and blackberries, she strayed slowly along, thinking of the picturesque lives of the three men in Epping Forest; or of charming Guli Springett and Thomas Ellwood, who might never, she suspected, have joined the Quakers but for her fascination. Then she thought, supposing the cause to be a righteous one, how far may a woman's influence be innocently exerted?—and again, how was Ellwood's disrespectful conduct to his father to be regarded? Was it resolution, or was it obstinacy? Resolution in a good cause is obstinacy in a bad one.

She was now deep in the earlier part of Southey's *Life of John Wesley*; and was reading, with profound interest, the account of that comical ghost called by them Geoffrey, who disturbed the Wesley family so much by his unaccountable noises. Unaccounted-for, rather than unaccountable; she believed the whole affair to have been got up by some mischievous person or persons, probably in league with one of the servants, who played upon the credulity of the simple-hearted family.—She closed the book and went to bed. It had kept her up rather later than usual; and Mrs. Quain and Kitty were not sorry to hear her go up-stairs. She went to bed

\* A short time ago a gentleman had seven teeth removed, and a lady thirteen, under the influence of cold, without suffering any pain during the process, the experiment being conducted under the inspection of a Committee of the Royal Society of Arts at Edinburgh, appointed for the purpose.

and to sleep, without dreaming of ghosts; and, after some hours, apparently of rest, was awake by what seemed the low grumble of voices in the next room. She listened, and then heard something dragged heavily along the floor.

Now, the next room was Mr. Meeke's; and, under Mr. Meeke's bed, was his plate-chest, which, it would seem, was being slowly dragged out. Ellen hastily arose, slipped on her dress, seized an umbrella, and cautiously opened the door between the two rooms.

She had covered her night-light, so that she stood unnoticed in the dark. On a table near Mr. Meeke's bedroom-window, which was wide open, stood a dark lantern; by the rays of which a man inside the window was raising the plate-chest to the window-ledge, where another man, standing outside on a ladder, was waiting to receive it. The lantern-light fell full on the man outside, so that Ellen, looking fixedly at him, was certain she should know him anywhere again. The other had his back to her, and his face was in shade.

"Now then, Pharaoh, king of Egypt," muttered he, "heave it up, and be off, and I'll step back for the lantern."

"Hold hard—I haven't got it," said the other, and, at the same instant, his eye fell on Ellen. She instantly saw she was discovered, and, without giving him time to profit by it, she darted forward and gave the man who was just preparing to pass his leg over the window-sill, such a well-directed *poke* in the back with her umbrella, that he instantly pitched out head over heels, giving her a frightful look of rage and terror, which she thought would stick by her for life. An awful crash on the gravel beneath was next heard, and, terrified as she was at the results of her own work, she thought there was no use in doing things by halves, and therefore, taking hold of the ladder, sent it after them. Then she looked out, and dimly made out a dark mass below; but a stone flung at her by a vengeful hand so nearly hit her in the eye, that she hastily retreated, and, running out to the landing-place, seized the strong crimson cord of the dinner-bell, and began ringing a continuous peal. This bell, which swung beneath a little pent-house on the roof, was excellent for alarming a neighbourhood at midnight, though hitherto best known by the somewhat contemptuous title of the "Squire's mutton-chop bell." However, it was clear that the squire could not be ringing for mutton-chops at that time of night, even had he been at home: therefore, many a clownish head was unwillingly raised from its pillow, to consider what that there bell might mean; and a few clownish bodies proceeded furthermore to dress and turn out into the darkness, to ascertain the nature of the alarm.

Meanwhile, the children had sprung, in terror, from their beds, and were clustering round Ellen, crying and sobbing, while Mrs. Quain and Kitty, one as white as ashes, the other as red as a peony, were flying to the rescue.

Mrs. Quain, on learning the nature of the alarm, cried, "Oh the wretches!" and flew to the open window. Down below lay the ladder and the chest; but the rogues were off. Scared, no doubt, by the bell, they had limped away together.

A great confusion of tongues ensued: Ellen was excited, the children were excited, Mrs. Quain and Kitty were excited. Ellen rapidly told her story, and then went on ringing; while Mrs. Quain and Kitty peered into one room after another, declaring they were afraid to go down-stairs. All this while, it should be mentioned, Neptune was barking tremendously; and had done so all along; but he so continually barked at a rat, or what people called a rat because they did not know what else he *could* be barking at, that, like Cassandra, his warnings were in vain. All at once, a great knocking was heard at the front-door. Mrs. Quain immediately began to tremble like a leaf: Kitty flew at the bell, and was going to ring it frantically, when Ellen stopped her and said, "It may be somebody come to help us—we must hear what they have to say."

To the window proceeded the whole *posse comitatis*; and Ellen boldly cried out—

"Who's there?"

"Who's there?—Why, farmer Brett and his son Dick," cried a rough voice. "We wants to know what in the world you mean by ringing us up out of our warm beds. Why, I should think they must ha' heard ye at Tunbridge Wells."

"The house has been broken into," responded Ellen; "and Mr. Meeko's plate-chest has been carried off by the robbers."

"O, that's a different thing," said the farmer, very seriously. "Hallo! I've a' near broke my shins over a big box down here under the window."

"Yes, that's it—I frightened them away, before they could carry it off. Please, bring it in: we'll come down and open the door."

"Hum! you're a girl with your wits about you," muttered the farmer. "Give us a hand, Dick."

"Here's a ladder, father," says Dick, tripping over it, and taking a flying leap to escape falling.

As soon as Mrs. Quain, closely followed by all the others, had opened the house-door, the two men brought in the heavy chest, and set it down with no small triumph. Next they brought in the ladder, which they examined curiously, thinking it might be a clue to the thieves.

"Hey, why it's ourn!" exclaimed Dick, with surprise and disgust—"Here's the third rung I broke yesterday and spliced with a piece of cord.—You mind it, father?"

"Surely," replied farmer Brett. "Well, to be sure, one *does* come from home to learn news! We shall carry back more than we brought out. I should like to give the lad as meddled with this a good leathering. I suppose, miss, you didn't see enough of either of 'em to know 'em again?"

"O yes, I did," said Ellen, quickly. "The man that fell out of the window had great, glaring eyes, and had lost a front-tooth—the other, who was standing on the ladder, had a long, narrow, yellow, gipsy-looking face; very bright, black eyes, and coal-black hair. The other called him king l'harmoh."

"Well, it seems to me a detective may spell something out of



that," said farmer Brett. "Here come some more to see what the noise was about."

Half-a-dozen labouring-men came up to the house, and having been told what had happened, undertook to look the ground about the house well over in search of the thieves. Farmer Brett shook his head when they were gone, and said the men had had plenty of time to clear off, unless, indeed, they should be too much hurt. Ellen had a queer feeling now and then, when she thought she might have disabled a couple of strong men: however, it was in self-defence and defence of the property; they were committing a grievous crime, and must abide by the consequences; she had not cooled upon it yet. Farmer Brett consented that Dick should sit up in the kitchen to guard the house; and the children and servants, being somewhat reassured by this arrangement, returned to bed and were soon asleep. Ellen lay down but could not sleep; as soon as it was light, she rose and dressed, and wrote a telegraphic message to Mr. Meeke at his counting-house, which she gave Dick to take to the railway-station. It ran thus: "House attacked—nothing lost—all well." As she expected, this brought down Mr. Meeke by the next train. He had not forwarded the unpleasant news to his wife, who could not leave the invalid children, but brought down a detective officer instead, who went over the ground, traced footsteps to a certain distance, heard Ellen's statement, and seemed to think it a very promising case. They all three proceeded to Mr. Curlew, the nearest magistrate, who heard the matter attentively, and desired the officer to take what steps he thought expedient, and report progress to him the next day at the town-hall. Mr. Meeke, being a busy man, then returned to town, leaving Ellen to walk home by herself. She felt it a very uncomfortable business, and heartily wished they were all safe home again. The pleasure of country-life was gone.

The children, too, were unsettled; and, though their father had allayed their fears for the time, yet, when darkness and bed-time returned, so did their alarms; which Ellen could only quiet by promising to sit up-stairs. As the evening was chilly, she let Mrs. Quain light a fire in her bed-room; and she sat beside it and wrote a long account of what had happened to John.

The next morning, just as she was preparing to take the children a walk, a man came to summon her to the town-hall, saying a prisoner had been taken, and they wanted her to identify him. So she was obliged to leave her charges to the care of Mrs. Quain, and repair to the town-hall unwillingly enough.

On the previous evening, in a large unfinished room in Hopkinsville, Mr. Bolter might have been seen, amid bare walls, boarded floor, and rafted ceiling, surrounded by a very ragged regiment of scholars, who seemed to make up in earnestness for deficiencies in cleanliness and politeness. A couple of tallow candles, in tin sconces fixed to the wall, afforded them all the light they had: but, though their aids to the pursuit of knowledge were of the humblest and scantiest description, they seemed quite to satisfy the requirements of the learners.

Suddenly, Mr. Bolter observed a person quietly enter the room and approach the class, himself unseen by any of those who formed it. There was something professional in his air which made Mr. Bolter at once detect him for what he was; but, as his object seemed simply to observe what was going forward, and see that all was right, he did not think it necessary to interrupt his proceedings.

"Now, then, Pharaoh," said he.

"Ay, just so; Pharaoh's the very man I want," said the stranger in a quiet voice, which, however made everybody start; Pharaoh, perhaps, the least of any, though his face expressed simple surprise.

"What do you want of me?" said he, calmly. "You're a police."

"That's just it," said the man. "Come out of this, will you? You and I must take a little walk together."

"What for?" cried Mr. Bolter.

"Because this young gentleman, sir, broke into a house last night, and carried off the plate-box."

"I didn't!" exclaimed Pharaoh, kindling like a coal.

"How could he?" cried Mr. Bolter. "He was here, taking a reading-lesson of me."

"Not at two o'clock in the morning, sir, I suppose?"

"No, certainly; but yet—I feel confident there's some mistake."

"O no, sir, none at all. The young lady had a full view of him, and described him exactly, and she heard his companion call him Pharaoh."

"Why, there are dozens of Pharaohs!" exclaimed the Gipey, indignantly. "My grandmother has a hundred grandchildren!"

"Ay, just so, or a hundred and twenty, I think she said," answered the policeman, composedly. "She told me all about it, just now, in Epping Forest, and told me you were here: else how should I have found you?"

Pharaoh and Mr. Bolter looked equally at their wit's end.

"Where did the robbery take place?" said Mr. Bolter.

"Down at Panghurst, in Kent."

"Why, he never could have got there after being with me till ten o'clock!"

"What, not by a third-class? Oh, oh!"

"Boys! do you believe I did it?" suddenly cried Pharaoh to the rest.

"Not you! No, no! Come! let's have a shy at the policeman!" A proposal which would certainly have been seconded, but for a diversion occasioned by a great wailing and clamouring at the door. The next instant it admitted Pharaoh's father, mother, sister, sister's husband, and younger brother, all in a high state of excitement.

"Ay, here's the whole tribe of 'em," said the policeman, coolly, "they have not been long in following me up. It don't signify, sir. This young man must go: I am authorized to take him in charge."

"Where shall you take him?" said Mr. Bolter.

"To the lock-up house to-night, and down to Kent by an early train to-morrow."

Hereupon ensued a volley of execrations, vituperations, yells, screeches, and other objuratory attacks, that nothing but the immovable composure of an English policeman would have faced. He, unsupported and alone, found himself quite equal to the occasion; and the women, snatching at the chance of assistance from another quarter, then beset Mr. Bolter, asking him, really in pathetic terms, was he going to let that precious boy, that good, simple, trusty fellow, that would not hurt a fly, that loved the very dust beneath his feet, and minded him just as much behind his back as before his face, was *he* going to give up this poor young fellow to that limb of the law? Then Pharaoh burst forth, "O my teacher! my teacher! Don't believe anything agin me! I never done wrong! You knows what I mean—I never done anything in this line all my born days, and mother knows it! Don't give me up! Don't lose sight of me!"

They hung about him, and clung to his knees.

"Rely on it, I will not, my poor fellow," said Mr. Bolter. "I won't give you up, nor lose sight of you."

"O you blessed, blessed man! O the dear angel of a gentleman! I knowed it was in him!" &c. &c. &c., with looks that might have pierced the imperturbable policeman to the back-bone.

"Yes, my friends, I promise you I will look after this case. Be content, therefore, with my engaging to do the best I can for you. Go quietly to your home; and you, Pharaoh, go quietly along with the policeman."

"I will, sir,"—with a deep sigh.

"And I will go down with you to-morrow in the very same train."

Zobel burst into tears. "O, bless you, bless you!" cried the others. Pharaoh's heart was full, he could not speak.

"Now, then," said the policeman, quietly.

"Yes, now then," said Mr. Bolter, taking up his hat, and extinguishing the candles. "We'll all go with you to the station. Come, friends; come, boys. We will go along quite quietly."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE TOWN-HALL.

MAGISTRATE.—"Fond wretch! and what canst thou relate  
But deeds of sorrow, shame, and sin?  
Thy crime is proved, thou knowest thy fate,  
But come, thy tale!—begin—begin!"

CHABRE: *The Justice Hall.*

THOUGH Mr. Bolter, the policeman, and the prisoner went down by the first train, the gipsies were there before them, hanging about the door of the town-hall. Mr. Bolter stopped for a moment, and

in a low voice, advised them, whatever might happen, to behave quite quietly, and on no account to disturb the proceedings. "You know," said he, "that I am speaking as his friend."

"Yes, yes, you *are* his friend—a blessed friend—we will do as you say," said they. And they did.

The magistrate, Mr. Curlew, was already talking over the affair with Mr. Meeke, who had come to represent his brother. On seeing A 1 enter with a prisoner, "Come, this looks like progress," said he, in a low voice, and taking the chair. "Gipsy written in the fellow's face. Is the young lady here to identify him? She must be sent for immediately."

A messenger was despatched.

"Who are you, sir?" inquired Mr. Curlew, looking towards Mr. Bolter.

"A city missionary, sir; my name is William Bolter" (and he presented his card). "The prisoner is one of a reading-class I was engaged in teaching yesterday evening when the policeman came to apprehend him."

"Hem, I cannot compliment you much, Mr. Bolter, on the respectability of your reading-class, if this is an average specimen."

"He is *not* an average specimen, sir; I heartily wish he were! for he is intelligent, docile, and, as far as I have had the power of testing him, truthful and reliable. It was this which made me take so strong an interest in the case that I came down here with him, of my own accord, to offer my testimony."

"Williams, are you taking down what Mr. Bolter says?"

"Yes, sir."

"I was giving the prisoner a lesson the previous night, sir, so late, that I am persuaded he was not at the robbery."

"Indeed! Mr. Bolter, your testimony begins to be important. You had better take the oath before proceeding any further."

"With all my heart, sir."

"When did you become acquainted with this man?"

"One Sunday morning, not long ago, as I was on my way to a field-meeting in Epping Forest, he accosted me and asked me to read him a few words on a scrap of printed paper. I did so, and then asked him his object in making the request. I found he was very anxious to teach himself to read, in order that he might read one particular book. That book, though he could not remember the name of it, I made out to be the Bible. Interested in his purpose, I promised to teach him, but not then: I appointed to meet him at a certain place in the evening. Meanwhile, we walked along together, and had a good deal of talk. I found that though ignorant, he was a simple, well-meaning lad. I was prevented from keeping my evening appointment, which disappointed me, as I was sure it would disappoint *him*. The next day a lady, belonging to the Society of Friends, sent me into the forest to see a Gipsy woman who was ill of a fever. In seeking for her, I stumbled on another encampment of Gipsies. While I was talking to them, this young man unexpectedly came up, and I can never forget the expression

of joy which lighted up his face on seeing me. He instantly claimed the reading-lesson; which I gave. Some of the others then wanted to learn too, but I told them that I could not spare time. If Pharaoh (this young man) would come to my reading-class in Hopkinsville, I would teach him, and then he could teach his own family. They agreed that this would be a good plan, and promised to learn of him."

"This is a curious story of yours, Mr. Bolter. Did the lad come?"

"Sir, he has never failed; and his progress has been remarkable. He has been an example to the whole class. The night before last, I dismissed my scholars, as usual, at nine o'clock, but something had occurred which I was desirous of explaining more fully to Pharaoh than I had been able to do during the course of his lesson, and we remained, talking over our book, and he attentively listening to me while I read him various parts of it for a good hour. It was ten o'clock when we parted. When we went out of the house, I turned to the right and he to the left. That was the night of the robbery."

"This is singular," said Mr. Curlew, looking at Mr. Meeke. Then addressing Pharaoh—

"My lad," said he, "do you understand the nature of an oath?"

Pharaoh looked mystified. Mr. Bolter was in pain for him.

"Do you," persisted the magistrate, "know there is a God?"

Pharaoh's answer was a good deal fuller than any of his hearers expected—

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord."

"Hum!" said Mr. Curlew, evidently struck. "That is a good deal to say. Who taught it you?"

"He," said Pharaoh, laconically, glancing at Mr. Bolter.

"It may be mere parrot-knowledge, though," observed Mr. Curlew.

"Ah, sir, how often is it so with all of us!" exclaimed Mr. Bolter.

"And you get your living by—"

"Bird-nesting."

"Hallo! that doesn't sound over-respectable!"

"O no, sir, he makes no pretensions to belong to the respectable classes," interposed Mr. Bolter. "But I believe him to be honest and true."

At this instant, Ellen came in, very much flushed with her quick walk; and when she saw Mr. Bolter, she was so surprised that she flushed still more and looked quite embarrassed. Mr. Meeke kindly led her to a chair. Mr. Curlew spoke to her good-humouredly, and, as there could be nothing but reassurance in the presence of Mr. Bolter, however unlooked for, she soon recovered herself a little, though her face was in a glow.

The oath was administered to her, which she took reverently but without hesitation: and Mr. Curlew then inquired of her whether the prisoner were one of the persons who had broken into Mr. Meeke's house.

Pharaoh's large black eyes fixed full on hers. To the surprise and grief of Mr. Bolter, she unhesitatingly said—

"Yes, he is the man who stood outside on the ladder."

"That I didn't!" exclaimed Pharaoh. "Do look at me again, miss!"

"Why, I remember you quite well," said Ellen, indignantly. "Don't you remember catching my eye just as you took the box?"

"Certainly. I don't—How *should* I, when I never see you till this day?" cried he with equal heat. "Oh, *don't* go to swear away a poor fellow's life!"

She looked shocked, but her opinion remained unshaken.

"Miss Miller, do you not think you may be deceived?" said Mr. Bolter, anxiously.

"Indeed I do not, Mr. Bolter," replied she, much distressed. "I am very sorry to have anything to do with the matter, but you know I must speak the truth." And she burst into tears.

"Of course you must," replied he, sorrowfully, "only you might be mistaken. And I think," he added, "that you *are* mistaken."

She wiped her streaming eyes, and looked hard at Pharaoh, but could not persuade herself she did not know him.

"Well," said Mr. Curlew, with something like a sigh, "I believe we must commit this young fellow. Indeed, the case seems very clearly made out. He left you, Mr. Bolter, at ten o'clock. There was nothing to hinder his getting down here by one or two in the morning."

"Except the inclination," said Mr. Bolter.

"Just so. Well, it can't be helped. I really was in hopes Miss Miller's testimony might have gone the other way. But, as it is, I'm afraid the charge is but too well-founded. It must stand over to the quarter-sessions. They will soon be here."

"Don't cry so, miss," said Pharaoh, kindly; which made Ellen cry all the more.

"You needn't handcuff me," said he, rather quickly, to the policeman, "I'm not going to resist."

Mr. Bolter laid his hand on his shoulder. He looked affectionately up in his face, and a tear shone in his eye, but did not fall. Neither of them said a word.

Directly Pharaoh got outside the town-hall, his family, seeing him in charge, crowded round him, and were beginning to utter loud cries of sorrow and indignation; but he suddenly addressed them rapidly in some language only known to themselves, and with great eagerness, evidently told them to do something which they as eagerly promised; and then, while he was carried off to prison, they, with smothered maledictions, quitted the town, and went off, themselves only knew whither—certainly not back to Epping. Every gipsy in the forest had cleared out of it hours ago, and scattered east, west, north, and south.

Mr. Bolter, in some agitation, requested Mr. Curlew's permission to let him see Pharaoh in his captivity. He said he thought he could obtain from him, in private conference, more light on the

subject of the robbery, than would probably be extracted from him in any other way; if, indeed, he knew anything at all about it. Mr. Curlew willingly acceded, and shook hands with him cordially, assuring him that he had been much struck by the incidental information he had gleaned respecting the nature of Mr. Bolter's teaching, and the class among whom he laboured. "I am afraid," pursued he, "that your good nature has been imposed upon by this poor lad, and that he is not so honest as you think him.—However, that is at present only matter of opinion. You will be prepared to come forward as a witness, if called upon?"

"Certainly, sir."

"The nature of your intended conference with him does not, I conclude, bear any analogy to that of a Romish priest with his penitent?"

"Oh no, sir; I shall only speak to him as friend to friend. I am not going to worm anything out of him that may criminate himself. I am only in hopes he may clear up his innocence a little. Supposing him to be innocent, you know, we might prove an alibi. The worst of it is, that his own family, who were probably the only persons aware of his being elsewhere than on the spot of the robbery, are not likely, I fear, to be admitted as witnesses, not feeling the obligation of an oath. I am afraid they could not witness the good confession Pharaoh did just now."

Mr. Bolter then spoke a few cheering words to Ellen, who evidently was very much in need of them, and proceeded to Pharaoh's place of duranco. On being admitted into his cell, Pharaoh, who was sitting in a corner in an attitude of the utmost despondency, started up with joy, and seizing his hand in both his own, wrung it with vehemence.

"Oh, this is so good of you!" said he. "To think of the poor gipsy!"

"How could I help thinking of you?" said Mr. Bolter. "Why, just now, I can think of nothing else! Let us sit down and talk it all over; only don't say anything that you may be sorry for me to tell again, in case of my being obliged to do so."

"Why, you don't believe I did it?" cried Pharaoh, looking him full in the face.

"My good lad, I do not. How can we prove to people, however, that it was somebody else? Can you guess who it may have been that Miss Miller took for you?"

"Certainly I can," said Pharaoh.

"Who?" cried Mr. Bolter, with eagerness.

"Why, now," said Pharaoh, reproachfully, "didn't you tell me; that very night as it happened, that them that followed Christ must love their brothers as themselves? How should I do that, if I got my brother into gaol that I might get out?"

Mr. Bolter was silenced.

"I don't mean," resumed Pharaoh, presently, "that he is my brother—he's not the son of my father and mother, but he's very near of kin. And you told me that was what the Bible meant."

"It is."

"Then what can I do?"

"Can you prove you were somewhere else; and, therefore, could not have been at the robbery?"

"Surely; my father, mother, and grandmother know that!"

"Ah, Pharaoh! but not one of them, I fear, knows the value of an oath; and therefore their testimony would be held worthless. Not one of them, I'm afraid, can say as you did, that they believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord."

"No, they cannot," said Pharaoh, sighing.—"But, now I mind it, I saw Curly Bill, the ratcatcher, that night. He came up to us quite late, and stayed talking to us a good bit. *He* could say I was in the forest at midnight."

"Is *he* a Christian?"

"Well, I don't know—he ought to be. He an't one of us."

"Where is he to be found?"

"That's the puzzle. Father might find him. But, then, father's off now, so you couldn't find *him*. All of them are off—every gipsy in the forest."

"Perhaps A 1 might find him?"

"Likely he might; for I think *he'd* find anybody!" said Pharaoh. "Only it would be too bad—for, you see, it might get Bill into trouble."

"Well, you must choose between yourself and your friend."

"O, he's no friend of mine; only, you see, we're civil-like. Anyway, he isn't an enemy. However, I don't know of any trouble it would get him into. I only said it *might*. My mind doesn't turn agin that, like the other—he isn't my kin; and he's done no harm, as I knows on."

"Well, then, I think we might look up Curly Bill."

"Yes, I think you might."

"Where shall we seek him?"

"Well, there's a little hut off the forest, about three stones'-throw from the pike. Therein lives an old man with one eye. That old man goes by the name of Will Effet. It don't magnify whether that's his real name or not, he's called by it, and the reason is, he deals in effets, newts, slow-worms, adders, snails, and suchlike."

"Deals in them! Why, who can want such nasty things?"

"O, nothing's nasty that God made. There's a person in Covent Garden buys live snakes at five shillings the pound. They're no value to him, dead. Some buys 'em for stuffing, and for curiosities—hedgehogs too: they sell for a shilling. I've been out, times oft, with Will Effet, hunting for 'em in Essex, and he's given me something for my trouble. Or else I've got them on my own account, to sell in the streets. I took a hedgehog once with the young ones, and sold the lot for half-a-crown.\* People buy 'em to kill black-

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\* Mayhew's "London Labour and London Poor."



beetles; and when they doesn't eat black beetles, they feed them on bread and milk. Effets is only bought for curoosity. Will gets twopence a-piece: and snails he sells to Frenchmen: they boils 'em twice in water, and then in vinegar—they say they're as good as welks."

"I shouldn't like to try them!" said Mr. Bolter.

"No, sir, they're not for such as you. But them foreigners delight in snails, and frogs too—they'll buy them by the pailful. Old Will makes a good bit of money, and is very shy of telling where he keeps it; but for all that, it'll be found out some day, or some night, if the old man don't mind. Well, sir, I thinks if you or A I (better you—he'll be scared at a police), if you goes in a friendly way to Will Effet, and tells him young Pharaoh Smith's got into trouble, and wants Curly Bill to get him out of it—I think he'll help you to where he is."

"Very well; your instructions shall be attended to. Meanwhile, Pharaoh, what a capital place this will be for your getting on with your reading! Nay, I don't see why you should not even learn to write. See! I have got a sheet of small paper and a pencil in my pocket—I will set you a copy, and you can go over it again and again, till the paper is quite covered. Here you have a nice, dry, quiet room, while the rain is pouring down outside. You are as snug and comfortable as can be, and sure of plenty to eat. Here is your little book—I brought it with me—you can study your lessons, and get them quite perfect against my next visit. Meanwhile, I will read you a passage in the Bible, about a poor innocent young man (in *Egypt*), who was cast into prison, and kept there a good deal longer than you, I hope, are likely to be; and how the Lord befriended him. Then we will pray a little prayer, and then I will leave you."

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage."

## V.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA AND VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

IF I were to-night to mount the back of a roc, a sort of special-train bird which is always plying for hire outside my castle in the clouds—going direct with no stoppages for refreshment—I should probably get to the gold diggings, on Frazer River, in about three hours, Greenwich time; that is to say, two hundred and eighty miles (I would be particular) up from the river's mouth, but still some hundreds of miles from its source in the Rocky Mountains. Between ourselves, (only I would not let this reach the ears of Sir Peter Laurie.) I took such a ride last night, and was back here by 10 P.M., in time enough to find the *Times*, wet and fragrant from the press, upon my breakfast-table. I made the roc descend behind a

screen of poplars at Fulham, in a quiet nursery-garden, so that no one saw me. What I saw was this—gangs of brick-coloured, hairy diggers, with belts full of gold-dust, and leather bags bumpy with nuggets, eating bear-steaks round flickering and roaring fires. First, I see a gaunt, stringy, dried-up Kentucky-man, picking his teeth with a bowie-knife, and playing with his revolver, as he tells us (I am invisible) how, with rocker and pick, he had made five hundred dollars that very day; and how once at Hangtown, in California, he had made sixteen hundred dollars in one day, and shot an Indian “in the white of his eye” besides, for stealing his blanket. Next him are two long western-states men, with keen grey eyes, and hair like tow, lounging about with their long rifles, and smoothing their pale, wiry beards and moustaches. They have come with axes and rifles, to slay Indians and build log-huts, lured from Missouri to California, and from Oregon to Frazer River, by the “yellow fever.” Then there is an English sailor, who deserted his ship at California (the ship was afterwards turned into a lodging-house); three Frenchmen—partners; two Germans; and some long, lank, black-haired Yankees, including in their ranks a lawyer, a surgeon, a photographer, and a conjuror. The Americans all wear the broad Panama hat, and great pegged American boots, stamped with red eagles.

I listen, and hear all about the discovery.—As early as 1850, Indians brought word that there was gold in the Cattapoodle River, which joins the Columbia about twenty miles below Fort Vancouver. In 1853, on a surveyor planning a military road from Fort Walla Walla, on the Columbia River, to Fort Heilacoom, on Puget Sound, through the Nachez Pass, he found sprinkles of gold. Then more Indians came, and said that three white men were up the river, making “Liya,”—much gold. All these words were as sticks to the fire. The next growth was mysterious legends of a man who dropped in on gloomy evenings, for mule loads of provisions at Fort Vancouver, concealed his trail, and always departed at night, paying for everything in gold-dust. What did this show? The excitement was growing. Soon somebody reported how, in the town of Seattle, in Puget Sound, there was an old, bragging, drunken trapper, who boasted, when in liquor, that he knew a place where he could find gold by the pound. Nobody thought much of this, as the Indians too had their stories; but then they remembered that this man and his squaw used certainly to go out occasionally hunting, and return with gold for a drinking-bout that sometimes lasted for weeks. There too I heard, that Frazer River derived its name from a certain unlucky officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, who committed suicide in San Francisco, fourteen years ago, and whose coffin, with a tin label with his name on it, was dug up some time ago in Commercial Street, in that city.

As far as I could see from my roc's back, by the help of a very excellent Dollond, I should say that this British Columbia is about five hundred miles long, and four hundred wide. Its mountains

are of basalt stone and slate: it is furrowed with lakes and rivers, of which the largest is our new Paeolus. The soil varies from deep-black loam to a light-brown earth.

The plough has not done much for Columbia at present; but where it has, as in one place, where fifteen miles of land are cultivated, everything European grows,—grain or fruits. The land is undulating and wooded, and adapted for pasture or tillage. The English fir and oak grow peaceably beside the American maple and cherry.

The winters, they told me, are more wet than cold; and from October to March the rains are nearly incessant. In the summer the morning fogs are heavy. The transitions of climate, though regular, are sudden and violent. The spring, which lasts till June, is grateful and delicious. In June there are occasional rains drifting before a strong south wind. In July and August the heat is intense, and the flies and mosquitoes infest the air: indeed there is no need of fires from the end of May till the beginning of September. Two feet of snow cover the ground from December to April. In September the heavy fogs last till noon; and in November a winter, milder than Canada, sets in, gently candying the lakes.

Salmon, the Columbian staff of life, swarms in Frazer's River and its tributaries from the Pacific. After spawning season, the dead bodies of the old fish are seen floating down the current by thousands: few ever return to the sea after depositing their spawn, so that there is a failure of fish about every four years. It is a curious fact that the years the salmon are scarce, rabbits swarm over the country, followed by their enemy the lynx. The Indians catch the fish by means of dams, and dry the salmon for sale, taking out the back-bone and hanging them on scaffolds.

The Frazer River, at first only explored one hundred and fifty miles up, has lately been visited still higher; but then the vessels must not draw more than twelve feet of water. The river's direct length is only four hundred miles; but follow its golden windings, and it is nine hundred from the time that, rising in the Rocky Mountains (between lat 55° and 56° north), it receives a hundred rivers—the Chilcotia, Pinklitsa, Stuart's, &c.,—till it breaks through the cascade range of mountains, and running westward is emptied into the Gulf of Georgia.

At its lower section the country is hilly, and covered with forests of white pines and cedars, while the soil between is fitted for plough or pasture. But south, the country is more ungenial and fierce, being cut up in ravines, lakes, torrents, and marshes.

The scenes on the river-side are everywhere varied,—miners busy by ones or twos, one digging, the other washing and picking. Some are making rockers of green timber and thin metal plates punctured with cullender holes. On every sand-flat are Indians—men, squaws, and children—digging or pitching tents, devouring bear-steaks, or sleeping in their rugs, their pistols ready by their sides.

As for Victoria in Vancouver's Island, that I swooped down upon for half an hour as I passed: it is in a seething toil of excitement.

It will be the new St. Francisco. It is crowded not merely with English and Yankee miners, but with Italians, negroes, Chinese, and Sandwich Islanders. As you approach the town, which is built on a low hill sloping to the water from a narrow arm of the sound, you see the rock-bound harbour crowded with peaked canoes rowed by Indians. The men wear round cedar-bark hats, and the women are striped with vermilion down the centre of the head.

The town now consists of but about one hundred and fifty houses, every third house a coffee-shop or restaurant; mutton chops and bread are the only food. Long lines of tents spread along the suburb, filling up the mountain ravines, and skirting along the bay, stretching into the woods, or widening out into the broad open plain: a little way from the town there is a small wooden palisaded camp of Indians. Faster than mushroom grew this place, though no one has yet decided which is to be the capital of the gold region. Brick and stone palaces are projected by dozens; cities are talked of at Point Roberts, Lechaine, Latcorne, Seattle, and Heilacoom. The company are working coal-mines, and report cries out that there are thousands of square miles in British Columbia rich in undiscovered gold. Miles from the rivers dry diggings are announced; and gold with quartz is found in all sorts of scattered ravines or gullies. Then there are the Queen Charlotte Islands, which are rich in gold and copper; they possess good harbours, and are as fertile, and scarcely smaller, than Vancouver's Island. It is at Victoria that the Hudson's Bay Company's land sale takes place at the fort; one hundred dollars a lot is the fixed price. These lots some months ago were only worth fifty dollars, and will now sell again for six thousand. People go at three in the morning to await the opening of the office at ten. The roving crowd sell and re-sell their lots to each other as they wait; while Yankee bar-keepers, with large collars and crimson sashes, invite everybody to "liquor up."

I am sorry to say that already Indian blood has been shed: a trapper told me how it was. The crew of a miner's canoe, going up the river, had a quarrel on shore with an Indian about a shovel; the Indian seized the shovel and struck the miner with it on the head. The men in the canoe rose to defend themselves, and at the same moment the Indians came rushing out of the bush with long knives, clubs, and muskets. Enraged at this, one of the men in the canoe fired his pistol at the Indian with the stolen shovel, and shot him dead. They then leaped in their canoe and fled across the river. The next canoe that came up, in spite of remonstrance, was stopped by the revengeful Indians. One of the Indians drew his knife and was about to stab a man, and at that moment a shot from the bushes struck a miner dead; he fell into the water, the current caught the canoe and bore the miners on. Further up the river both canoes met, and agreed to try and get to Fort Hope by land, but the rocks proved too steep, and hundreds of feet high. Escape seemed desperate; they counted their men, and found three missing; there was no time to stay for them, the Indian war-whoop was sounding up and down the river. They all got into one canoe, threw part of

their provisions overboard, and swept like an arrow down the stream. The Indians, cowed by the loss of their chief, as he proved to be, did not give chase. All night—wet, hungry, and forlorn—the miners paddled; and next morning, at day-break, they reached the river's mouth, and were safe.

After a story like this, in Vancouver's Island, there is but one thing to do, and that is "to liquor." The Yankees are perpetually drinking spirituous compounds—"gum ticklers," "juleps," "thunder-bolts," "flashes of lightning," "stone fences." You must shake hands with everybody, ask everybody to liquor, stand "drinks" all round, and shout "my respects" as you toss the liquor off. Your friends, ten to one, will half of them be Yankee diggers, who chew and spit, swagger about their eagle and curse the blacks. They will wear, perhaps, striped pants and eagle-topped jack-boots, red serge shirts, and maroon belts with an eagle for a buckle; for the head, a white felt hat with another eagle for the ornament of the band. One, perhaps, has been a performer in a circus; a second, a pegged boot-maker; a third, a clerk in a store; a fourth, a barman at an oyster saloon. One of these (if you look into the future) will die on the Rocky Mountains; a second will be hung in San Francisco; the third will be shot in the gambling-saloon; and the fourth will make thirty thousand at "Hell Gate," lose it all, and begin again.

There is no knowing the result of this great bribe that Nature offers to induce men to give up our old and not altogether happy or satisfactory civilization and begin anew. The gold flows into St. Francisco like the grain you see men loading a ship's hold with; the red and blue shirts are all on the track. California is draining again of all its hot blood and restless spirits, and of its newest picks, shovels, pans, rockers, blankets, and revolvers. Up to June, 1858, 14,800 men had embarked from St. Francisco for Frazer's River. During the first six months of the yellow fever there must have been not less than 50,000 arrivals. Stages and waggons crowded the roads—every one was on the move gold-wards; a million dollars a day was said to be the increase of the daily circulation of San Francisco. Thousands at Sacramento and Stockton were at first kept waiting for their chance of transit.

Now, as every one has not a roc of his own, let us say a word or two on the means of getting to British Columbia, and the island of Vancouver that lies like a long boat towing near its shore. Canada is already alive to the growth of her sister colony. The Canadians have a regular line of steamers from Toronto to Fort William on the north-west shore of Lake Superior, and from hence it is now proposed to construct a route to the Red River settlement. This line will be nearly all by water, and save the 800 miles' detour by St. Paul.

Then there is Halifax, the only secure harbour accessible in all times of the year in British North America. It is never blocked with ice, and is 400 miles nearer to the British Islands than any other port in the American continent. From Halifax to Quebec is 800 miles. There is now making a railway for 170 of

this distance. From Quebec, 500 miles to the shores of Lake Huron, there is a railway; a short ship-canal joins this lake with Lake Superior; then by Red River to the Columbia River is 1200 miles further, and from Frazer River, 300 miles more, making the whole journey from Liverpool 5,600 miles. "This," says an authority, "is shorter than even the route by way of Panama; but whether, till the construction of an overland railway across the Rocky Mountains, it will take precedence of the route from Canada direct depends upon which offers the earliest and best facilities for the conveyance of passengers."

By Southampton to Aspinwall (how we get to talk of thousands of miles!) the route is but 4,400 miles. Now Aspinwall is but a forty-mile railway gallop to Panama across the Isthmus. From Panama to Frazer's River is 3,800 miles, making Southampton 8,200 miles from British Columbia, and New York 6,100.

As a sanguine theorist of progress says, by way of a rider to this dry summary,—if the West Indian steamers went straight to Aspinwall, they would perform the voyage in sixteen, instead of twenty-two days. The whole of the mails along the south-west coast of America would then be accelerated. British steamers, in conjunction with them, might run from Panama to Vancouver, calling at Acapulco and San Francisco. The same writer attaches great importance to the mail-packet line established between England and Aspinwall. It is our only communication between England, the silver of Chili, and the gold of British Columbia. It will probably soon carry the Australian mails; having three great feeders—one to Vancouver, and the other to the West Indies; and three thousand miles of South America waits the third to Tahiti, New Zealand, and the Australian ports.

Thus has God opened another great issue for our redundant poverty and our idle honest labour, pining for work to do and bread to earn. In these great fields will expand our dwindling city children, and our virtue, now driven through poverty to crime. Just as we lure chickens out of a coop, does Providence seem sprinkling gold-dust in unheeded tracts, where hitherto the Indian and the bear have struggled for possession; leading us on to power, and happiness, and enterprise; weaning us, as it were, from the exhausted foster-bosom of aged Europe. Here may be room and planting-ground for the hopeless curate, the quasi barrister, the unsuccessful strugglers of all classes and all ages. May Columbia not be for us merely what America used to be for Spain—a place to dig gold in, and to drench with Indian blood—but a place where we may found God's temples; plant the eternal cross, type of man's humility and not of his pride or passions: let us there found happy, pious hearths, contented families, ready to fight for the faith, but never against it; and to lure the poor Indian by their example into the good but narrow path. Let us build this new colony—not rashly, greedily, or cruelly; but gravely—with prayers, with good actions, and a noble Christian ideal.

## VI.

## TOMBS AND THEIR LESSONS.

Two hundred generations of mankind have passed away. The world on which we live is one vast graveyard. The soil of earth is quick with human dust. A hundred thousand million buried men give awful meaning to the crust of our old world. It may not be without its use, to turn away from the busy scenes of active life to wander for an hour among the tombs. In doing this we neither leave our cheerfulness nor our hope behind us, for amid them we are ever reminded how life has sprung out of death. We walk over our Redeemer's chosen battle-ground, where He bared the arm of victory, and fought out the earnest of his final triumph. It is difficult to classify the tombs which I have myself visited, yet the following grouping of the burial-places of our fellow-men, may help to bring together some of their most striking characteristics, and most obvious lessons. (1.) The places of simple burial. (2.) The memorial sepulchres, which preserve some traces of the men, or the age, or the country that fashioned or adorned them. (3.) The tombs where superstition has struggled to outdo and vanquish death.

First.—The simple burial-places form by far the largest group. They are deposits of the unknown and sleeping dust of our humanity. Generation after generation has passed away in every land, leaving no names, no individuality, no history behind them, but yet linking together the past and the present. These undistinguished heaps have been wept over by the affections of forgotten ages, and cover all the mystery of that human life which formed, during successive generations, the material and the means by which every human thing enacted on our world was in reality effected. The silent churchyard, under the shadow of the rugged elms and solemn yew, the neglected and disused cemetery in the heart of some vast metropolis, the tumulus of our half-savage ancestors, offer endless food for meditation; but I will not ask my readers to pause there now, nor will I take them to those simple burial-places, where haste and fear, where pestilence and war, have laid the silent dust of thousands, and "men, like garnered grain, are heaped together." Many such barrows does our earth's surface show, deriving their interest from, and bearing their witness to, great facts in our world's history. Such are the blood-stained plains of Waterloo—the fields of Marathon and Morat—the wooded banks of Thrasymane, the plains of Tours and Hastings, the defile of Inkermann, and the highway between Cawnpore and Lucknow—each of which has a magic power in its name to awaken the sympathy and stimulate the heroism of civilized men. If we begin to moralize over the graves of "the unnamed demigods," we shall wander away from our theme.

I have been much affected by sundry visits paid to Arab graveyards. These are generally outside the walls of the city, exposed to the blasts of the desert, and are often covered with simple memorial-stones, which

have no name or mark inscribed upon them, whereby one grave may be distinguished from another. There the Moslems lie, often without coffin of any kind, and shielded only by the shifting sands of the wilderness. Perhaps a few palm-trees cast their shadows over the desolation, while the monumental tomb of some Moslem sheikh or saint, hallows and consecrates the whole. Thus beyond the walls of Cairo, towards the east, the ruined tombs of the Memlook Sultans, stretch away into the desert, picturesque and graceful in their forms, and surrounded on every side by the unremembered dead, all gazing intently (as their living brethren say) toward the birthplace of the Prophet, and all so placed that they may rise on their knees when the Angel of the Presence shall sound his last trumpet-peal, in their long-deafened ears.

The most elaborate pretension to a cemetery that I saw in the East, was at the town of Siout, the capital of Middle Egypt; where some of the wealthier among the Arab chiefs and Turkish governors had prepared, near to the memorial mosque of a celebrated saint, tombs and vaults which they had adorned with rude paintings of boats, houses, and palm-trees, interspersed with passages from the Koran. Among them fall the shadows of living palm beauty, and the smile of gay flowers cheers the scene. But the wildest, most impressive, burial place that I have ever seen, is the great Arab grave-yard at Assouan, the Syene of Scripture. It is just on the boundary line between Egypt and Nubia, within sound of the roar of the Cataracts of the Nile, and stretching away to the immense granite quarries, where the monolithical obelisks and sphynxes were fashioned, and whence they were transported to the temples which they afterwards adorned. A most desolate "City of the Dead" is this necropolis of Syene. Seventy thousand Moslem saints are said to be buried here, and some of them were of great notoriety. The heights of the hills are crowned with monumental mosques, and the vast undulating plain is dotted over with tombs built of brick or moulded clay. Still the majority of the dead sleep beneath no other shelter than the golden sands of the Nubian desert, under the shadow of the purple rocks, and loud at night is the howl of the hyænas, as they gather to their obscene repast. How have human heart-strings snapped, and human eyes failed for weeping, in this grand ghastly burial-place! How long has been the conflict! How silent is the rest! The men who hewed the obelisks of Luxor from their home in the virgin rock lie buried here. The crowds who watched the gilded barges of the great Rameses as they lay moored below the cataracts, while he made a royal progress to the rock temples of Nubia; the companies of Greek musicians or Roman soldiers, of Persian priests and devotees of the Sun, of the Crocodile, or the buried Osiris, who once elbowed each other on the gay esplanade of the island of Elephantina; Ptolemaic princes, exiled Romans, early Christians, Saracenic chiefs, and wild Arabs of the desert—have here found their last long-resting-place.

Of these burial-places of the undistinguished dead there is another, which produced an ineffaceable impression on my mind. I allude to the mummy-pits of the common people, on the summits



of the mountain gorge that is riddled by the vast necropolis of Thebes. It was on a lovely morning that I set out, with two or three travelling companions, to explore these grim sepulchres. Having climbed the hills to a considerable height, we reached a point in the Sheikh-el-Gournon whence we could overlook the nearer elevations, and could see a large portion of the plain on which the city of Thebes must once have appeared spread out at the spectator's feet. We observed a dark aperture in the side of the hill, and into this, we must penetrate. We crawled in on our knees and elbows holding lighted candles in our hands. Our old guide looked horror-stricken, and declared that he would rather not accompany us; but as he assured us that there was no danger, we pushed on, and in a few moments found ourselves in one of a series of low vaulted chambers, in which it was impossible to stand upright, and where at every step we were treading on masses of half mummied, but uncoffined dead. Thousands of our fellow-men had been laid there when Thebes was in the glory of her pride and power, and their arms, legs, grinning faces and half-swathed bodies, crackled beneath our feet as we moved. These chambers opening one into the other extended on every side, all choked with ghastly occupants. Probably the identical hands that piled the Remeseum, or painted the Halls of Medeenet-Haboo, are gathered there. It can hardly be said that their work still outlives them, for nothing certain can be determined with respect to the actual dates of their interment; but there they lie, mute vouchers of the past; and after we had gazed upon them, and had crawled out into the dazzling sunshine, and surveyed again the ruins of those works of theirs, achieved by them in the days when Rome was still the haunt of the wolf, when the Acropolis of Athens was a mere shapeless rock, and when naked savages hunted the otter between London Bridge and Chelsea, the truth that "all live unto God" flashed itself upon the inward eye, and the evidences of these long cycles of life and death tended to confirm, rather than to weaken the faith of our spirits that we belong to an immortal race.

But I must pass on to a few brief notices of the memorial sepulchres, which convey to our minds hints of past times and peoples, and help us, by familiarity with the individuals, or with the period in which they flourished, to reproduce those olden times and live over again the days that have for ever passed away.

I will not pause over the memorial tombs and cenotaphs that constitute the glory of some of our great national mausoleums; but who that has wandered through the aisles of Westminster Abbey, and while meditating on the memorials of our heroes, legislators, and poets, has found there that genius has conquered all class exclusion—that Shakespeare and Milton, Johnson and Watts, Wilberforce and Howard, have thus received equal homage from their countrymen—but has felt more elate with the conviction of the deep roots and wide basis of England's greatness!

It were impossible to discuss the effigy tombs of our old cathedrals and churches which are so full of varied interest; from which we learn much of the costume and manners of mediæval times, on which we

often read some fulsome epitaph on seeming greatness, and whence now and then gleam some bright rays of virtue, self sacrifice, and holy life.

My readers are reminded of Stratford-upon-Avon too, that shrine of the Anglo-Saxon race, where the quaint epitaph of our greatest poet still guards his dust; of Winchester, where the Saxon and Plantagenet kings lie entombed; of the Necropolis of Glasgow, where conspicuous amid other noble monuments stands the colossal figure of John Knox, the champion of reformed worship and an open Bible; and also of the sequestered cloister of Dryburgh Abbey, where beneath an ivy-covered arch sleeps all that was mortal of Walter Scott.

Let us turn for a moment to the celebrated cemetery of *Père la Chaise* in Paris. Perhaps there is nothing more fascinating than a walk amid those streets of tombs, where by every possible device the names and memories and noble deeds of illustrious Frenchmen are signalized. All French art is sentimental in the eyes of an Englishman, and the excessive emotion which is there chiselled in enduring marble may sometimes provoke a smile. At one moment, the pilgrim to that city of the dead halts before the broken column of some dashing warrior, some knight "sans peur et sans reproche," and then he is at liberty to study the silent effigy of the great Revolutionnaires of '89 and '91, to trace the pencillings of thought over the countenances of Cuvier or Laplace; or to linger beside the superb though mouldering tomb in which Abélard and Eloise now sleep together. This necropolis presents to us a petrification of the modern history of France. The heroes of the Constituent Assembly and the Convention; the soldiers who carried out the daring schemes of the great Napoleon; hosts of rebellious abbés, ultramontanist priests, socialist agitators, victims of despotism and revolution; the supporters of opposing dynasties; and daring speculators in every range of thought—Puritans and Jesuits, the Abbé Lamennais, Auguste Comte, and Adolphe Monod, have met together; the clangor is hushed, the mutual disdain is over, the fitful passion sleeps. There is no rivalry except in remembrance—no man grudges it to his brother. But we must press back and up the stream of time, and pause over a few of the most notorious of these mementos of the past, many of which are remarkable for the elaboration with which they were executed rather than for the worth or virtues of those whom they enshrine; while others merely signalize the superstition which first supposed the presence of the sacred relics of the past, and then thought that no cost nor sacrifice could be too great wherewith to honour them. There is the gorgeous tomb of the Medici family, at Florence, where the genius of Michael Angelo was taxed to apotheosize the departed; and there are the varied structures enclosed in the Campo Santo of Pisa, which is far more distinguished by the unique frescoes of Giotto and his pupils that adorn the arcade which surrounds it, than by the cargo of sacred soil that was brought thither from Palestine, or by the ashes of the dead who are interred in it.

Neither must I omit to enumerate in this group the costly tombs which, in the fourteenth century, the Lords of Verona prepared for

themselves, and where, in massive sarcophagi, beneath Gothic canopies of elaborate fretwork, and surmounted by graceful pinnacles, they lie entombed. On the sides of the sarcophagi the bas-reliefs represent Scripture scenes, and exhibit these men as mystically surrounded with virtues that they never practised, and as brought into mysteriously close conjunction with our Saviour's passion and glory. One of them in particular, the most profligate of the three, must have garnished his tomb before his death, and yet with complacent mockery he placed around it the conspicuous figures of Patience, Purity, Truth, Mercy, Fortitude, and Charity. We only see here the miserable and exaggerated specimen of what is perhaps to be found in every churchyard where surviving relatives have chosen charitably to lie about their deceased friends, and presumptuously assume that death has in some way turned their shameless vices into cardinal virtues, and their life-long infidelity into angelic faith,—where forgiving women have transmuted base tyrants into matchless husbands, and where the dreariest commonplace of our common humanity, viewed through the tears of mourners, has been transfigured into sublime and saintly virtue. This allies itself closely with the dangerous charity which compromises every evangelic principle, and confers upon Death the pagan power of sanctifying the name, and condoning the vices of our fellow-man.

In the vicinity of Rome I more than once descended into a deep quadrangular pit, which was surrounded on all sides with small niches resembling pigeon-cotes, in which were placed the urns that contained the ashes of departed Romans. The inscriptions on some of these were deeply interesting. Perhaps a mother's, on her child; a son's deep grief over a brave father; or the tribute of some kind old Roman to the nurse who had watched over his infancy. Little infants, one a girl, of seven months and three days; another a boy, two years and eleven months, whom his mother styled her "sweetest son," have thus for 1700 years been waiting for at least a recognition in the pages of the archæologist, who was hunting for minute varieties in the shape of a tablet, or the phraseology of an epitaph.

That mysterious network of catacombs, which underlies the city of Rome and stretches far into the Campagna, has recently received much attention from the authorities of the Pontifical government. Many elaborate works have been written on the subject; and I refer to it here because, when in the course of their excavations for this purpose, the Christians came on one of the deep vaults, or Columbaria which had been prepared for the reception of the heathen urns, they suddenly stopped in their work, and walled up the access that would thus have been afforded to their heathen persecutors. It is a mystery when, or how, these interminable excavations were effected, or what could have been done with the loads of earth which must have been removed from beneath the surface. It is calculated by some of the Catholic antiquarians that there are nearly nine hundred miles of these tortuous windings threading the foundations of the seven-hilled city, and no fewer than seven millions of Christian graves, following the rocks, on which are now reared vast and splendid Basilicas.

It is difficult accurately to refer these to their proper date, and thus to draw any reliable conclusions as to the ecclesiastical forms, or theological dogmas, which were held by the persecuted Church of the Catacombs; but we know that here, in the heart of the earth, holy men and women must have often been sheltered from the cruel massacres which took place. More than one bishop was hunted to this last retreat, and, while celebrating the Holy Eucharist, inhumanly beheaded. The inscriptions over these buried Christians contrast grandly with the pompous yet desolate sentiments often inscribed over the Roman urns. Peace—Peace—Peace—was written ever and anon over these graves of the noble army of martyrs, and light and joy still gleam out of these hidden sanctuaries of holy feeling and exalted hope.

In the present Lateran Museum there is a great collection of these inscriptions and of memorial tablets, which have been brought from the Catacombs, with the rude sculptured bas-reliefs in which these fathers and founders of the Christian Church in Europe expressed their faith, and fear. As I walked through the Lateran Museum I copied several of these inscriptions. Thus, "*Felicitas lived thirty-two years—she died in peace.*" On the one side there was a dove, and on the other a heart transfixed by a spear. I observed one which seemed to me very beautiful—a little dove, with an olive branch in its mouth, and beside it the words, "*Basileia—in pace, who lived eight years—two days.*" Glorious memorials these of the faith, the zeal, and fortitude of those holy men, whose spiritual life, in its vigorous and noble growth, rent the foundations of Paganism, and spread its healing and beauty over the desolate ruins. Strange to say—no; it is not strange to say, but it is a grave difficulty for the Romanist to explain, that the representations on the sides of these sarcophagi portray many scenes from Scripture history, but the majority of these are representations of the Fall; the Flood; the dove bearing an olive branch; the story of Jonah, or the raising of Lazarus; and whereas in one of them Saint Peter is represented, receiving the keys, in at least twenty, he is either *denying his master*, or is signalized by the presence of the warning cock. Moses often appears smiting the rock; the Good Shepherd watching over his sheep; the Magdalen anointing the feet of Jesus, or bathing them with her tears; but I saw no similitude of the Virgin Mary, no nimbus of glory traced around the heads of the Apostles, and scarcely a symbol or a hint which could justify the innovations and man-worship of the Papal Church.

It seems that between the fourth and the eighth centuries, these catacombs were the resort of innumerable visitors, who have added their memorials to those of the martyrs; but in the ninth century, from fear of the Lombards, the popes encouraged the removal of these relics to more costly shrines, and the tombs were ransacked, and their occupants distributed as consecrating elements among the various churches of Italy. A passion for tomb-worship swept over the whole Roman church; gilded shrines were erected wherever this superstition was likely to increase the sanctity of particular spots. Holy places and holy things have, there is reason to fear, often been substituted for holy lives, and eternal truths.

The church of St. Peter itself professes to be a tomb erected over the supposed remains of the most distinguished of the apostles. The mighty dome, blazing with gold and precious marbles, appears suspended over the crypt in which, surrounded by one hundred and twenty ever-burning golden lamps, the apostle martyr is said to sleep; and the sentence, "Thou art Peter; on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it," wrought in blue mosaic on a golden ground in letters each six feet in length, forms the apparent basement of the dome. From every part of the church some portion of that sentence can be read.

Almost all the principal churches in Rome derive their subordinate sanctity from the presence of some consecrated relic, the mouldering fragment of some precious bone. A curious discourse might be delivered on these relics of the past, many of them deriving their interest, not from their genuineness or authenticity, but from their age-long history. Thus, though no possible reliance can be placed in the story of the Invention of the Cross, there is no doubt that a considerable portion of that piece of decayed wood which, in the days of Constantine was believed to be the true cross, is treasured in the Basilica of St. Peter; that the iron crown of Mouza is constructed out of one of the nails, or rather contains one of the nails that was extracted from that venerable relic. So the shrine of the three kings at Cologne; the tomb of St. Mark, at Venice; of St. John, at Ephesus; of St. Irenæus, at Lyons; of Aaron, on Mount Hor; that the shrine of the tooth of Buddha, in the temple of Candy—have each a long and interesting history of their own, altogether distinct from the question of their authenticity, or identity with that which they profess to be.

Before I quit the subject of the memorial tombs of individuals, I cannot refrain from making brief allusions to two other specimens of interment, each having its own peculiarities, both of which I happen to have visited. One is the grave of St. Carlo Borromeo, beneath the marble temple of Milan. This venerated and popular archbishop of the sixteenth century, to whom Milan owes, among other things, the completion of its Duomo, was virtually mummified; he was then clothed with sumptuous archiepiscopal attire; the mitre was placed on his skinny scalp; the crosier in his withered gripe; a splendid ring upon his shrivelled fingers; and the whole was enclosed in a coffin of transparent crystal. Whosoever will now pay a few francs for the sight, may have an opportunity of inspecting at leisure this disgusting lesson on the vanity of human greatness. In contrast to this I may mention the curious practice of the Capuchin friars, who boil their dead in some strong anti-septic, bake them in an oven, then clothe them in their long serge gown, confined with a girdle of rope, and having hung their well-thumbed rosary on the withered fingers, arrange them in the open niches of a subterranean chapel. In one of the Capuchin monasteries in Malta there is a fine collection of these semi-cooked individuals. After a year or two they become unable to stand as they were at first placed; then, for a time, they are suspended, and finally, in ghastly submission, they are doubled toge-

ther and laid in their rags to moulder into dust. Their brethren and successors perambulate these ghastly avenues, show the visitor the niches which they expect to fill, and ask one another how father So-and-so is going on, as though this prolonged and visible corruption were a species of life and work. This practice is strangely characteristic of a faith which has clung with such morbid tenacity to dead men's bones, and deserted living men's souls, which often makes more of the ceremonies under which a man dies than of the faith and holiness in which he has lived.

The tombs of Egypt though they fail to give us much definite information with reference to the individuals who were deposited within them, are replete with memorials of the age in which they were excavated and adorned. Along the whole course of the Nile, from the quarries of Massarah, to the rock temple of Aboo-simbel, dark spots are seen at intervals in the sides of the precipitous cliffs, or shelving rocks, which rise in greater or less proximity to the river's side. As a general rule, those which are the most conspicuous from the river contain nothing of great interest, and many of the most richly decorated caves present in the distance no token of their treasures. The celebrated tombs of Beni-Hassan are of the latter class; they consist of eighteen excavations on the ledge of rock. Some of them were never completed, but they all exhibit more finish and ornament than the generality of tombs in their neighbourhood. The roofs of several are supported by fluted columns of considerable beauty, and the entrance divided by others of a different form. They are of very great age, being constructed in the time of the twelfth dynasty of Theban kings. Their interior walls are covered with beautiful little pictures ranged in parallel lines, and descriptive of the manners and customs of their builders and occupants. We see here how they sowed and reaped, and gathered into barns; what kind of houses they occupied; the number of their children, servants, and cattle; the food they ate; the battles they fought; the game they killed; the music, the dancing, and other diversions which beguiled their leisure; and we feel as if we knew all about them, and we realize that they were our brethren. From their entrance we can look down on the grand old river, and see the acres gleaming in their emerald green, still unchanged perhaps from what they were when the first occupants of these tombs lived and laboured and died upon them. Many of the Egyptian tombs consist of a series of chambers opening one into another, and it often happens that the name of the king, in whose reign their first occupier was conveyed with solemn pomp to these secret abodes, has been fortunately preserved. In others we find the record of some event of national, or great local interest, which must have been enacted at the time. Thus they do something towards revealing the history of the nation, as well as the life of the individuals whose remains they enclosed.

Prodigious care was taken by the Egyptians to preserve the corpses of their friends from dissolution, their notion being that so long as the body retained its apparent individuality, the spirit was also kept distinct from all other spirits. Should the conservation outlast the

cycle of changes and transmigrations, the once-favoured relics would receive again the same informing spirit and a blessed immortality. Into the mouths, and under the arm-pits, and in every practicable space of the resinous limbs they inserted images of the gods, charms, or representations of the dead man in the form of a divinity. Pots of wheat, barley, dhourra, and other grain, have also been found in the tombs, as well as papyri full of information concerning the ritual for the dead, or some fulsome enumeration of the virtues of the deceased. It is strange that these elaborate attempts to fight against death, and to keep profane hands from even touching their sacred clay, have created the fascination which has induced the explorers of later ages to rifle and to scatter them.

I have left myself little space to dilate upon the third class of tombs to which reference was made,—those which I have ventured to call the battle-ground, where superstition has fought with our last foe. These are not so much memorials of the race, or age, or individuals, to which they refer, as deliberate and defiant contests with death; the vain but resolute attempt to bind death and destruction over to do the behests of the spirit.

All the Egyptian tombs, or at least every Egyptian mummy, was a declaration of the faith that the soul had become absorbed into the Deity, and that the corpse was even the special residence of the great god Osiris, and worthy of the honour due to himself. Thus homage was perpetually paid to the manes, and at the grave of departed ancestors, who are often reckoned among the gods. The mode and place of burial were among the most carefully defined and deeply significant portion of their religious creed. Every great man must have been busy all his life in the excavation and garniture of his tomb. He thought well not only to carve and paint with elaborate finish the record of his life, and the social and industrial condition of the age in which he lived, on the walls of these vast sepulchres, but to take the most elaborate means to conceal the sarcophagus from discovery.

The number of hands that must have been employed in strictly funeral work, from the gravedigger to the Royal Academician of Pharaoh must have been inconceivably great. Still it is very curious, as far as I was able to observe, that, with the exception of the tombs of the kings, there were no records of any mystic or funeral rites, of any deep religious faith, on the walls of their tombs. There were the houses and gardens, the pleasures and professions, the diseases and fortunes, of these old Egyptian gentlemen, but no hint of the feeling in which they drew near to the house appointed for all living. Our main information is derived from the papyri, the various accompaniments of the mummied corpse itself, and from the tombs of the kings.

But Oriental minds were afflicted, for ages, with the crushing superstition that a special manifestation of the deity was granted to them in the person of their kings. The divine right of kings was a tremendous fact in the kingdoms of Babylon, and Persia, and Egypt. During their lifetimes, the sovereigns of these countries received idolatrous homage. Every word that fell from their lips was supposed to be a

Divine utterance, and worthy of most scrupulous attention. Forty secretaries waited round the person of the Persian monarch to catch his lightest word, and record it on tablets of brass or of marble. His wishes were irrevocable edicts. His service was considered to be a religious worship. And when he died, he was laid in gorgeous pomp amid the solemn streets of Persepolis, and was supposed thence to rule over the whole Persian people. And what Persepolis became for ages to the Persians, the tombs of the Theban kings and the Pyramids of the fourth dynasty, must have been to the Egyptian people.

It is utterly impossible to convey to one who has had little experience in such things, any conception of those tombs of the kings in the valley of Sheikh el Gononou.

Oh! the awful silence, the solemn grandeur, of this strange necropolis. It never could have appeared very different from what it does now, not even when the great kings themselves came hither to view the progress of their tombs. I thought the guide must have been cheating me the first time I ascended this gorge, when I saw him suddenly rein up his horse, and declare that we had reached the tomb of Rameses VII. There was a narrow opening in the rocks, which we now proceeded to enter with lighted candles. The first thing that struck us was a portrait of the king, possessing considerable individuality in its mode of representation. The tomb was surrounded by none of the signs of royal pleasure or diversion, but by groups of gods with many inexplicable symbols of worship or reverence. The descent was rapid into successive chambers all hollowed out of the solid rock, and every square inch of the face of the walls covered with symbolical hieroglyphical signs. There was a long procession represented in rich colouring, of sacred boats or arks, carrying different symbols. In one of them I saw a *crocodile* with a human head cropping out of his back. There were boats which terminated both at bow and stern in serpents' heads. In the chamber where the sarcophagus of this prince was laid, there is a representation of Harpocrates sitting on a winged globe, in a position in which it was implied that the spirit of the departed king having become a little child, the child of the god was now triumphing over death. And most thrilling it was to find here in the heart of the earth, amid many grotesque conceits and dire superstitions, such proofs of the belief of man in immortality,—of the faith of men some thirty centuries ago in Life out of and Life after death.

Diodorus Siculus declares that there were forty-seven of these royal tombs known in his day to the Egyptian priests, only seventeen of which were discoverable in the reign of Ptolemy Lagus. Of these ten or twelve only are now known.

The most celebrated is that which goes by the name of Belzoni's tomb, and is the resting place of Setei-Men-ephthah—the father of Rameses. The staircase, which appears at the very mouth of the cavern, is quite as uninviting as travellers describe, but we did not hesitate, and it seemed like going down into some veritable Hades. All the Pantheon of Egypt gleams ghastly in our tapers' light on the sides of the



pit. The first large chamber at which we arrive is desolate, and has an unfinished appearance, and in some smaller rooms or subterranean chapels which open out of it, and which give the appearance of being the continuation of the line of the tomb,—there are some curious unfinished paintings, being many heads left as mere disks to be filled in on a subsequent occasion. It would seem that the draughtsman must have been followed by pupils, or conventional colourists, who filled in these disks, because in one face, if not in more, it seems probable that the head draughtsman had come a second time and corrected the work of the subordinate. The whole tomb is three hundred and nine feet in length, and contains fourteen different chambers.

There is much fearful conflict with the spirit of evil, and all the drear mysteries of this strange complicated theology revealing itself. We came to chamber after chamber where all the abominable things of Egyptian worship were represented—all the stumbling-blocks of iniquity. What the interminable processions, the endless coils of writhing serpents, the innumerable conjunctions of animal or human form could mean,—what trees growing in boats, serpents with human heads, and head-pieces hobbling on their ends which were elongated into tiny feet, could possibly mean,—we are at great loss to conjecture. We know the names and general attributes of these divisions of their Pantheistic worship, a little of the law by which these deities appear under different names and symbolism, but we soon pause in our interpretation.

Here, and in the heart of the pyramids of Lower Egypt, the reverend Egyptians laid the deified corpses of their kings, and strove vainly to contend with the curse and shame and misery of death.

There was, perhaps, in this transformation of the tomb into the throne and palace of a god, some vague hint and unconscious prophecy of the work of the true King of Men, of the life that has sprung out of his death, and of the fact that the cross is the seat of his glory, and the grand symbol of his power.

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## VII.

### PLAGIARISMS AND LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

MR. DE QUINCEY, in a recent publication, has called attention to the notorious and extensive plagiarisms of Coleridge; and Professor Ferrier, some years ago, did the same in *Blackwood's Magazine* in a paper which Sir William Hamilton has pronounced "remarkable for the sagacity which tracks, through the Hercynian brakes of philosophy and poetry, the footsteps of the literary reaver."\* The same writer adds that "Coleridge's systematic plagiarism is,

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\* Edition of Reid's Works, p. 890.

perhaps, the most remarkable on record." It is so not only on account of the *extent* to which it was carried—whole treatises being appropriated by him no less than single sentences and expressions—but quite as much on account of the *native powers* and *proper resources* of the man who thus unceremoniously made free with the property of others; and most of all, perhaps, on account of the utter *unconsciousness* under which he seems to have laboured that he had drawn upon any stores but his own for what he has put down in his books. Unless we would class him with the most unprincipled of liars, we must believe that when he formally asserted his right of property in what he took from Kant and Schelling, he must have been labouring under some extraordinary hallucination, or been the victim of some unparalleled lapse of memory. It is probable that the unhappy habit of opium-eating, to which he was addicted at the time he made the most, and the most flagrant, of these depredations, may have had chiefly to do with the production of so strange a state of mental confusion. This habit undoubtedly injured Coleridge's perceptions on other points besides the distinction between *meum* and *tuum* in matters of philosophy and poetry; and it may be suggested as a probable explanation of his conduct in the case before us that, having translated the passages in question from the German philosophers for some other purpose, he at a later period took *bond fide* the papers containing them for compositions of his own, and used them accordingly.

What we suspect Coleridge thus to have done on a scale of unparalleled magnitude, very few writers have escaped doing in a measure. Unconscious, and therefore unintentional, plagiarism is what all men who read and admire other men's writings may very readily be betrayed into. Choice epithets, felicitous phrases, striking or beautiful thoughts may establish themselves in the mind of the reader, and linger there, whilst the recollection of the source whence they were originally derived may have entirely faded from the memory. Nay, it will often happen that no conscious sense of the sentiment or expression may be present to the mind until some train of thought or link of association calls it up, and then it seems to issue so entirely from the mind's own workings, that it is welcomed by the writer as part of his genuine and legitimate intellectual offering.

On this principle may be accounted for, we believe, many of Milton's borrowings from the classic writers of antiquity. Milton, indeed, often plunders right royally; as one who had fairly conquered a province, he helps himself without scruple or concealment to whatever of its products pleases his taste or suits his purpose. We suspect he would not have scrupled to say, "*Aspice ut exuvias, veterumque insignia nobis Aptemus.*" But in many instances, we believe, he was himself unconscious of the extent to which he was making free with the property of those who had gone before him. His mind was so richly imbued with classical literature, and he had so much accustomed himself to think and speak with the great masters of ancient thought, that he could hardly miss often-

times confounding their ideas and words with his own, and using as his own what he had really, in the first instance, derived from them. This might be largely illustrated from the *phraseology* of Milton, especially his epithets, many of which, if not borrowed or imitated from the ancients, were in all probability unconsciously suggested by them. We prefer, however, taking an illustration or two from passages where the coincidence lies in the sentiment fully more than in the language. Thus he introduces Adam after his fall as accusing death "of tardy execution," and exclaiming—

"Why comes not death  
. . . With one thrice acceptable stroke  
To end me? . . . But death comes not at call."\*

With this we may compare the following passage from an author whom Milton had carefully studied—

"O death, death, why continually called  
Thus day by day, can'st thou not come at length."†

In the Hymn of Praise ascribed to our first parents, in the 5th book of the *Paradise Lost*, the planets are spoken of as—

"wandering fires that move  
In mystic dance, not without song."—l. 177.

So Bacchus is addressed by the chorus in the *Antigone* of Sophocles as—

"Leader of the fire-breathing stars,  
Overseer of the nocturnal chants.‡"

And Manetho in his *Apotelesmatica* speaks of the—

"Dance of the heavenly stars."

In the 2nd book Belial says to his compeer—

"Since our present lot appears  
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst."—l. 223.

This is almost literally rendered from a passage in Theognis, verse 509—

"If any shall ask of my life, thus say,  
For well but badly, for badly pretty well."

One more instance must suffice for Milton. In the 6th book of *Paradise Lost* the march of the angelic hosts is thus described—

\* Par. Lost, b. x. l. 854.

† ὦ θάνατε, θάνατε, πῶς δὲ καλοῦμαι  
οὕτω κατ' ἡμᾶς, οὐδ' ὅτι μάλισ' ὥστε ; Sophocles Philoct., 796.

‡ ἰδὲ πῶς περιέταται χροὸν δόρυ  
ὡχλὸν φθγγαλὸν ἰσχυρῶς.—l. 1348-9.

" On they move,  
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,  
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides  
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground  
Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
Their nimble tread."—l. 68-73.

So in the Hymn to Ceres the horses in the chariot of Persephone—

" Flew not unwillingly,  
And quickly travelled the long path; nor sea  
Nor river stream, nor grassy dales, nor hills  
Could stay the course of the immortal steeds,  
For high above all these, they nimbly rushed,  
Cleaving the depths of air."<sup>\*</sup>

The similarity here is very striking, and it may be put down either to a direct imitation on the part of Milton or to a casual coincidence between him and the ancient poet; though the probability, we think, is that it was neither; but that this passage in the Hymn to Ceres had, with the elective affinity of genius, long before been incorporated by Milton with his own mental substance, and was unconsciously reproduced by him when an analogous theme sought fit utterance from his pen.

Before passing from Milton we may adduce a coincidence between him and Shakspeare which is somewhat noticeable in connection with the subject of the *unconscious* reproduction of ideas and expressions. Milton says (Paradise Lost, v. 197)—

" Ye birds,  
That, singing, up to heaven-gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise."

This will at once recall to the reader Shakspeare's well-known lines in Cymbeline—

" Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," &c.,

or the still closer parallel in the 29th of his sonnets,

" Like as the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate."

We know from Milton's own testimony that he was a profound admirer of Shakspeare, and that he regarded that "great heir of fame" as having so impressed his own "Delphic lines" on the minds of his readers that he needed no other monument than that he already had in their "wonder and astonishment"—

" And so sepulchred, in such pomp do'st lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."†

We may well suppose, therefore, that Milton's own genius was

<sup>\*</sup> τὰ δὲ δύο ἄνευ πειρίσεως, &c.—l. 379-84.

† Epitaph on the admirable dramatic poet, W. Shakspeare, in Milton's Works.

deeply imbued with influences borrowed from that of Shakspeare, and that phrases and images, &c., used by the latter would cleave almost instinctively to the mind of the former. A picture so sweetly poetic as that of the lark singing at heaven's gate would at once seize hold of the imagination of the younger poet, and remain there as part of himself, to come forth as his own when occasion demanded, with utter unconsciousness on his part that it was borrowed. Two other instances occur to us in which Milton has followed Shakspeare, perhaps unwittingly. The one is the well known line in *Lycidas*, "Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise," where the expression "clear spirit" is one which occurs also in *Othello*—"Something, sure, of state hath puddled his clear spirit." The other is from the *Arcades*, where the Genius says, "I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes," which closely resembles what Helena says to Lafeu in *All's well that ends well*, "The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes." This latter, however, is perhaps rather an accidental coincidence than a plagiarism.

We shall now give a few instances from some of our more recent poets, where the author has undoubtedly followed very closely some previous writer, but whether consciously or unconsciously, we shall not in every case pretend to say.

Few lines are more frequently quoted than the following of Campbell's,

"Like angels' visits, few and far between."

In Blair's *Grave*, however, we have the same idea,

"Its visits,  
Like those of angels, short and far between."

Blair has the advantage here, not only of priority, but of greater correctness. Campbell's expression is tautological, "few" and "far between" being virtually the same thing.\* But an earlier writer than Blair had hit upon the same simile. John Norris, the Platonist, in speaking of earthly enjoyments, says:

"But those which soonest take their flight  
Are the most exquisite and strong,  
Like angels' visits, short and bright."†

We incline to think this the most poetical of the three.

Another favourite line of Campbell's is the following, from *Lochiel's Warning*,

"And coming events cast their shadows before."

A similar idea occurs in Schiller's *Wallenstein*, in a passage which has been very faithfully rendered by Coleridge thus,

\* Comp. Hazlitt's *Lectures on the English Poets*, p. 297.

† A collection of Miscellanies, consisting of Poems, Essays, Discourses, and Lectures, occasionally written by John Norris, M.A., Rector of Newton St. Loe, Somersetshire, 2nd edit., Lond. 1692, p. 18.

"As the sun,  
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image  
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits  
Of great events stride on before the events."

*Act V. Scene 1. (in the orig. Sc. 3.)*

The English poet has here the advantage both in the conception and in the expression; and the difference of idea is such that the resemblance between the two passages must be put down rather to accident than to derivation. It is different, however, in the following case, where the plagiarism is manifest. In the *Valedictory Stanzas to Kemble*, Campbell says,

"And Painting, *mute and motionless*,  
Steals but a glance of Time."

What is here applied to painting, Milton has said of tapestry in his *Eiconoclastes*:—"To be blasted, to be struck as mute and motionless as a parliament of tapestry in the hangings."\*

The following also, we fear, must be put down to the score of Campbell's literary pilferings:—

"When o'er the green undeluged earth  
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
How came the world's gray fathers forth  
To watch the sacred sign."†

This is taken from Henry Vaughan:—

"How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye  
Thy burning flaming arch did first descry!  
When Zerah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,  
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot  
Did with intente looks, watch every hour  
For thy new light."

We turn now to another of our recent poets.  
Moore begins one of his Irish Melodies thus—

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

This may have been suggested by Shakspeare's—

"Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange."

But a much closer parallel is in the following lines from an aria of *Metastasio*:—

"Di ricche gemme e rare  
L'Indico mare abunda."

In one of his Sacred Melodies, Moore has an exquisitely beautiful image, illustrative of a pious heart's reliance on God:—

\* Prose Works, Vol. I. p. 48. Bohn's Edit.

† Ode to the Rainbow.

"As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,  
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,  
So dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,  
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee."

It may surprise our readers to learn that this is taken, idea and word, from a writer who, however famous as a theologian, is but little known as a poet, Richard Baxter. In one of his poems he thus writes:

"As the touched needle pointeth toward the pole,  
Thus unto Thee inclines the holy soul;  
It trembleth and is restless till it come  
Unto thy bosom, where it is at home."

Here not only the comparison itself, as a whole, but its finest and most poetical point, the *trembling* of the soul, drawn by a powerful attraction to its true centre, and yet not unsolicited by antagonist influences, is borrowed by the poet from the divine. What a strange conjunction! the severe, unworldly, high-souled polemic and confessor, lending a touch of poetry to the gay, frisking, sensual, Anacreon of modern London society: unless, indeed, both were indebted to an earlier poet, Philip Quarles, who thus utters the same idea:—

"Even as the needle, that directs the hour,  
Touched with the loadstone, by the secret power  
Of hidden nature, points upon the pole;  
Even so the wavering powers of my soul,  
Touched by the virtue of thy Spirit, flee  
From what is earth, and point alone to Thee."

The resemblance, however, is closer between Baxter and Moore, than between either and Quarles.

In a case like this it seems hardly possible to resist the conviction that a real plagiarism has been perpetrated. But what shall we make of such coincidences as the following?

In the *Poggiana* (t. ii. p. 184. Amst. 1720) occurs the following anecdote of the Emperor Sigismund. "This prince, having ennobled a man of learning, the latter, instead of placing himself, as formerly, among the doctors, ranked himself with the nobles. 'What a fool he is!' said the Emperor, 'I can make a thousand noblemen every day, but in a thousand years I could not make one learned man.'" Now it is as certain as any negative can well be, that Robert Burns had never read any of the writings, in extenso or in extract, of Poggio Bracciolini; and yet see how faithfully, in his vigorous style, he reproduces the Emperor's bon-mot!—

"A prince can mak' a belted knight,  
A marquess, duke, and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that.  
Fora' that, and a' that  
The dignities and a' that;  
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth  
Are higher ranks than a' that."

Mr. Tennyson has expressed a thought almost the same as this in the following lines,

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
 'Tis only noble to be good,  
 Kind hearts are more than coronets  
 And simple faith than Norman blood ;"

though we cannot but feel that this sounds somewhat tame after the vigorous rush of the peasant bard's lines.

We may here notice another instance in which the Laureate has approached very closely to an older poet. In the following fine lines—

". . . Beauty, Truth, and Knowledge are three sisters  
 That doat upon each other, friends to man,  
 Living together under the same roof,  
 And never can be sunder'd without tears."\*

We are somewhat more than reminded of the still finer lines of Akenside :—

"At first was Beauty sent from heaven,  
 The lovely ministrress of Truth and Good  
 In this wide world ; for Truth and Good are one,  
 And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her  
 With like participation. Wherefore then,  
 O sons of men ! would ye dissolve the tie ?"†

In the Greek Anthology there is a pretty little poem by an anonymous writer, beginning *εἰθ' ἀνεμος γίνουμην*, of which the following is a translation :—

"Oh ! that I were some gentle air  
 That, when the heats of summer glow,  
 And lay thy panting bosom bare,  
 I might upon that bosom blow !  
 Oh ! that I were yon blushing flower—  
 Which even now thy hands have press'd—  
 To live, though but for one short hour,  
 Upon the elysium of thy breast!"‡

This is immensely prettier than old Anacreon's wish that he were a mirror, that his mistress might always gaze on him, and a coat that she might always wear him, &c., &c.§ Petrarch in one of his sonnets comes close upon the elegance and sweetness of the epigram in the Anthology, where he invokes "the breeze that flutters round the golden locks of his mistress, and moves them and is moved by them," and exclaims, "O fortunate breeze ! why cannot I change courses with thee ?" Shakspeare has struck the same note in a higher key in his well-known song,

"On a day, (alack the day !)  
 Love, whose month was ever May,

\* Prologue to the Palace of Art.

† Pleasures of Imagination, B. I. l. 432-437.

‡ Collections from the Greek Anthology, &c., by the Rev. Robert Eland and others, p. 14.

§ See his 20th ode, ed. Brunck, or his 22nd, as translated by Moore. Moore has also given a translation of the epigram from the Anthology in his notes.



Spied a blossom passing fair  
 Playing in the wanton air;  
 Through the velvet leaves the wind  
 All unseen 'gan passage find,  
 That the lover, sick to death,  
 Wished himself the heaven's breath.  
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
 Air, would that I might triumph so!"

But of all who have touched this string none has brought such sweet music from it as one of the old Scotch bards, whose name has not come down to us, though his verses are in everyone's mouth:—

"O gin my love were yon red rose  
 That grows upon the castle wa',  
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew  
 Into its bonnie breast to fa'!  
 Oh! there beyond expression blest,  
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night;  
 Seal'd on its silk-soft faulds to rest  
 Till slep'd awa' by Phoebus' light."

In the biographical sketches, illustrative of Kay's Edinburgh Portraits, the following anecdote is related (Vol. I. p. 30. 4to. ed.) of the facetious Dr. Webster. "He was particularly fond of claret. A friend on whom he called one day, and who was aware of his predilection for this liquor, said he would give him a treat, adding that he had a bottle of claret upwards of forty years old. The bottle accordingly was produced but proved to be only a pint bottle. 'Dear me,' said the disappointed Doctor, taking it up in his hand, 'but it's unco [very] little o' its age.'"

This story sits well on the party of whom it is told, and the wit looks as if it were original. But Horace Walpole in his recently published correspondence with Mason, tells the very same joke of Foote, in reference to a bottle of Tokay; and Mr. Forster, in his essay on Foote, has repeated it as emanating from him\*. It may possibly have been told of many besides, for it is older by many centuries than either Webster or Foote. The real author of it, so far as can be ascertained, is the great Roman orator and philosopher, Cicero. In a chapter of his *Saturnalia*, entitled, "De jociis M. Tullii Ciceronis," Macrobius relates that "M. Cicero cum apud Damasippum cenaret, et ille mediocri vino posito diceret, 'Bibite Falernum hoc, annorum quadraginta est:—' Bene," inquit, "aetatem fert."†

In the Percy anecdotes of Eloquence there is a story of a North American Indian who, on a visit to Washington, was seen to be greatly interested in watching the debates in Congress, though he did not understand a word of the language in which they were conducted; on being asked what it was that so interested him, he replied that he liked to see which party was victorious. But how do you

\* "Dining when in Paris with Lord Stormont, that thrifty Scotch peer, then ambassador, as usual produced his wine in the smallest of decanters, and dispensed it in the smallest of glasses, enlarging all the time on its exquisite growth and enormous age. 'It is very little of its age,' said Foote, holding up his diminutive glass." *Historical and Biographical Essays*, Vol. II. p. 300.

† *Saturnal*, Bk. II. ch. 3.

discover that? was asked in turn, "I see," said he in reply, "which has lost by seeing who gets first angry." This tells well; but, unluckily for the reputation of the sagacious savage, the same story was told, more than a hundred years ago by Leibnitz, of a cobbler at Leyden, who used punctually to attend the disputations in the University, though utterly ignorant of Latin, in which language they were conducted. When asked how he discovered which side had the worst, he replied, "When I see from the looks of one that he is vexed and angry, I conclude from that that he has lost his footing."\*

But we must desist. We have said enough to show that it is not the poor alone who steal, and to inculcate upon critics a lesson of charity in judging of what may appear plagiarisms. They may, after all, be unconscious reproductions, or it may be only accidental coincidences. It is long since Terence exclaimed, "*Nullum est jam dictum, quod non est dictum prius*;" it is longer still since Solomon said "There is no new thing under the sun;" and perhaps not a few have been led, when they found their good things stolen by the ancients, to follow the example of the preceptor of St. Jerome who, as that learned father himself tells us†, was wont to exclaim, "*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!* May they perish who said our good things before us!" But let us neither severely blame the moderns who reproduce the ancients, nor regret that the ancients should have so much anticipated the moderns. Let us rather be thankful for all the good things we can get, whether originally created, or faithfully recovered from the hurrying stream of Time.

## VIII.

### MINISTERIAL STIPENDS.

WE do not propose, in this paper, to re-argue the question whether it is necessary to keep the ministry poor in order to preserve it from worldliness. We believe that there are people scattered among our churches who still think that a threadbare-coat, an empty cupboard, pale little children, and a woe-begone wife, are indispensable aids to ministerial sanctity. But just now, we must be permitted to take it for granted that starvation is not very favourable to intellectual and physical vigour; that incessant anxiety about the butcher, baker, and landlord, is not likely to increase a minister's solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his people; and that a minister has no more right than any other man to marry a wife unless he has a fair chance of being

\* Leibnitz, *Opp.* III. p. 460.

† In *Eccles.* i. 9.

able to keep her. Our present purpose is to discuss some of the schemes which have been suggested for remedying what very many are beginning to consider as one of the most shameful and injurious evils by which the church is afflicted.

It may be well, however, to preface this discussion by a short and rapid sketch of the actual financial position of the Christian ministry in this wealthy Christian country.

Have our nonconformist readers ever taken the trouble to glance over the "Clergy List?" We confess that we have been not a little startled by some of its revelations. We could point out districts in which some Dissenting ministers have very enviable salaries compared with the estimated incomes of the parochial clergy; and Parliamentary returns, in reference to the value of livings in certain dioceses, confirm the impression that the clergy are not nearly so well off as many keen Dissenters suppose. The late Mr. Conybeare estimated that "two-thirds of the parochial clergy receive less than 300*l.* per annum from their profession; and out of this they are often compelled, by the large population of their parishes, to maintain an assistant." The average income of the 12,270 incumbents of the English Church is about 290*l.* per annum; but since very many receive 500*l.* or 600*l.* a-year, and not a few more than 1000*l.*, it is obvious that a very large number of livings must be very far below the average; and it is a fact that many of the parochial clergy receive from their parishes less than 150*l.* a-year. The average salary of the 5000 curates is not more than 100*l.* a-year. The large private resources of a considerable proportion of the clergy of the Church of England have given a false impression concerning the magnitude of their professional incomes; but we are inclined to think that from the operation of very many influences, the number of clergymen wholly dependent on their profession is rapidly increasing; and we believe that although the English Church is the richest in Christendom, nothing but the development of the voluntary liberality of her laity will prevent a constantly increasing proportion of her clergy being plunged into the perplexing and harassing struggles which have long been the recognised destiny of their Dissenting brethren.

The scale of ministerial remuneration in the two denominations in which many of our readers are most deeply interested, is very difficult to discover. Nothing can be more deceptive, as we shall show presently, than some of the calculations on which gentlemen of sanguine temperaments and facile ingenuity have built up magnificent schemes of financial reform. Among the Independents, a comparison of different districts reveals very startling inequalities. We know a county in which the average salary is about 175*l.* a-year; and another in which it is scarcely over

60*l.* In the first, out of eleven ministers, only four have less than 100*l.* a-year: three of whom have 90*l.*, and the fourth 70*l.* In the second, out of twenty ministers, only three have more than 100*l.*, and one of these has to pay an assistant out of less than 200*l.* a-year; there are seventeen with less than 90*l.*; fourteen with less than 80*l.*; thirteen with less than 70; nine with less than 60*l.*; and eight with less than 50*l.*

In an admirable pamphlet by Mr. Haycroft, of Bristol, entitled "The Cry of the Labourer," we find the following lamentable statements—"Baptist ministers generally receive less than 80*l.* a-year. Most of our congregations deem 100*l.* or 120*l.* per annum a very comfortable provision, 150*l.* the *ne plus ultra*. Perhaps about 160 churches give their ministers 200*l.* per annum; of these, perhaps forty churches reach 300*l.* per annum; and out of these, perhaps twenty exceed that sum. A few only of our ministers, in large towns, receive adequate incomes. Most even of our ministers in large towns, and nearly all in our small towns and villages, are badly remunerated. In the list of churches in almost any association, we can point out church after church where the pastor receives only 60*l.* per annum, while many do not receive 40*l.*, and are compelled to seek assistance from some benevolent fund."

We have said nothing about the Presbyterian churches of Scotland, or the various Methodist societies in England. These denominations, from their very structure, enjoy peculiar advantages for dealing with this question; and their ministers, we refer especially to the ministers of the Free Church of Scotland and the United Presbyterian Church, are in a very much better position than their nonconformist brethren in England. And we quite endorse Mr. Haycroft's statement that "even the Wesleyans make a provision for their ministers which would be positive wealth to numbers of our pastors."

The proposal for remedying these evils which has attracted most attention is the scheme for a Sustentation Fund similar to that which has accomplished such vast results in the Free Church: but the objections to the plan appear to us absolutely insuperable. We cannot do better than quote the paragraphs in reference to it which occur in a Report read by the Rev. George Smith at a conference held in London early last year "on the subject of improving the incomes of congregational ministers."

"By some it is feared that such a fund would act as a premium on an incompetent ministry; that however guarded and administered, it would fall largely into the hands of persons who might more efficiently serve the cause of Christ out of the ministry, than in it, or who might acceptably preach the gospel to small congregations, and

obtain a large proportion of their own support from honourable mental or physical toil.

"Others think the fund, if created, would lower the tone and self-respect of the brethren aided by it; and refer to what they deem the humiliation involved in now obtaining recommendations for grants from charitable funds or county associations.

"Some few think and fear that it would act unfavourably on the liberality of churches, who, instead of doing all they can for the support of their pastors, would limit themselves to raising the amount indispensable to have it supplemented by a grant, and would thus throw on others a duty and privilege devolved on themselves by the Master and Head of the church.

"To these objections may be added one to which frequent allusion is made, in the shape of apprehension of the dangers which might arise to Independency. It is thought that money-power involves patronage; that its bestowment would secure a right of inquiry into the means and working of the smaller churches, which no extraneous authority could scripturally employ; and that while such a fund would probably work well under a Presbyterian or Connexional form of Church government, it would be hazardous to the liberties of Independent Churches."

The fact is, that the advocates of a Sustentation, or Supplemental Fund ignore the very important distinctions which separate Independency from Presbyterianism. Whether it would be well to modify our present system of polity, and assimilate it to the Presbyterian model, is not the question at present before us. We are anxious that the promoters of a Sustentation Fund should see that the compactness of the Presbyterian organization is absolutely essential to the efficient working of their scheme. So long as we have no means of checking the entrance into our ministry of thoroughly useless men; so long as we have no power to prevent the formation of an indefinite number of minute churches in a town or hamlet hardly large enough to support one; so long as the traditions of Independency cling to the affections of our people, (and they will survive longest in our smallest and poorest communities,) it is in vain to attempt to establish a scheme which implies the possession of powers which we do not possess and dare not create, and which the very churches and the very men these powers would soonest and most severely affect, would infallibly refuse to recognize.

The calculations we have hitherto seen of the probable amount that would be needed for a scheme of this kind, to raise the incomes of all our ministers to 100*l.*, 120*l.*, or 150*l.* a year, are based on a fatal and most extraordinary mistake. The *average* salary of *all* the ministers in a county has been made the basis of an estimate of how much would be needed to raise the deficient salaries of *some* of them. For instance, the excellent and

energetic secretary of the North Bucks Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers, who has devoted a considerable amount of labour to this subject, founds his plan on the average salary of the pastors in his own county, which he estimates at 72*l.* per annum. He supposes there are forty churches in the entire county, and reckons that as each, on an average, according to this calculation will require 28*l.* per annum to raise every income to 100*l.* a-year, the whole county will need 28*l.*  $\times$  40 or 1,120*l.*

But most clearly this amount would only raise the *average* salary to the minimum of 100*l.*; and if two or three of the associated ministers happened to receive more than 100*l.*, some of their brethren would necessarily receive less. Mr. Ashby's calculations imply, though this did not occur to him, that every minister receiving from his church more than 100*l.* a-year, should throw the excess into the common fund: for, we repeat, that if it is only the *average* salary which is raised to the modest standard proposed, so long as some continue to have more than that amount, some must continue to have less.

To make this more clear, suppose, for the sake of simplicity, that, of the fifty ministers, eight have each 200*l.* a-year; and thirty-two only 40*l.* According to the calculation in the note,\* there will be an average salary of 72*l.*; and this is only 28*l.* below the minimum of 100*l.* Mr. Ashby tells us to multiply 28*l.* by 40; and says that the 1,120*l.* would represent the sum needed to effect the proposed reform. But the truth is, that this is too little for the purpose, by 800*l.*; for the calculation supposes, that the eight ministers who have 200*l.* each, should sacrifice 100*l.* each to the common fund. If any of our readers do not see the correctness of our statement, let them remember that the 32 ministers receiving only 40*l.*, would each require 60*l.* a-year to raise their salary to the minimum; and 60*l.*  $\times$  32 = 1,920*l.*; which is just 800*l.* above Mr. Ashby's estimate.

To illustrate this point a little further: if we take the county already referred to in this paper, in which the average salary is about 175*l.* per annum, it would appear, on Mr. Ashby's principle, that in this county the Sustentation Fund would have no demands upon it at all; and yet, to raise the salary of every

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*	<i>£</i>		<i>£</i>
	40 $\times$ 32	=	1,280
	200 $\times$ 8	=	1,600
			<hr/>
			40) 2.880
			<hr/>
			72

minister in the county to 100*l.* a-year, there are three churches which would require a supplementary grant of 10*l.* each; and one which would require 30*l.*; making in all 60*l.* per annum.

All calculations of this kind should be based on an average of the salaries which are *below* the level to which all are to be raised.

Some, who shrink from the danger of a great national Sustentation Fund, imagine that the present County Associations can effect all that is needed. To this we demur. Counties like Lancashire, Yorkshire, South Staffordshire, Worcestershire, and Essex, in which a considerable proportion of the churches do now sustain most of their ministers with more than the average liberality, might, by a little effort, so increase the funds of their Associations, as to wipe away the reproach of permitting any minister to have less than 100*l.* per annum. But in counties like Buckinghamshire, in which we have only a poor agricultural population to appeal to, we cannot see how the Associations can do the work, unless all our financial schemes are thoroughly reorganised. How could the two Associations in Buckinghamshire raise even the eleven or twelve hundred a-year which, according to Mr. Ashby's inadequate estimate, would be wanted? Let it not be said that, if the churches gave less to the Missionary Society and other general institutions, they might give more to their ministers. These insinuations, that the claims of justice are overlooked, at the impulse of a thoughtless generosity, are based upon isolated and very unusual instances of an inequitable liberality. We ourselves, indeed, knew a church which used to give a salary of 80*l.* to its minister, and generally sent up to the London Missionary Society 40*l.* a-year; and we never think of it without recalling the text about robbery and burnt offerings: but such cases are very exceptional. We have looked over the missionary contributions of the churches in the county with which we have the largest personal acquaintance; and we find, that the churches which give their ministers less than 100*l.* a-year do not, on an average, contribute 8*l.* a-year to the Missionary Society. We are convinced that in many of the poorer counties, any attempt greatly to enlarge the resources of the Associations, will utterly fail. What then can be done?

The first, and, as we believe, indispensable condition of a better state of things, is to offer a firm resistance to the multiplication of churches in districts where the population is small, or the ground already well occupied. We should be glad to see the experiment tried more frequently of maintaining mission-stations in connection with existing churches, instead of originating separate and independent organizations. The advantages of this plan, well administered, are incalculable.

Suppose that a church in a large town, numbering four or five hundred members, instead of forming a new "interest" in some poor neighbourhood, in which for many years there would be no chance of a minister's getting anything like a respectable salary, built a small chapel there, induced ten or twenty of the members living near, to form in connection with the station a branch Sunday-school, employed a missionary, pledging him eighty or ninety or a hundred pounds per annum, and allowing him and those associated with him a considerable amount of freedom in all local action:—in a very few years he will have gathered out of the masses of the people round about a considerable number of converts, and these being incorporated with the mature church, and being naturally influenced by their more experienced brethren in all important matters, will escape the perils into which, had they been left alone, they would certainly have fallen; while the administration of their local affairs will have gradually trained them to habits of practical wisdom, and prepared them for more independent action by-and-by. We know a church in which upwards of one hundred and sixty of the members are connected in this way with two of its mission-stations; church meetings are held at the central chapel alone, and all new members are received and all discipline administered there; the missionaries are appointed by a committee representing the entire church, with the approbation, of course, of the presiding minister; and, instead of the squabbles and struggles through which the stations would be passing if they were separate churches, they are working peacefully and hopefully, and the members connected with them are gradually becoming qualified to discharge the duties which will come upon them when they become perfectly independent. Why should not this plan be carried out more generally? Why should not all our larger churches have dependencies in the villages, or poorer town districts by which they are surrounded, with plain, zealous men at work among them, who would not be fit for regular settled pastors, and who would feel themselves wealthy with salaries on which the cultivated *alumni* of our colleges would find it hard to live?

In the second place, we would encourage more generally the establishment, in connection with central churches, of congregations presided over by sensible, right-hearted laymen. There has been a very great deal of nonsense talked about the impossibility of uniting preparation for the pulpit with due attention to any secular calling. Why, nearly every minister occupying an important pulpit has on his hands as much work, in addition to his regular pulpit preparation, as would be equivalent to the labour which many successful tradesmen devote to their business.



The visitation of the sick of a large church, committee meetings, platform speeches, county business, correspondence, occasional lectures for literary institutions,—these occupy nearly as much time as many a merchant or manufacturer is obliged to spend at his works or his counting-house. If some of our young men can unite diligence in business with regular attendance at debating societies and regular preparation for taking part in their proceedings; if some of our elder men can spend the best part of one or two days a week in attending to corporation business, we are sure that they might find time for preparing two unambitious sermons every week, likely to do great good to simple people. We have in our eye at this very moment an admirable illustration. A young man, engaged in secular pursuits, was induced two or three years ago to undertake to supply the pulpit of a chapel holding about three hundred people, on the edge of a large town in the Midland Counties, the neighbourhood being too poor and too thinly populated to justify a regular minister being invited to settle there. He has continued to preach in that chapel twice every Sunday till this very time; he has gathered a church of seventy members, only about twenty or thirty of whom had ever been in membership before; and he is still carrying on his business with as much success, we believe, as before his pulpit work began. By accident, rather than design, his church has become wholly independent, but the same work might have been done if a connection had been maintained with some larger and more settled fellowship; and this connection would have saved it from some of the perils to which it is obviously exposed.

Where it is impossible to secure the services of one efficient layman, two or three laymen might combine to preach in the pulpit, and take the general oversight of a small church; or if there were several such small churches in the suburbs and neighbourhood of a large town, a larger union might be formed of the laymen in the town, who could easily supply these stations, according to the method presented in the Wesleyan plans. By a fair division of labour these gentlemen need very seldom be deprived of their own Sabbath rest and privileges, while they will enjoy the noblest privilege of doing good; and will have their Christian sympathies trained to healthful exercise by their self-denying efforts, and their intercourse with Christian brethren in these stations.

Thirdly, we believe that, by a wise financial system, it is possible very largely to increase the revenue of nearly every Baptist and Independent church in the country; and that, without any external aid, many of our ministers who are now receiving 80*l.* or 100*l.* per annum might at once be in the receipt of 120*l.* or 150*l.* We have never yet given the poor in our congregation

a fair opportunity of giving, and it is high time that expedients which the simplest and most ordinary prudence ought to have suggested long ago were generally adopted among us. We cannot see that the "weekly offering" has the shadow of claim to divine authority, and we think that the preposterous and extravagant arguments of some of its promoters are likely to inflict on the scheme most serious injury. But the financial advantage of asking for small payments frequently, instead of large payments now and then, are so great that no other recommendation is needed to enforce its claim to universal adoption. Moreover, it may be no slight help to right giving to be reminded week by week of what is being contributed for religious purposes, compared with what is being devoted to other objects. People who pay for their religious advantages every quarter, but pay for their amusements and luxuries from day to day as they are enjoyed, contrast the quarter's seat-rent at chapel with the expense of a single night's entertainment. Their generosity might be stimulated, and their expenditure more wisely adjusted, if their religious, like most of their other expenses, were placed before them in detail rather than in the gross.

Fourthly, and finally, in congregations in which, after all these methods have been tried, the ministry is still pauperised, let extraneous help be granted, either by county associations, or, where these are too poor, by an institution like the Congregational Home Missionary Society. Help granted from year to year by the county association is far less likely to do harm than help granted by a central board in London: and the committee of a home missionary society are far less likely to sustain decaying churches than a committee whose whole work is of an eleemosynary character. Perhaps, however, the most effectual remedy for these great evils will be the general diffusion of truer and nobler thoughts concerning the dignity and claims of the Christian ministry. At our ordination services we acknowledge that only by communications of divine enlightenment and power, as much beyond the ordinary grace bestowed upon private Christians as the duties and perils of the minister are greater than theirs, can he be made equal to the responsibilities which he ventures to assume. But in protesting against the blasphemies uttered by men who pretend to the power of mediating between the divine mercy and human guilt, of transforming bread and wine into the elements and means of spiritual sustenance, and infusing into the waters of the font regenerating grace, we have forgotten the principles we acknowledge. Superstitious reverence has been displaced by neglect and contempt.

But our very protest against the arrogance of Romish and Romanising priesthoods, instead of justifying any want of affec-

tionate reverence for individual ministers, rather implies an obligation to love and reverence them the more. If we ascribed ministerial efficiency to membership of an awful and mysterious order, tracing an unbroken succession, through eighteen centuries, to the august twelve and their divine Head; an order declaring that its authority cannot be impaired, nor its sanctity desecrated, nor its powers paralysed, nor its virtues destroyed, nor its prerogatives forfeited, by the most miserable feebleness, the grossest errors, or the blackest crimes of individual heirs of the transmitted grace, we might esteem lightly the men whom we have called to be our religious teachers. But we who laugh at the transmission from generation to generation of inalienable and imperishable priestly grace, must believe that our ministers are individually qualified by native faculty, by culture, by the discipline of God's providence, by special divine endowment, for the noblest of all human employment; and for us to permit them to be wasted by needless cares, distracted by anxieties which a thoughtful generosity might soothe or altogether remove, is a most obvious and inexcusable crime.

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## IX.

### ITALY FOR THE ITALIANS.

THAT war is inevitable has long been known, even to those who were unwilling to throw away the chances of peace which negotiation affords; but very few of us indeed imagined that the thunderbolt was so soon to be launched, and that the situation, with Russia in close alliance with France, was to be so dark. It might not unreasonably be asked what could be the worth of negotiations, the nature of which was pithily described by Lord Clarendon as being the request of one despotic power to another despotic power, that, by amicable arrangement, a third despotic power should give liberal institutions to the Italians? What could the real object be but war, when the cause of quarrel was palpably a pretext? Was there any possible chance of an amicable settlement, when the French eagle said to the Austrian eagle, "Ah, those poor lambs of Italy! how I pity them! how cruel of you to feed upon lambs! It is too bad! It must not be?" The French emperor has an ambition to acquire somewhat of the military glory which belonged to the First Napoleon; he sees the necessity of diverting the minds of the French from domestic concerns; he has faith in his new rifled cannon; and there is no room to doubt that war has been decreed. Actual hostilities

have in fact commenced, and while we cannot but regard the striking of the first blow by Austria as a signal lack of moral courage, and as the throwing away of a permanent gain for the sake of a temporary advantage, it is not possible to condemn entirely the tactics of the court of Vienna. They are shortsighted, but natural. Being perfectly assured of the aggressive intentions of the French government, it would have been very hard—it would have required greater faith in the eternal principles of justice than belongs to any despotic power—to wait in patience until the enemy was prepared, and assumed, in act as well as in intention, the aggressor's part. We will not blame, and we do not admire. England has no sympathy with either side. We are neutral in this awful contest which is now imminent. Our entire sympathy is reserved for that poor Italy which has so often been drenched with blood, and which is now again the prize for rival armies. It is too much to hope that from such a conflict the Italian peninsula will be a gainer; and if she is a gainer she will pay dearly for the advantage. But whatever be the chances of war, and whatever the nature of our hopes, we suppose that all Englishmen will assent to the principle expressed in the title of our article. If Austria or any other foreign power is to rule in Italy, she ought to rule through the Italians; and so long as the sentiment of nationality is a force in this world, no Italian province will submit to be the mere dependency of an exotic race. The Lombardo-Venetian provinces might submit to an Austrian archduke, but never to an Austrian army and to a shoal of Austrian officials.

Italy has been unfortunate in her friends. She has indulged in stolen interviews with Mazzini, and she has endured the ogling of Napoleon. "Italia! oh Italia! thou that hast the fatal gift of beauty!"—more fatal than all, thou hast listened to the addresses of the political fanatic, and thou hast won the affections of the political *roué*! Strayed, but not lost; fallen, but not dead; hurt, but still beautiful; full of hopes that are wild, and strength that is strange, she sends her cry to heaven in fitful gusts, and she spreads her hands by turns to all the powers of the earth. Is it wonderful that in the blindness of her despair she should be found looking for help now from the impracticable regicide and now from the insinuating libercide? Why, at one time, she rested her hopes in the most staid and respectable old gentleman going, and this respectable old gentleman proved to be the most fatal of her friends. We refer to that model of an ancient Whig, Lord Minto, whose mission to Italy in 1847 is one of the most disastrous events in history, and is one great cause of the evils from which the peninsula is now suffering. In the previous year, Cardinal Ferretti had ascended the chair of St. Peter, under the title of Pio Nono, and

inaugurated his reign with many professions and proposals which awakened the expectation, not only of the Papal States, but of all Italy, and not only of Italy, but of the civilized world. Now was to commence a new era; now all abuses were to be reformed; now the papacy was to cast off its rusty traditions; now the eternal city was to renew its youth; now the beast of the Apocalypse, like the beast of the fairy tale, was to be transformed into a glorious prince worthy of the maiden, Beauty, who consented to be his bride. Lord Palmerston was then in the Foreign Office; and as there seemed to be no immediate prospect of all these fine visions being realized, and all these brilliant words becoming deeds—probably because the Pope was inexperienced in the art of governing, and was unacquainted with the ways of liberty—it was arranged that a commissioner should be sent to Italy to confer with the papal government, to watch the state of affairs, and to give that practical advice of which, in these matters, Englishmen are apt to conceive that they enjoy a monopoly. Despatched on no ordinary errand, this commissioner was to be no ordinary person; he must not be the mere deputy, he must himself be a member of the cabinet; and who so fit as the Lord Privy Seal and the father-in-law of the Premier? Italy was delighted with the honour, and threw her arms in a transport of joy around this fine old English gentleman who was to act as her guardian. Before he knew where he was, Lord Minto found himself everywhere accepted as the champion of Italian independence, of liberty that was little better than license, and of nationality that meant the rupture of treaties and the confiscation of power. Wherever he went there were popular risings; he sowed the wind and he prepared the storm. The populace flocked to his hotel, shouted their wildest cries, and had the satisfaction of seeing handkerchiefs waved to them from the windows. In public, in the theatre, and on the Corso, Lord Minto was seen in company with men of extreme views, and in the Italian mind he became identified with the most revolutionary doctrines. The dull, good, old gentleman, who has never had any reputation beyond that of being a capital family man, and looking well after the Elliots in the British service, was utterly belated, and had not the wit to extricate himself from a false position. He raised hopes which could never be gratified; he laid the train which was soon to explode with anarchy; he gave consistency to dreams and definition to madness; he whistled for the wind and the whirlwind came, and with the whirlwind disaster on disaster, the collapse of freedom, and the ruin of hope—Italy stabbed, fettered, pillaged, crushed under the hoofs of Austrian horse and the iron heel of French soldiery.

The Revolution of 1848 was Mazzini's opportunity, and he turned it to some account. In that brief burst of outrageous liberty Italy saw the fulfilment of his prophecies, and she began to worship his prescience. It was evident that the infallible prophet must be a good lawgiver, and that the successful conspirator must be an able statesman. Mazzini for ever! The saviour of Italy! Who but Mazzini? None but Mazzini! He went up like a rocket into the political heaven, but only that, like the rocket's stick, he might come down again to earth. A great genius, he was not a statesman; a strong enthusiast, he lacked wisdom. He is one of those who, seeing very vividly what ought to be done, think too little of the means by which the result is to be attained. If the situation is complicated—let the Gordian knot be cut; if the prescription of centuries lies in our way—let it be swept aside like cobwebs; if there are tyrants who prate of vested interests and the right of treaties—let them fall before the poniard. There is a curious story told of a French doctor who had discovered a specific for some skin disease, and found a patient willing to give a fair trial to the remedy. Sad to relate, the patient perished just as the disease was vanquished. "Il est mort guéri!" said the enthusiastic physician. Mazzini is a man of this temper. He would cure his patient at whatever cost; he would hold to his theory in the face of a million facts. He dreamed a dream of an independent Italy—a free Italy—a united Italy; and nothing short of his dream in all its details will ever satisfy him. What is Sardinia to him? Victor Emanuel stands as much in his way as Bomba in the south or the Austrian eagles in the north. Not content with the practicable, he demands theoretical perfection. Enough to him that his objects are desirable—therefore they can and they must be realized. Italy believed him for a time, because of the revolution which he had foretold. A fortune-teller may make a hundred mistakes, but all her lies will be forgotten if only once she proves to be a soothsayer; and Mazzini had to commit innumerable blunders before Italy could cease to have faith in him. His views were extreme and exclusive; he insisted on his dream of Italy united and republican; and he would advance to his impossible schemes by execrable means. Gradually the more rational of the Italian patriots fell away from him; and the first public symptom of this falling off appeared in that celebrated letter in which Daniel Manin denounced the theory of the poniard. Manin's protest was but the utterance of a feeling which had long been simmering, to which had made not a little progress among sensible Italians. They could not brook the doctrine of assassination; they were and by with the aimless efforts and paltry conspiracies directed  
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by Mazzini; they beheld some prospect of rational government and constitutional liberty in the course pursued by the Sardinian monarch; and by degrees the ardour of their attachment to Mazzini wonderfully cooled, so that he was left with a few desperates to nurse in sublime isolation his Laputan visions, and to preach his unhallowed doctrine. The attempt of Orsini was the practical illustration of the Mazzinian principle, and finally destroyed the influence of the faction. The recoil was tremendous. There may not have been much reason in the reaction, but the reaction was nevertheless complete. A great crime had been attempted. The authors of that attempt played the game of desperates. It was do or die—win all or lose all. On one cast of the dice—and terrible dice they were—thrown madly down in the Rue Lepelletier, everything was staked; and for them at least all was lost. The immediate agents in this diabolical attempt were guillotined; the party to which they belonged was annihilated. Italy was saved from the embrace of intoxicated enthusiasts and midnight bravoos.

The escape of the French emperor on that occasion is a marvel which, to the best of our knowledge, has never yet received a satisfactory explanation. Orsini's plans were arranged with consummate skill, and following all the known laws of cause and effect they ought to have succeeded. The address with which he contrived to baffle the French police and to smuggle his infernal shells into Paris was perfect, and every subsequent step in his progress was marked with the same wonderful forethought and secrecy up to the moment when the fatal bombs were thrown down. From first to last, from the devising of the shells to the exploding of them, every calculation was made with the most infallible accuracy, and not one mistake was committed. Why, then, was that awful explosion without effect? There had been one omission. It had not entered into the calculations of Orsini that the emperor would go to the Opera in a carriage made of boiler-plates. The shells were terrible enough to blow up any ordinary carriage, or at all events to burst through it; and had the emperor and empress been in such a vehicle they would inevitably have fallen victims. It so happened, however, that they went to the Opera in Louis Philippe's carriage, which was lined with boiler-plates, and which was proof to the fulminating missile. It was the knowledge of the narrowness of this escape that afterwards threw the French government into a terror which seemed unreasonable to us, who saw in the failure of Orsini's attempt but the failure which ordinarily awaits the assassin against whom the most ordinary precautions are taken. The most important effect to us at this moment of all the alarm which was thus excited was,

that Napoleon was hurried into the Italian question. He had, no doubt, thought of it before, for it entered very largely into the Napoleonic ideas, which the French emperor regards as a sort of heirloom. But the deed of Orsini proved the necessity of a more active policy, and at the foot of the scaffold he who had risked his all for the salvation of Italy may be said to have bequeathed to the emperor the cause of Italian independence. In a very short time we in this country were alarmed by the preparations for war on the other side of the Channel, and, above all, by the elaborate display at Cherbourg. It was instantly surmised that Louis Napoleon was bent on the invasion of England; but the surmise was as instantly extinguished, and the knowing ones declared that Austria was the intended victim—the building of fleets and the completion of the mighty naval arsenal at Cherbourg having for their object, not the invasion of our island, but the holding of our armaments in check. Why Austria? And then we heard mysterious hints about the Danubian principalities, about the necessity which lay upon a despotism like that of the French emperor to amuse the people by foreign conquests, and about the triviality of the spark which might be used for the purpose of kindling a war. Not a few persons were astonished when, in the commencement of the year, Louis Napoleon appeared in a new character as the defender of liberty, and as the champion of Italy against Austrian oppression. This, then, was the point to which the French government had been steadily steering throughout the whole of last year. At first we thought that Louis Napoleon was threatening ourselves; then we discovered that he was threatening Austria; at last we find that his heart is set on Italy, and to carry out his views there he allies himself with Russia, and is ready to fight Austria and defy England. Ostensibly his intentions are of the purest: he seeks no personal gain, and acts but, as in concert with England, he acted in the affair of Naples when the envoys of the two countries were withdrawn—all in the cause of justice and humanity. Louis Napoleon appearing as the knight-errant of liberty is a novel spectacle, however; and in this country we have a profound suspicion as to the disinterestedness of his motives. That suspicion is strengthened by the union of his cousin with a Sardinian princess—a princess of that sovereign house which is notoriously anxious to increase its power by the acquisition of a larger Italian territory. A thousand suggestions are thrown out. Sardinia covets Lombardy, and, in order to acquire that tempting prize, will part with Savoy to France; a principality must be found for Prince Napoleon; Prince Murat will be raised to the throne of the Two Sicilies; and so on. It is enough that the suspicions entertained regard-



ing the emperor's policy are deep-seated—and in this country invincible. What transpired with regard to the negotiations for a congress only tended to confirm those suspicions. It was believed that the emperor is really anxious for war, and that if the congress had been held at all, it would have been but a toy for the purpose of gaining time, or a mask for the purpose of working out the end more securely. It is known that Louis Napoleon is great on the subject of his new rifled cannon, the secret of which is kept with the utmost vigilance; and that he expects the most astonishing results—unprecedented results from guns which, for portability, length of range, and accuracy of aim, outdo every species of ordnance that has hitherto been brought into action. His faith in this weapon, and his desire both to gratify the army, and to acquire a military name, outweigh every other consideration—not forgetting the aversion of his subjects to war and the spectre which he has raised throughout the country in transferring the Bourse to every town in every department. It may be remembered that when, in attempting to raise a certain loan, he appealed, not to the Paris Bourse alone, but sent his proposals to every town in the provinces, the result was, that he drew from private hoards throughout the land sums of money that made all the capitalists of Europe stare. In 1855 he had to raise a loan of 750,000,000 francs. Consider what that sum is—not less than 30,000,000*l.* sterling! In subscribing for this enormous amount, our French friends actually put down their names for five times the sum. They subscribed for 3,652,591,985 francs. Here was a new source of wealth! What a wonderful man was this French emperor, who, unlike other princes that are at the mercy of the tyrants of the Bourse, had only to appeal to his people and they offered him five times the amount which he asked—were willing to trust him to the extent of 150,000,000*l.* sterling added to the national debt! In point of fact, the emperor has taken the people very much at their word, and in his brief reign has already added not less than 100,000,000*l.* to the national debt of France, and now proposes to add 20,000,000*l.* more. Probably he little calculated that in thus teaching the people to become fundholders, and to have a personal interest in the security of the government, he was at the same time raising a power in the country to be a check upon himself. Your fundholder and your man of commerce is an enemy to war. The emperor fostered the spirit of speculation and the habit of trade; and in so doing he raised throughout the country a spectre against himself which he cannot easily lay—which is, indeed, the only effective guarantee for the preservation of peace or the speedy conclusion of war.

But if Englishmen regard France with distrust and jealousy

it is equally certain that they have not one particle of sympathy with Austria. There is a singular unanimity among our statesmen, and indeed upon almost all questions of foreign policy the English people have but one heart and one mind. It is upon domestic questions that we differ. In our estimate of foreign affairs we are for the most part united—the peasant and the peer sink their petty prejudices, Whig and Tory pocket their party differences, to fight under the same flag and to shout the same slogan. In this case the close front presented by all our leading statesmen is a spectacle of which we may be proud, and which ought to have some effect on the continental governments. It would be difficult to say which of the two great monarchies now apparently rushing to battle most excites our antipathy. Hitherto, our statesmen have been most with Austria, or, rather, least with France, for it is France that really takes the initiative, and Austria stands upon the letter of the law. But assuredly if the people of England have a respect for law, and will be no party to the violation of treaties, they have also a regard for equity and they cannot endure oppression. There is no doubt that Austria, with the bond in her hand, has given to that bond a most cruel interpretation, and like the Jew of Venice with his knife and his balance, has brandished her sword over Italy to cut from her subject provinces the last pound of flesh. Like Bassanio in the play there are those who cry for the obliteration of treaties and vengeance upon Austria:—

“ I beseech you  
Wrest once the law to your authority :  
To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.”

As Portia replied apparently in the interest of Shylock, Great Britain replies thus far in the interest of Austria—

“ It must not be : there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established :  
’Twill be recorded for a precedent,  
And many an error by the same example  
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.”

But depend upon it, if we cannot discover a solution of the difficulty as satisfactory as that of the “wise young judge, the Daniel come to judgment,” our feeling is entirely in unison with hers, and can only express itself in detestation of the Austrian tyranny. We do not forget, indeed, that since the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian was appointed viceroy, there has been some amelioration in the condition of Venetian Lombardy, many

little reforms have been set on foot, and there has been an evident desire to relax in some degree the extreme severity of a system which amounts almost to martial law. Neither should we fall into the mistake of those rabid politicians who can see no difference between Austria and Naples, and consign both governments to the same abyss of infamy. Beneath the lowest deep there is a lower still, and condemn as we may the Austrian policy, our condemnation of it would be ignorant and therefore worthless if we did not freely admit that the Emperor of Austria is to the King of Naples what Solomon was to Rehoboam—the one has chastised his subjects with whips and the other with scorpions; the one can plead some excuse for his severity, the other can plead no excuse whatever. Let it be observed that the Bourbon dynasty at Naples is at home, whereas the house of Hapsburg is alien both to Milan and to Venice. King Bomba in the Two Sicilies is in his own proper dominions, and, ruling them upon the principles of King Stork, he is guilty of the most atrocious tyranny and is unworthy the recognition of civilized nations. Francis Joseph, on the other hand, holds his power south of the Alps by right indeed of treaties, and at the request of the great powers assembled in congress, but he is there as an intruder—he is a foreign potentate ruling by a foreign force; and were his reign as mild as that of King Log it would be hateful to the Italians. We have a case in point. It was but the other day that we were immersed in all the squabbling of the Ionian question. The Ionian islands in the power of England are as islands in some fabled sea of milk. “We loathe your milk,” the Ionians cry, “give us our own salt brine. It is true that your rule is honied: and that you cover us with endearments—but your endearments are oppressive: we hate your matronly kisses: we prefer the frowns of our own Amaryllis to the smiles of a foreign beldame. Young Greece for ever!” We take all this very calmly and allow these pleasant Greeks to waste themselves in talk. Probably no other power on the face of the earth would act as we have done—the moral courage and the magnanimity would be wanting. Austria in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces is in precisely this difficult position; and while emphatically condemning her conduct, we desire in all fairness to make every allowance for the necessities of her position. Have we not ourselves been forced to consider the alternatives—Shall we give up the Ionian islands altogether, or shall we bind them hand and foot and compel them to submission? We have not yet been able to decide whether there is a middle path between either of these alternatives. Let us therefore, for the sake of argument, say that we could not expect Austria tamely to surrender the possession of her Italian provinces, and that it was necessary for

her to assert her right with somewhat even of severity. There can be no doubt that this severity has been pushed to an extreme, and that the Austrian yoke weighs upon the neck of Italy with a force which is oppressive.

Take revenue to begin with. In 1847 the clear revenue which (after all deductions) was forwarded to Vienna from the Italian provinces amounted very nearly to 4,000,000*l*. According to the latest returns which we have been able to obtain, the sum extracted from these provinces through the increase of taxation was 44 per cent. above the amount we have mentioned. It will readily be understood that such an increase, obtained from a population crowded to excess, and in its present position incapable of making great advance in the arts of commerce or of agriculture, must have been the produce of fearful exaction; and as an index to the nature of these exactions we may state a single fact, which in itself contains volumes, namely, that the land-tax is an assessment of no less than 25 per cent. on the gross receipts. What becomes of all this money? It goes to feed the Austrian service. It fills the pockets of Austrian soldiers and Austrian police, Austrian magistrates and Austrian clerks. Misery upon misery. Not only is the last scudo wrung from the poor Lombard; it goes to feed a foreign host, and he has no friend or kinsman to share in the spoil. If we are hard taxed here, we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the money is spent among our own people; that friends of ours are making their fortune; and that we may one day get a son or a brother into some nice government appointment, where he will have a taste of the sweets of office. We live in hope; the Italian lives in despair. Office is not for him—he is not trusted. He is taxed to feed foreign functionaries in every possible department; and these foreign functionaries are fed with his means, prance in his streets, enter his house, and meet him wherever he goes in order that they may keep him in thralldom. It is the plague of locusts. The Italian sees his substance consumed before his eyes; and even were there no consumption he would abhor the presence of such hideous swarms. “The true cause of the deep discontent of the Lombardo-Venetians,” said Count Cavour, in his Memorandum of the 1st of March, in which, for the benefit of her Majesty’s government, he gave his view of the Italian question, “is the being ruled and domineered over by foreigners—by a nation with which they have no analogy of race, of habits, of tastes, or of language. In proportion as the Austrian government has applied in a more complete manner the system of administrative centralization those feelings have increased. Now that this system has attained its extreme point; that cen-

tralization has become more absolute than even in France; that all local action has become extinct, the humblest citizen finds himself brought into contact, for the slightest reason, with public functionaries whom he neither likes nor respects, and the feeling of repugnance and antipathy towards the government have become universal." Observe that the Sardinian minister, in the important memorandum to which we refer—a statement of his case for the purpose of influencing the British people—has a direct interest in advancing the strongest charges against the Austrian government of Venetian Lombardy, and yet he carefully abstains from those charges of "butchery" and "torture," "infamous espionage" and "diabolical penalties," which flow so naturally from the tongues of Mazzinian democrats; and we beseech all those who would effectually oppose the Austrian despotism to study the same moderation, and confining their attention to the actual condition of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, to advance no charges which it is impossible to substantiate. In all conscience it is enough that the nationality of the Italians should be insulted as it is; that liberty should be utterly repressed; that the burdens of taxation should be so increased as to make us think—one more feather and the camel's back will break; that, in one word, Northern Italy has to endure, day and night, an Old Man of the Mountain seated on her shoulders. He may be a most amiable old man, he may have the best intentions, but he is an incubus, a terror, an intolerable burden. Life is not worth having on these terms, and Northern Italy groans under the infliction of having her eyes bandaged, and her mouth gagged, and this horrible old man eternally seated on her neck to guide all her movements and to oppress all her energies. Add to this, what Count Cavour well says, that by means of the last concordat with the court of Rome, the Austrian government has curiously contrived to heighten a misery which seemed to have reached its climax: "During a certain time," he says, "the firm and independent conduct of the Austrian government towards the court of Rome tempered the disastrous effect of foreign domination. The Lombardo-Venetians felt released from the rule which the church exercised in other parts of the Italian peninsula over the actions of civil life, and even in the sanctuary of families. This was for them a compensation to which they attached the highest value. It has been taken from them by the last concordat, which, as is notoriously well known, secured to the clergy a greater influence and more ample privileges than in any other country, even in Italy, with the exception of the Papal States. The destruction of the wise principles introduced into the rela-

tions of the state with the church by Maria Theresa and Joseph II. has caused the complete loss of the moral force of the Austrian government in the minds of the Italians." The Sardinian minister then proceeds to sum up. "It is only sufficient to go through Lombardy and Venetia to acquire the conviction that the Austrians are not established, but simply encamped in these provinces. All houses, from the humblest cottage to the most sumptuous palace, are closed against the agents of the government. In the public places, the theatres, the cafés, and in the streets, there is a complete line of separation between them and the native inhabitants; and any one would say that it was a country invaded by an enemy's army, rendered the more odious by its insolence and arrogance. This state of things is not a transitory fact produced by exceptional circumstances, and the more or less distant end to which can be predicted; it has endured and gone on aggravating for the last half century, and it is certain that if the civilizing influence of Europe do not put a stop to it the attitude of the people towards the government will grow worse and worse."

All this is very bad. To Englishmen it is almost inconceivable. Yet we confess that we do not see how war is to be the solution of these complications, the plaster for these sores. We have not the slightest faith in Satan casting out Satan. Manifestly it must depend on the resources of diplomacy and mediation to effect changes in the internal administration of foreign states. How is it even to be effectual? The principle of non-intervention in the domestic arrangements of foreign states is a principle which, propounded by Canning in opposition to the policy of the detestable and notorious Holy Alliance, has been maintained, in theory at least, by every foreign minister that has since held the seals of office in this country. Lord Palmerston, maintaining the theory in words, has been accused of violating it in practice; and all the opposition that his foreign policy has received has been grounded on this charge. At the present moment, the principle of non-interference is paramount in England. Mr. Cobden has advanced it as a novelty; but it has long been the supreme doctrine of our Foreign Office. We regard it as good for ourselves, and we think it good for others also. Italy is frightfully governed; but we expect only evil from the violation of a great principle, which is involved in the attempt, by main force, to compel the Italian powers to do their duty. We must not do evil that good may come; and we cannot recognise that Sardinia, and still less France, has, in the mal-administration of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, a just *casus belli*. In point of fact, dark as is the picture drawn by

Count Cavour, we believe it is generally admitted that he has utterly failed to prove, on the part of Austria, a single violation of the international law of Europe. He himself, indeed, admits this with reference to the internal arrangements of the Austrian possessions in Italy, and is compelled to fall back upon other proofs of Austria's guilt, dwelling especially on the treaties which she has formed with the Duchies. Undoubtedly these treaties, which bind Austria to the performance of certain acts in certain eventualities, are in principle opposed to international law; and were they acted upon, might furnish good ground for complaint. But an obligation undertaken is one thing; an obligation fulfilled is quite another. Austria may make as many secret treaties as she pleases; and these may be well entitled to arouse the jealousy of her neighbours; but so long as by overt act she does not offend, she may stand on her rights and defy Sardinia to make good her case.

Not the less, however, will Sardinia create a secret sympathy in the hearts of all true Englishmen. We shall not forget what is due either to municipal or international law, and we are not blind to the territorial ambition of the house of Savoy—to the weakness, also, with which Sardinia has consented to be the tool of France;—but spite of all mistakes and faults, how much respect is due to the reign of Victor Emanuel! and how impossible is it to repress the sympathy which that brave little kingdom of his demands! Lord Shaftesbury hit the nail on the head when in view of the Austrian menace he said: "On which side should be the hopes and prayers of the British people there can be little question. Sardinia has declared and proved herself to be the defender of civil and religious liberty in Italy. She has raised the Waldenses from degradation and suffering, and planted their church in the principal places of Genoa and Turin: she permits the free preaching of God's word in public and in private; and where on the Continent is the circulation of the Scriptures so open, so wide, so countenanced by the authorities of the state? Her policy is to resist the encroachments of the Church of Rome; nay, further, it is to seek, by all legitimate means, the total abolition of the secular power of the Papacy." What a frightful calamity it would be—what a dark day for Italy—if, in the shock of armies, this gallant little nation should be shivered! If not shivered to pieces, we must at all events count upon the exhaustion of its power in the unequal conflict; loss of treasure, waste of men, destruction of industry, and a retrogression which will not be compensated by years of peace, and by the halo of military glory. It is not likely that Sardinia will gain by an Italian war as much more as she gained by the

Russian war. Her policy, indeed, in entering upon the Russian war has been seriously questioned ; but we may grant it to have been to the full as successful as the Sardinian government expected. At a very great cost, Sardinia, in the first place, purchased the right of sitting in congress with the great powers of Europe ; and, in the second place, she contrived, by admirable organization and effective leadership, to restore confidence to an army which, in the campaign with Radetsky, had been demoralized by defeat. It was something to reconstitute the army, and to give the country, both in its own eyes and in the eyes of Europe, the importance of an independent power. The attainment of these advantages was worthy of some sacrifice ; and Austria never played a more short-sighted game than when, through her own remissness, she permitted Sardinia to take that place in the Alliance which she herself ought to have occupied. Had Austria joined the Alliance, Sardinia would have been kept out of it, and would not have obtained the great object of her ambition—recognition of her importance as a European power. The court of Vienna now reaps the fruit, and the court of Turin plumes herself upon her position—hoping to make use of it for the purpose of still further gain. Sardinia gained so much in the previous war, into which she entered at the tail of the strife : why should she not gain a good deal more in another war into which she shall be the first to enter ? Obviously the calculation is one of enormous hazard. What the future contains, none of us can tell ; but to human apprehension, Sardinia is very much in the attitude of the dog, who, with a bone in his mouth, sees the shadow of the bone in the water, and is about to lose the advantage which it possesses, for the sake of grasping another advantage which it is ambitious to possess. If Austria puts herself in the wrong by being the first to attack Sardinia, Sardinia is not less in the wrong by the part which she has taken in this affair, not only through the speeches of the king and the despatches of his minister, in raising the turmoil, but subsequently also through her response to the proposition for a general disarmament, in practically frustrating the negotiations, for a pacific settlement. There is nothing that Sardinia has desired less than peace ; and there was surely something disingenuous in the agreeing to disarm, while making an exception in favour of her free corps. Consenting to disband her surplus troops of the regular army, she positively refused to disarm those volunteers which she had gathered from other Italian states. It was this refusal that provoked the Austrian ultimatum ; an ultimatum which was all the more rapidly delivered, when, if we may record a common rumour, it was discovered that some-



thing had gone wrong with the far-famed rifled cannon. We do not vouch for the story, but it is so entirely in keeping with all else that we know in connection with these negotiations that it may at least be mentioned. People have been wondering why France, bent as the emperor is upon war, should waste time in idle negotiations and flirt with promises and congresses. It is, we now are told, because the 200 rifled cannon which have been so much vaunted have not given the most satisfactory results in the experimental discharges to which they were subjected; and it is necessary to go through the process of recasting them. The process requires a little time, and therefore the emperor stands forth in the character of a man of peace, anxious for discussion, an enemy to war, and willing to the utmost of his power to further the negotiations. Austria, on the other hand, having heard of the hitch, and seeing through the whole farce, seizes time by the forelock, declines to wait until the new cannon be cast, and determines to strike at once. Be this particular story true or false, it perfectly well describes the general position which is put as follows by the Paris correspondent of the *Times*:—

“The obstinacy of Austria is no doubt condemnable, though not difficult to be understood. She cannot but be aware that war against her had been long ago decided on by France and Sardinia; that the first prize in view is Lombardy. She must believe that the proposal for a congress originating *here*,” that is really under French inspiration, “and which came expressly to baffle Lord Cowley’s negotiations at Vienna, and the subsequent incidents were so many difficulties thrown in the way in order to gain time. She was led to think France was not quite prepared; and as she knew that sooner or later she must have to fight, she resolved that the sooner it came the better, as the present conditions were favourable to her. She is now like the bull that is goaded to rage by the darts of its tormentors. Garibaldi and his free corps are the *torreros* who flutter their red flags in the face of the animal which it is meant to rouse to the proper pitch of madness, when with eyes shut and head down, it rushes with its immense weight on the sword of the matador who is expected to give the finishing blow. It is permitted to cherish the hardly perceptible hope that still lingers so long as hostilities have not actually commenced; but if all that has been as yet done is vain, it is not probable that Austria will listen to any overtures at this late hour.”

What is to be the end of all? That, of course, no one can answer in the affirmative. We can only say that the dream of a united Italy is passed away. At first it arose before the imagination

of Italians with Pio Nono at the head of the unity. It soon appeared that the spiritual head of the Catholic world would, in such a position, be placed in circumstances of insuperable difficulty involving an eternal conflict between his spiritual and secular duties. Then it arose in the form of a united Italian republic, but that bubble also burst, and now occupies the thoughts of none but the discomfited followers of Mazzini. Lastly, it has arisen as a Sardinia idea. Sardinia, in Italy, is the little leaven of constitutional government which is to leaven the whole lump. Those who entertain any expectation that Italy can be united under the house of Savoy have little notion of the jealousy which prevails in the peninsula among those celebrated capitals which have each of them a history and a claim. Milan would fight with Venice, and both against Turin. Florence regards itself as superior to all three. Genoa still nurses dissatisfaction with the domination of Turin; and in these, as well as many other rivalries, there are obstacles which we cannot expect to see overcome by the wisdom of governments or the moderation of peoples. We can only wait in hope. We expect no good from war. We are disgusted with the game of tyranny and ambition. We know that if Russia and France are in league it is but for evil. Only one comforting assurance remains—that, with the exception of Sardinia, Italy cannot be worse than she is, and almost any change that occurs is likely to be a change for the better. In that assurance, Italians are bold because they are desperate. We are not bold, for we see all the danger; but neither do we despair, for we know that

“Freedom’s battle once begun,  
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won.”

## Brief Notices.

A COMMENTARY ON THE GREEK TEXT OF THE EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE PHILIPPIANS. By John Eadie, D.D., LL.D. London & Glasgow: Richard Griffin & Co. 1859.

"The great contention of criticism," said Dr. Johnson, "is to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients;" and the surly yet sagacious moralist was not far wrong. Mere commendation of a book is dull reading to everybody — except its author; and it looks vastly more clever to censure than to praise. Hence it has come to pass that reviews have been transformed into literary assizes; the Editor's chair has been made a judicial bench; every unfortunate wight at the bar has been brought there to be charged with larceny, felony, or murder; and only the counsel for the prosecution has been fairly heard. Anonymous scribes have played the part of literary detectives, and greatly rejoiced when they have been able to ferret out some petty offence, some ludicrous blunder to damage the character of the presumptuous wretch who had been guilty of printing a book. We do not profess to be much more righteous than our neighbours. Our readers like to be informed what an exceedingly stupid and absurd book their friend has written; it is the only revenge they have for having been obliged to buy it, and of course we are pleased when we are able to gratify them. Moreover, if all books were good, what would become of the functions of the critic, should the day ever arrive when only the wise, and the learned, and the good venture into print "Othello's occupation's gone." However, we venture to believe that even in the Millenium, when goals will be in ruins, and

judges known no more, and all such crabbed words as lawyers are wont to use, shall have become curious literary fossils, needing a Cuvier or an Owen to interpret their meaning, even then there may be some need for the exercise of our art. Very good people sometimes write very poor books.

But we cannot afford our readers their accustomed and most coveted luxury in our notice of Dr. Eadie's last commentary. Of course our acuteness has enabled us to jot down some ten or a dozen slips into which somehow the learned and careful author has been betrayed. We might ask what business a doctor of divinity has to use such words as "infleshed" and "unfleshed," and show that he has not very clear ideas about the syntax of the subjunctive mood. Or we might hazard the guess that the commentator was preaching last year to his congregation in Glasgow on this very epistle to the Philippians, and that he could not help transferring to his commentary some of the most telling passages from his sermons, even when their glow and fervour and hortatory character made them far more suitable for his eloquent lips than for his learned pen. We cannot, however, find it in our heart to carp and complain while reading this admirable book. We have had a favourite conviction of ours greatly strengthened — that it is a great advantage to a commentator to be actively engaged in ministerial and pastoral work. Rudolf Stier has a noble protest in one of his prefaces against the lofty pretensions of re-cluse scholars to monopoly of exegetical learning and acumen; and Dr. Eadie is a fine example not merely of the possibility of uniting great biblical

research with pastoral activity and pulpit eloquence, but of the positive assistance which a commentator derives from living contact with religious work. Who but a Christian pastor could adequately interpret the Epistle to the Philippians, which is animated throughout with the fervour of affections which only an earnest minister can feel?

Though inferior to Ellicott in his appreciation of minute grammatical niceties, Dr. Eadie has shown himself to be possessed of abundant critical scholarship, and of very extensive biblical learning. We should have preferred having the account and discussion of the various opinions of preceding commentators kept distinct from Dr. Eadie's own expositions; and the little additional trouble which would have been required to classify more exactly the authorities quoted, would have been well spent.

These slight matters, however, scarcely deserve notice. Dr. Eadie possesses in a very high degree all the elements necessary for the successful exposition of the New Testament, and his commentary on the Philippians must ever hold a most honourable position in all theological libraries.

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ESSAYS, BIOGRAPHICAL, CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS. By Peter Bayne, A.M., Author of "The Christian Life, Social and Individual," &c.: James Hogg & Sons, Edinburgh.

THESE Essays, we conjecture, are the fruit of different periods of life—different moods of mind, and different courses of study. Hence they are truly miscellaneous; and but for the title-page, which owns them all to be the handywork of one man, and the style of every page, which vindicates the assertion, we might question the identity of their authorship. How wisely the old critic said, "The style—that is the man"—a saying which Charles Kingsley, we believe, has expanded and expounded in the terse sentence, which we accept as a

canon of literary criticism. "The matter shows the mind—the manner the soul—of a man," meaning by soul that profound spirit of a man which constitutes his true self, and which uses the forces of the mind as of a noble, vast, and subtle machine, to do its work, and accomplish its purpose.

If we were now called upon, therefore, to analyse Peter Bayne's genius, we should examine the characteristics of his style, where we see his real bent and capacity more distinctly mirrored than in the works he has yet communicated to the public. And of his style we do not hesitate to say there is in it both a firmer grasp and a finer touch of language than in the prose writings of any contemporary critic of his own age and standing. There is in it much of the brilliance and buoyancy of Ruskin with the clear synthetic accuracy of De Quincey. Sometimes we wish, indeed, that there was not so much of Ruskin's colour, or of De Quincey's elaborate elegance; a homelier, rougher, freer dash of language would give a pleasant relief and immense vigour to his compositions. We are not a little amused and amazed to find the very men in literature who most stoutly defend Pre-Raphaelitism in art, abjuring every principle they advocate in their own workmanship. Ruskin recommends young painters to work for years in browns and greys—Nature's commoner and healthier colours—ere they seek to reproduce her moments of awfulest dread, or divinest ecstasy, when she is clothed in the lustrous gloom of the tempest, or arrayed in the golden splendours of the calm sunrise. Yet his *first* work is a perfect "field of gold"—one wide glittering mosaic of the most brilliant colours. His reiterated command to artists and all men is, to speak out plainly in simplest words or forms, what they *see*—i.e., what they know with the clear intuition of sight. Yet this maxim is flanked with long-intricately-embroidered, mysteriously harmonised passages, standing like some black-lettered text on the page

of an illuminated missal. The text may be "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" but the bald, black simple type is enwreathed and buried amid the most gorgeous and lavish ornamentation, which mocks the words it should illustrate.

So De Quincy and Peter Bayne are strong Pre-Raphaelites in theory, but recoil from the very suspicion of such a theory in their own practice. Their language is so choice; the articulation of their sentences so exact; every law of literary etiquette so scrupulously observed; such a gloss of refinement lacquering each paragraph. Never do you catch them in undress, or talking in plain blunt Saxon style, but always in full, finished, exquisite costume, speaking the language of court. Now it is against this technical, artificial style that Pre-Raphaelitism protests. It has a healthful tone for common, even ugly things. If art is to be the mirror of nature, let it be true, and give the wart as well as the jewel on the hand—the weed as well as the flower in the garden. Noel Paton was not afraid to put in the picture 'Home,' which Mr. Bayne so nobly eulogises, the clouted shoon, and the rents in the coat of the weary soldier; ay, and these things in their *ugliness* have a *pathos* which completes the harmony of the whole scene. Nor in writing must we indulge a too fastidious taste. The brown earth has a sweet smell as well as the flower it rears, and it is no working man's appetite which *scorns* the plain barley loaf. We would therefore beseech Mr. Bayne to rusticate for awhile amid the old Elizabethan writers—or such strong, if they be coarse, fellows as De Foe, Swift, South, and Bunyan; and we predict that, mingling their direct Teutonic power with his own cultivated graces of expression, he will become unrivalled in his command of our glorious English tongue.

These *Essays* reveal a change in Mr. Bayne's habits of thought, which may lead to a complete development of his genius, if it be true to himself.

The first essays of the volume, like the bulk of his first book, "The Christian Life," are biographical. They are artistic, *i. e.* presentative in their treatment; and in these Mr. Bayne's proper genius is manifest. He is an artist, not an anatomist; a poet—a maker, not a critic—a destroyer. When a conception is formed in his mind, let it be of some character or of some scene, and he *will* give it objective life in strong, beautiful, living words. He has been impelled, however, as most young artists are, to inquire into the principles and laws of his art—to analyse the processes which unconsciously form the artist's work. Hence the later essays are analytical. They *display* a careful study of the masters of criticism, and a certain native acumen of spirit, and it is well that *his* inquiries have been so earnest and profound. But there is nothing new or original in them, and he himself must be greater than any critical rules that may be announced. The highest laws and processes of art are unsearchable; we trust he will leave the work of analysis, so far as it can be pursued, to others; while he makes it his ambition to produce works which shall give models and laws to critics. Science is not his forte, but art. He may know less, but he will do more than others. Schiller *erred* in his æsthetic theories, but never in his æsthetic works. Let nothing tempt, therefore, Mr. Bayne from his proper function; and we believe the "Art of History" will own no higher name than *his*, though Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, and Carlyle are enrolled as its masters.

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THE MASTER BUILDER'S PLAN; or, the Principles of Organic Architecture as indicated in the typical forms of animals. By George Ogilvie, M.D., Lecturer on the Institutes of Medicine, &c, Aberdeen. London: Longman & Co.

As the universe is planned so are all its parts. Not only is each individual being governed by the laws

which govern all, so that a dewdrop is formed by the same force that moulds the rolling worlds, but every combination of matter is the result of a plan in which that combination obtains a peculiar character in relation to other forms of matter, and every individual also belongs to a class constructed on the same principles. The grand distinction of animals is life with sensorial organs; and the higher an animal stands in the scale the better it is furnished with senses, till at last touch, taste, smelling, hearing, seeing, find their balanced perfection in man, whose body is the type, pattern, or paragon of every animal formation; for as Oken says, "The animal kingdom is only a dismemberment of man." Animal life is the combination of forces, so constituting and maintaining a bodily organization as that for a time it shall resist the chemical causes of decay, and be moved by will. The bodily structure may indeed be regarded as an apparatus through which life is brought into relation with the air as in breathing; and with water and the materials of which the body is formed and on which it grows—as in the processes of digestion. The living body therefore alters in its character and structure, according to the arrangements existing in it as to the lungs, the heart, the blood vessels, the stomach, the intestines, and other viscera. The limbs are but appendages to the real animal by which it may move and obtain the means of continuing life. As the nervous system represents the whole animal, that system bears as complete a relation to the whole plan of the animal as the skeleton itself does. A perfect nervous system implies a perfect skeleton, and a perfect skeleton a brain and spinal cord with limbs and instincts requiring their use. Life is kept in action in the body apparently by the same means that a candle is kept burning—namely, by the combination of its carbon and hydrogen with the oxygen of the air; but life being

associated with sensorial organs may be made available for the gratification of the desires and the supply of the animal wants. Hence the structure of every animal is complicated or developed in proportion to the perfection and completeness of its senses. The desires and faculties of a creature are as a rule coincident with its organization, which after all is only saying that every creature is adapted to a particular habitat and mode of life. The whole world seems to be so planned as to accommodate as great a variety of life as possible. The very idea of a plan implies adaptation, and yet the very persons who have most ably expounded the typical forms of living creatures have imagined it dangerous to their logic to mention adaptation. We deprecate this spirit. We ought to ask why any form of organism is what it is; or in the endless generalizations of science we shall lose the very meaning of our knowledge, and at last regard omnipotence as only a universal force and blind necessity. We welcome Dr. Ogilvie's work, because it assists our minds in associating phenomena with the designing spirit, and shows us how physical order is co-ordinate with eternal truth. Every exposition of facts which brings the relation of the moral to the material more clearly before us is worthy of a grateful reception, because it enables our own spirits to take a more realizing view of the objects which surround us. The work before us is only a sketch of the leading plans of construction prevailing in the animal kingdom; and it is directed mainly to the peculiarities of the articulate and vertebrate groups. It is written in a clear and comprehensive manner, as far as possible divested of technical terms. The engravings are appropriate and real illustrations. The spirit of the work is similar to that of M'Cosh and Dickie on "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation;" but being confined to animal forms, it enters more thoroughly into the

laws of their organization; and it is well calculated to fulfil the purpose for which it was composed, in as far as without elaborate minuteness or excessive precision it conveys a knowledge of truths well established in physiological science, and that in such a manner that those who have not studied natural history may yet comprehend its general scope.

If we meditated aright on physical facts we should have a clearer insight into the significance of all creation; and as Moses, being taught of God, saw the patterns of heavenly things in respect to earthly worship, we should, if true seers, and seers of truth, behold in all the types of nature but so many shadows of things to come, which things are, indeed, the ever-existing verities of that real world of the spirit which we should see at once if the eye of the spirit were but opened. Such men as McCosh, Dickie, and Ogilvie, indicate true science by showing us that holding firmly the faith in the Divine personality, the more of law and harmony we discover in creation, the more shall we discern of that wisdom and that love which, belonging to Omnipotence, necessarily operate on the principles of inflexible order in the administration of His benevolence. "All his works are done in truth." (Ps. xxxiii. 4). Every mind, enlightened or inspired with any kind of wisdom, whether evinced in words or deeds, in the poetry of language or the harmony of life, is really so far regulated by divine rules; for that mind instinct with wisdom works in keeping with the principles on which the creation itself is constructed. The more readily our minds associate ideas derived directly from intimacy with the plans existing in the works of God, the better is the working of our own minds, for thus only do we think in true natural order or wise association. However forcible the natural energy of any man may be, the strength of his reason is always due to the accuracy of his knowledge, not indeed as a bare accumulation of

facts, but as a scientific discernment of the relation of fact to fact. This kind of knowledge enables us to see consequences, and thus the better to enforce truth, not only on others but on ourselves also. Hence the *true* student of nature, the *earnest* naturalist, is never a vicious character. He knows his place in the scale of being. The physical manifestations of divine power are really the embodiments of moral principles, and therefore no more efficient method of elevating the character of man, both as respects his intellect and his heart, can be found than by close acquaintance with the wonderful order and beauty and purpose existing everywhere in creation. But still there will be a perfect failure of good to the spirit in this kind of study, and in all other kinds also, unless we proceed with a feeling that *our* Creator created *all*, and that as man's is the highest, and the only rational intelligence on earth, God really speaks to man's heart in whatever he enables man to understand of his works. There is a purpose in creation at variance with sin, and only in keeping with man's position as the representative of the divine nature. But be it ever borne in mind that as man has lost his representative character as the image and viceroy of the Creator, he has lost also his power of so acquiring and applying his knowledge as to glorify his Maker, except so far as he is under the influence of that spirit "*without whom was not anything made that was made.*" Science is a dead, spiritless form, a mathematical diagram, a list of words, a catalogue of forces, the ministry of memory to pride, unless we not only *see* divinity in it, but *feel* also that we are in ourselves the image and reflection of that divinity which is at one with humanity; and because the spirit that breathed into man his life is the very spirit of creation, it bids man inquire not only *how* in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and *how* by his touch he modelled the materials of this world after the ideas

of his own wisdom, but it bids man also look for an *anastasis* and a life to come, a new heaven and a new earth wherein shall inherently abide that righteousness to which the *physical equity* of the present order of things points as to its fulfilment.

We love to learn the meaning of things, for then we can enjoy the driest detail, if there can be dryness in God's mode of working. Now reverting to the plan of construction in animals we shall see both its simplicity and its significance. Supposing it determined that a creature having sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch, and the power of moving about, from place to place, for food and pleasure, should be formed, on what principle must its body be constructed? Let us consider what is to be provided for the accommodation of a creature to be endowed like man, for instance, and we shall see the type on which every higher group of animals is formed. Naturalists refer the body of man to the *vertebrate* group, and it stands at the summit of the order. First there must be a place for the brain, as the centre, through which will must act, and sensation of every kind be *individualized*. 2. In connection with the brain there must be a place for the nerve-centres of the muscular system in relation to all the motive powers; 3. a place for the heart and lungs; 4. a place for the digestive, nutritive, and sexual organs; 5. places for the attachment of the muscles so that the requisite movements may be effected.

Now it is manifest that a creature endowed with the five senses, with motive powers, with limbs and an apparatus for exacting its will, together with an organism by the action of which the whole system may be built up, and kept in repair and ready for use in the air, and capable of acting against gravitation, must have a solid framework or skeleton. As this skeleton is, in fact, the basis of the creature in relation to the external world, we ought to find, in the skeleton, the type of every other creature formed on the same prin-

ciples, simply because the Omnipotent necessarily works on the most perfect plan. Hence the skeleton characterizes the individual. This fact must have been felt in the very formation of language, and it is no accident that the word *עצם* which signifies bone, is employed in the Hebrew to designate the individual, or the very substance and strength of a thing. Every vertebrate skeleton has, in all its parts, the type of every other vertebrate animal; and wherever there is a back-bone we find a bony skull, a thorax, and a pelvis. But more than this: in a vertebrate animal, every part of the skeleton is also vertebrate, that is to say, every division of the animal is sustained and protected by a development of bones formed on the plan of a single vertebra, or joint of the back-bone; so that as Oken, who first distinctly pointed out this fact, observes, the bones of the skull, the bones of the chest, the bones of the pelvis, and even the limbs, are so many developments of vertebrae. But what is meant by a vertebra? One piece or joint of the back-bone is a vertebra. Now, in whatever part of the skeleton we look, we shall find that part to consist of pieces which represent, more or less, the different pieces of the back-bone; the different pieces being developed, more or less, according to the purpose they have to fulfil. A perfect vertebra is composed of five pieces—the body, the two front processes or ribs, and the two arches or spinous processes. Some writers subdivide these parts. Oken admits only the three elements just named; Owen makes the number four; Goethe, Carus, and Macleise reckon six; St. Hilaire, Grant, and Goodsir, seven. They differ somewhat, also, as to the nature of limbs, but they all agree in regarding the different parts of the skull, the thorax, the pelvis, like the neck-bones and the bones of the loins and even the tail, as but vertebra in which the different pieces are more or less developed according to the end they are to answer in relation to the brain and



nervous system, the heart, great blood-vessels and lungs, the digestive and other viscera, and also as to the organs of motion. All the bony and cartilaginous parts of a vertebrated animal are, therefore, but modifications of the back-bone; the subdivisions of limbs however, being, according to Professor Owen, "vegetative appendages" growing out, so to say, from the vertebrae. Dr. Owen regards the skeleton as formed of a chain of vertebrae, each consisting of a central piece, or body, and two arches, an upper and a lower, the latter occasionally furnished with certain diverging appendages. The four primary groups of animated beings are, according to Cuvier, *vertebrata*, *articulata*, *mollusca*, and *radiata*; to this may be added *protozoa*, which serves to embrace certain species at the bottom of the scale, occupying a debateable ground between the vegetable and animal kingdoms. The *vertebrata* and *articulata*, or hinged and jointed animals, have so far a relation to each other as that the skeleton in both is a jointed framework supporting the soft parts of the body. It is a controverted point as to the degree of unity of plan existing in the organization of those two groups. It would be highly interesting to go fully into the peculiarities in the construction of each type of creature and its special adaptations; but in this place we can command neither the space nor the illustrations necessary to render the subject intelligible, much less to show the beauty of the several arrangements in relation to the life and habits of animals, a thorough knowledge of whose habits is required to give us a thorough relish for the subject by begetting a sort of sympathy with the other sentient beings which are, as Oken says, a kind of dismemberment of ourselves. We must haste to our conclusion: if every variety of animal and every vegetable be formed on a plan which, while it admits of individual peculiarity, is yet in keeping with the others of its tribe, and if each group of being approximate in

construction to another near it, we possess a demonstration that unity without uniformity is the principle of creation. Therefore the harmony which results from the operation of the one mind which produced all, is the harmony which arises from the manifestation of similarity of plan in diversity, and the catholicity of nature, which is catholicity itself, is the reverse of uniformity, for though each living creature bears in its own being the type of every other breathing thing, it is yet with an individuality constraining it to be a law unto itself. The idea of progressive development and transmutation of species is incompatible with the plan on which the different groups of animated beings are constructed. Certainly those who advocate the "development hypothesis" have failed to prove that any lower grade has ever been transmuted into a higher. We have proof enough of the benevolence and foresight with which the Almighty has provided for the wants of his creatures by preparing the earth and the sea for their reception; but in all the long chain of being, from monads to man, we see no evidence that one link has ever been other than it now is, or that there has ever existed a tendency, in a creature fitted for one sphere, to usurp that of another: a fish, though a flying-fish, would require something more than time and its own endeavours to become a bird, and a croaking frog could never swell into a thinking man. The present condition of the earth is, in fact, exactly suited to the existing forms, instincts, and distribution of organized beings now upon it, but we know of no means by which they could have adapted themselves to a different order of things. All things have their origin in one omnipotent idea: what then must be the resources of that mind with which we are invited to become intimate? To follow out the method of that mind in all the diversity of its working in life, form, force, motive and thought must be the only elevating effort of man's intellect. The highest

instruction is the highest enjoyment of the highest nature. Those who diligently search out the works of God will, however, necessarily miss the appropriate delight if they receive not also the revelation of his attributes as the *Father* of their spirits. The world is dead to a dead heart; but the heart alive to God is dead only to that which breathes not his name. It is not the creation to which the Christian dies; for wherever there is light he feels that there is love, and he sees that all the earth and the heavens testify that their Maker is mindful of man.

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THE LOGIC OF ATHEISM; Three Lectures, by Rev. Henry Batchelor, Sheffield. London: Judd & Glass, New Bridge Street.

THESE lectures must be reclaimed from the mass of fugitive and already forgotten literature which was ushered into the world with the new year. They deserve and will hold a permanent place among the standard works on the momentous questions which they discuss. Though necessarily, from the exigencies of the case, rapidly composed, yet it is plain the lecturer has long and profoundly studied the crafty serpentine logic of atheism, and so has been enabled to expose and utterly to strangle it.

Modern Atheism is like the ancient Sphinx. Its basilisk eyes strike undue terror, and its obscure subtle questions baffling the ignorant—too often insure a moral death for its piteous victims. But when encountered by the bold and wise Oedipus, its questions are answered, and itself is slain.

In this little book these questions, which have perplexed, ensnared, and destroyed many, are perspicuously stated and conclusively answered. There is a far keener logic in the author's mind than the logic of atheism. We have been delighted at the swift unerring tread with which he winds *through* the labyrinthine mazes of his opponent's arguments,

or shoots along the fine lines of distinction *which* cross the gulph of the controversy, and from which weaker heads fall hopelessly into its depths.

His own arguments are fire-proof. He has tested them himself before he offered them to the public, and a firmer trial they are not likely to endure. In some cases the argument against atheism has been put with a startling clearness and destructive force, which gives it the charm and the semblance of originality. Of course absolute originality were next to impossible in this advanced age. Yet we are not sure, though tolerably familiar with the Burnett Prize Essays, and the older authorities, if we have met before all the argumentative premises and modes of reasoning which are condensed in this volume. *Certainly* we never met them so summarised—so squared, and edged, and driven home.

There is the blemish in the book as a guide for students, which would be no blemish but a splendid attraction in the lecture-room. We refer to the glittering rhetoric that overlays their composition. If the fabric is sound, the colours are brilliant; and judged as popular lectures, even this criticism vanishes,—or rather is turned into admiration.

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LIFE IN THE SPIRIT: A Memorial of the Rev. Alexander Anderson, M.A. By the Rev. N. Walker, Dysart. With Prefatory Note, by W. Cunningham, D.D., Principal of New College, Edinburgh. London: Nisbet.

THE world is in a conspiracy to believe that those who know most or who do most are the greatest men, and to talk slightly of the seraphim natures which only love much, and feel much, and sympathise much. But if we admire most the men of knowledge and the men of action, we crave most for the society of the sympathetic natures—we feel that we can spare them the least; and to this class belonged Alexander Anderson; not a brilliant man, not a strong man, but endowed with the most

loving of hearts, and attracting love with an irresistible fascination. Mr. Walker, in the memorial of his friend, has attempted less to draw his portrait than to detail the history of his inner and more sacred life. We are informed in the prefatory note that "Mr. Anderson's history exhibits a remarkable case of conversion, effected by God's Spirit through the Word, in circumstances which so far as man can see appeared to indicate that conversion had already taken place." This was Anderson's own view; it is the view of his biographer; and it is the view of Principal Cunningham. Without venturing to express a decided difference, we cannot help saying that it is extremely hazardous to pronounce judgment in such cases, and for the sake of exalting one supreme moment when more light has been shed upon the soul, and when the assurance of God's favour in Christ dawns upon it with an ecstasy never before felt, to condemn as hopeless and unregenerate a previous lifetime that to all who witnessed it was more saintly and godly—more suffused with every Christian grace—than the lives of nine-tenths of those strict professors about whom we have no doubt whatever. Apart from this, the account of Mr. Anderson's religious views and passage from light to more light, and to more light still, is admirably given by Mr. Walker, and will excite many a rush of feeling in the hearts of those who have had any similar experience of their own. The work is full of fine thoughts, and the story is told with an artistic skill which unhappily is somewhat rare in religious biography.

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POPULAR HOUSE ACADEMY. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Two Vols., London: Hall, Virtue & Co., 1859.

THERE is a good sound English style, a kindly human sympathy, and a genial, warm and Christian spirit in the writings of this lady that make them very deservedly popular;

and this, her most recent work, is decidedly one of the most pleasant. The framework is as slight as that of her previous books; the charm is not that of quick succession of action, or of melodramatic incident; nor is there any especial brilliancy of style, or scintillation of wit; but home-thought, and home-feeling, with their pathos, humour, struggles and compensations, leave a pleasanter sensation behind, if they produce less varied emotion or excitement at the moment. The story is remarkably simple. There are three girls of good family forsaken by their father (who, as it afterwards appears, had eloped with his cook, and in debt), left with a house, and an income just sufficient to starve upon; to eke out which they determine upon opening a school. Their hopes and fears, and the fluctuations of their experiment, occupy a considerable part of the two volumes. Isabella, the eldest (nearly 36), is the narrator, and a sort of invalid; Jacintha is beautiful and good, but proud and impetuous, and furnishes in great part the *hot water* of the family history; Marian, the youngest, is a very sweet womanly character, perhaps rather lacking a fault, to make our sympathy with her perfect. They have an ordinary common-place brother, who marries an ordinary common-place wife; and on a visit to them Jacintha meets her lover, to whom she is afraid to tell that they keep a school. He appears not to like the concealment, and a separation is the result, which does not improve the lady's temper. They meet again, after sorrow has softened her disposition,—of course they marry. Sweet Marian also forms an acquaintance which ripens into friendship and more; she lets him know at once all about them, and in this case the difficulty is with the gentleman's father; who, however, ultimately gives way, conquered by love for his son and involuntary admiration for Marian. There is little more incident than this, but the garlands and tapestry cover well the bare poles. There is a greater infusion of the

humorous element in this than in the author's previous books. The two young civil engineers are very pleasant and amusing companions, although their acquaintance with Isabella and Marian is commenced in a somewhat uncivil manner. They appear, however, like two boys out on a holiday; and their repentance is so naïve and charming, that for its sake we could not wish the original trespass uncommitted. The pleasant little book ends with the wedding peal for the two sisters; after which the sedate Miss Isabella gives the reader a very broad hint that, "after Midsummer," she has no intention of continuing the school; for Mr. Barnet's parsonage may perhaps make her a very happy home—"we shall see what we shall see." We wish her farewell, and much happiness wherever she may be.

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REPORT OF THE FIRST CONFERENCE OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, held in Leeds, September, 1858. With Map, &c., and a Statistical Tabular Report. Published for the Conference by J. Heaton & Son, Printers, Leeds, and 21, Warwick Lane, London: 1859.

THIS report forms a very valuable pamphlet for those who are concerned to promote the efficiency of the Young Men's Christian Associations. These institutions bid fair to do much service for Christ in this country. They supply a lack which has been made apparent in the successes of the Mechanics' Institutions; and wherever they are faithfully carried on in the spirit which called them into existence they form a noble auxiliary to the labour of the Christian Church. Volumes of "Exeter Hall Lectures,"

public meetings, where platforms are crowded by great and distinguished men, and where eloquent speeches are made on the harmony of science and religion, do by no means represent the quiet, earnest, godly work which is being done by the pledged members of these associations, not only to save young men from the poisonous attractions of our great towns, but to bring them under sound instruction and religious influence.

The report before us records the results of a long and earnest conference held in Leeds, during the session of the British Association in that town, and which consisted of eighty delegates from thirty-two of these associations in various parts of the United Kingdom. It contains interesting communications bearing on the operation of similar societies on the Continent of Europe and in America, as well as the papers of Dr. Gladstone, Mr. Tawse of Edinburgh, Mr. Shrubsole of Chester, and Mr. Osburn of Leeds, on the various aspects, duties, and responsibilities of these affiliated institutions. Some analysis of the discussions which followed the presentation of the papers is also appended, and a full report of the Conference soirée, which was addressed among others by Sir J. F. W. Herschel and Sir Roderick Murchison, and presided over by the Right Hon. M. T. Baines, M.P. Union and federation, conference, and the exchange of experience and mutual goodwill among the active members of these associations, will doubtless be followed by good results. We hope that the experiment will prove successful, and that in future years we shall reap and garner the harvests that spring up in these fields of holy zeal and Christian intelligence.

# THE ECLECTIC.

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JUNE, 1859.

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## I.

### THE EPOCHS OF PAINTING CHARACTERIZED.

*The Epochs of Painting Characterized:—a Sketch of the History of Painting, Ancient and Modern, showing its gradual and various Development from the earliest Ages to the present Time.* By R. N. Wornum, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. New Edition. Murray.

THERE is a cruel old Voltairean epitaph still extant, which certifies that Perron “was nothing—

“ne fut rien,  
Pas même un Académicien.”

Mr. Wornum is not even that, but then he is what Perron was not—a pompous and very dull writer. On its own merits his book would not be worth pricking with our pen, its errors being far too deeply rooted to be cured by such mild treatment as *acupuncture*. But when we remember that the ponderous book is an Oxford class-book, we think it right to review its pretensions, lest its readers should be deterred by its dulness from the study of art, or be misguided in their study by its pedantic blunders. Mr. Wornum has worked up the fabulous legends and conventional nonsense about Greek painting, which the German critics, with their wonted windiness, have eructated in many a cloudy volume. But it is all a mere drivel of ignorant learning. The only results clearly ascertained are these two small facts—first, that nearly all we now know of ancient Greek painting we get from Pliny, that apoplectic collector, without inquiry, of truths and lies: secondly, that the wall-paintings of Pompeii are the solitary evidences of that much-lauded art. We will try and prove that, firstly, the testimonies of Pliny are mere uninvestigated legends, sewn together in patchwork fashion by an industrious sciolist, who knew nothing of the art he wrote about; and further, that from all possible evidence existing, it is clear that the Greeks never attained, in painting, to anything but a very crude and barbaric art;

modern painting being the only true result of all their centuries of labour.

Of course we start with the Corinthian legend of the origin of painting by the Corinthian maiden tracing on the moon-lit wall of the laurel-shaded temple the silhouette of her departing lover. You may still see on the mantelpieces of London lodgings, the negro shadow of Mrs. Griper's departed husband. Your attention will be drawn to such black profiles. You will probably, when you inquire the price of the rooms, be informed that Mr. Griper was "a blessed creature." When you hear this, think of the Corinthian maiden, and wonder at the slow progress of art. We need scarcely say, (in spite of Mr. Wornum,) that the truth of this old fable is of about the same value as the story of Dædalus turning a shark's jaw into the first saw; or of Mercury stringing a turtle-shell and calling it a lyre. One thing is evident, that, somehow or other, through the Pelasgi who left us the lions of Mycenæ as art-legacies, Grecian art came directly or indirectly from Egypt and the East; for Cadmus and his dragon's teeth, Cecrops and Danaus, all point to the East as the origin of Greek civilization. Vulcan was a smith and Dædalus a carpenter, but in Greek mythology we look in vain for the artist. Homer mentions that the prows of ships were smeared red and purple; but then his use of the names of colours was uncertain and barbaric. He never mentions painting, without the aid of which science any nation's nomenclature of colours must always be imperfect: even now English ladies, we frequently observe, call ribbons blue when they mean lilac, and poppy when they mean cherry-coloured. Our poets say golden-coloured when they mean yellow, and fiery when they mean simply red. The words expressing colours are the most indefinite and unlimited of any we have out of the controversial regions of metaphysics. Knowing as we do the limits of embroidery; we may easily guess what joggling, quaint figures struggled as Greeks and Trojans on the diplax of Helen, who, like an Amazonian queen, embroidered her robes with needlework representations of battles. No doubt the figure of Sesostris, armed with bow and javelin, that Herodotus saw on the way from Ephesus to Phocæa, was a piece of art about equal to our snuff-shop Highlanders. As for the battle of the Magnetes, by the painter Bularchus, executed 716 B.C. for the foolish Candaules, king of Lydia, for which he gave its weight in gold, it was probably something like the conflict that an Indian brave smears with vermilion on his buffalo-skin. From these early legends, related by an ignorant and careless authority (Pliny), we gather only this small sesame-seed of truth—that art flourished in Ionia, after the Persian conquest, and in the islands of the *Ægean*—where it did in Greece.

Very few of the Greek stories, however, bear a moment's examination, for what can a rational being (not an R.A.) think of a purple embroidered Milesian shawl selling for 120 talents (29,000*l.*)? and what but darkness can we filter from the story of Herodotus, that at the siege of Phocæa (544 B.C.), the citizens fled to Chios with all their valuables, except paintings, which *could not be removed*. There is some mistake about the very word paintings—perhaps they were not worth removing: if London were in danger, should we all fly with carts to the Pantheon? I think not.

Now as day breaks we come to real Grecian art, "developed," as Mr. Wornum says, about 600 B.C. Well now, what do we find after all the ridiculous stories about the pictures bought for their weight in gold (a story you may still hear in every third country-house in England)? Has art gone on since Bularchus, 716 B.C? No. Pliny gives a long list, certainly, of Cleanthes, Telephanes, Dinas, Charmadas, and other great men, but goes on to tell us that they were all painters in one colour; and Eumæus of Athens, he says, first distinguished the sexes. This does not look very like high art. Cimon of Cleonæ, his successor, invented foreshortening about the time of Solon. Somehow or other, our exact Pliny, as Mr. Wornum confesses, leaves us a gap of three solid centuries without one painter; and this says a good deal for the success and flourishing of Greek art.

With Polygnotus, whom Cimon brought from Thaxos, 463 B.C., "the Greek development of art began," says our credulous author. He painted portraits, and decorated a portico in Athens, with a picture of the Rape of Cassandra. Lucian says he was one of the four greatest colourists of Greece; and Aristotle says he painted men better than they were; though improvement on God's work is now thought rather difficult, if not impossible. His draperies were truthful, yet graceful and flowing; so some people may think our own Mr. Hurlstone's. His great work was the Destruction of Troy, in the portico of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. "Great dog," says our friend Old Tap, who is prepared to admire anything that is old; but what do we find? that this celebrated work had no perspective or composition, but was made up of figures ranged in three tiers. Then came Dionysius of Colophon, who painted "men as they are," then Micon of Athens, who excelled in horses, and yet, as Ælian says, did not know that they had not lashes to their under eyelids. Micon painted the Battles of the Amazons and of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. Yet of Micon, too, we are told that he was fined thirty minæ for making the Persians large out of all proportion. As for Panænius's Battle of Marathon, we cannot say much, for we hear that Miltiades wanted his name written

over his figure, to show which it was. About 468 B.C., Apollodorus, the rival of Xeuxis, came on the stage, and because, forsooth, Pliny speaks of his power of light and shade, Mr. Wornum calls him the Grecian Rembrandt. With Xeuxis, a fresh sea of legends burst upon us, and our credulous author dilates of course, with his usual blatant eloquence, on the Juno-like character of form this painter gave to his women. He is said to have been eccentric in the choice of subjects, and to have painted Helen from the culled beauties of five Crotonian virgins. This picture was exhibited, Ælian says, for money in the Temple of Juno. With all this exactness, however, it is not yet certain whether Xeuxis painted on walls or panels, nor does Pausanias in his art-tour even mention him. Timanthes of Sicyon is praised by the old writers, who have done so much injury to art, as remarkable for originality of fancy. He was the astounding inventor of the idea of making Agamemnon hide his face at the sacrifice of Iphigenia; a trick about as ingenious as that of the old portrait painters, who, in order to shirk drawing the hand, stuck it out of sight deep in the waistcoat.

The "Eclectic" (Caracci) period, which is the favourite one of all Academicians, with whom the form always drowns the essence, Mr. Wornum compares to the Alexandrian period of Greek art, when Apelles was the king. The student at the school of Pamphilus studied for ten years. The charm of the brush of Apelles was grace; yet though Protogenes finished too highly, Asclepiodorus excelled him in proportion. Even our ingenious author allows that nothing can be made of the story of the rival lines of Apelles and Protogenes, unless the *linea* mean the outline of a human form. Protogenes seems to have excelled in painting highly-finished mules and dogs; and of Pausias, we are told that he was famous for drawing a fore-shortened bull with a shadow that showed its size (which is absurd).

It is rather a stultifying fact for the mere academic rhapsodist about Greek art, that scarcely a genuine fragment of its purest and best age remains to us. We have uncertain copies mechanically executed from the copies of Phidias and Praxiteles. We have, perhaps, figments, hints, and sketches of their works from vases, gems, and bas-reliefs; but we have nothing but one great omnipresent guess really to go by. Even in sculpture, where the genius of the Greeks for art found its highest, if not its only expression, all the most distinguished remains—the voluptuous Antinous, the writhing Laocoon, the Torso of Apollonius, are late and Romanized. As for painting, we can only go to Pompeii, and see the not ungraceful daubs of country-town decorators in a nation that imported, but did not produce its art—at a period, too,



when even in Greece there was little but still-life pictures and obscene caricatures to be had. One of their greatest *genre* painters was Antiphilus, who lived at the court of one of the Ptolemies: he painted dressmakers' rooms, boys blowing the fire, cobblers' stalls, and barbers' shops. Antiphilus was the Greek Wilkie, only he was wise enough to keep to what he could do.

It took a long time to teach the Italians art. It is easy to see exactly how long—from the day Mummius sacked Corinth 146 B.C., to 1260 A.D., when Cimabue began to work, and founded, on Byzantine traditions, a Christian school of art. The Romans never had a painter, but they had a million "low-backed slaves," such as Juvenal mentions, who would colour their walls with Pompeian dancing nymphs, and who drew by geometric laws rather than by any instinct. Greek art, Kügler says, truly sprang from Greek religion—so did Christian art from Christianity; but it was left for the Protestants to discover that art need not be confined to the church, but may enter into every branch and phase of life.

History shows a providence perpetually filling granaries and reservoirs with hoarded strength, virtue, and life, to be redistributed over the world in times of famine, atrophy, and decay. What we call volcanic ages in history are but the violent dispersions of long-hidden currents of richest blessing. What we call death, say the alchemists, is but a change—a re-making, a shuffle of nature's kaleidoscope: so it is with art. The destruction of Corinth flooded Europe with statues as standards of beauty. The sack of Syracuse inundated the world, as when a dam breaks down and lets out the waters. The removal of empire from Rome to Byzantium sent flocks of statues to revolutionize the East; from which again, after the Gothic darkness, classic art returned to ally itself to the art of the Norse barbarian. Incredible have been the ravages of fire and sword upon the works of art. Genseric gutted Rome to adorn Carthage. The sons of Theodosius destroyed all pagan temples and statues they could reach. The Iconoclasts worked with the cruel malignity of bigots. Then came the Crusade fires, which must have destroyed more of the Constantinople relics of art, but at last gave rise to the intercourse between the East and West, and finally, through Venice, to the rise of Italian art. Yet still—for Providence will not let good things perish—we have, in spite of this perpetual pounding of Time's hammer, a fine cabinet of Greek relics left, sufficient for all useful purposes of instruction and warning. They taught Giotti and his men drawing. They may still teach us something. To us, indeed, the destruction of Greek painting is sufficient proof of its uselessness to future ages. The Bible did

not perish. Homer did not perish. The Nieblungen lied did not perish. Our old ballads did not perish. Nothing worth preserving has ever perished.

It is a curious thing that art not only originated in paganism, but seems to have been at first looked upon with as much horror by the early Christians as it was by the early Puritans, who found it an ally of the religion they warred against; just as the Jews forbade artists to dwell among them, and Tertullian would not baptize painters till they renounced their iniquitous trade. God was a Spirit, they said; how can we represent Him by lines and colours? They were afraid of idolatry, and remembered the old decrees of the stone-table against graven images. Clement of Alexandria thought it not unbecoming in his unsettled age of thought to write against the use of images in excess, recommending the mere Christian symbols of the dove, the fish, the lyre, and the anchor, such as the use of the Catacombs had sanctioned. It was not till the fourth century that fresco paintings seem to have been introduced into Italian churches, to preach through the eye to the rude congregations of that twilight age. Directly the Gentile element began to regain its strength, and rise up to the surface through Christianity—that moment an age of religious symbolism began, and art seemed to assume a less beautifully sensuous, but still a more thoughtful and noble aspect. Christ was then represented in many different forms, as the umpire at the games—the shepherd—the fisherman. The cross, the symbol of redemption, became the greatest of all the types; but the phoenix, the peacock, the palm-branch, the ship, the vine, were all initial letters of great allegories. The fables of Meleager, Niobe, Cupid and Psyche, were revived. Art, like a deserter, had left paganism and gone over to the new camp. From the Christian paintings in the catacombs of Calixtus, representing Christ as Orpheus of the Mysteries, as the Vine, and as the Shepherd—from the frescoes and mosaics of Leo the Great and the Emperor Maximilian—from Byzantine missals and apocalyptic visions,—the real Christian art of Giotto sprang. From the time of Charlemagne downwards art was kept like a dried flower, safe but crushed between the leaves of the illuminated gospels. The monks reproduced their little world in miniature in their great tomes, whose leaves were embalmed by the perpetual angel-breathing of incense. They copied flowers in crimson and azure—they traced out trees in gold—they drew their enemies as devils, the beautiful dream-faces of their freer days as angels, and thought that art had reached its climax. The monks of Mount Athos still go on painting just as they did in the sixth century, or when Cimabue broke loose from their dungeon. They still preserve the same in-

flexible conventions, dark olive-green faces, stiff gold draperies—everything is done by rule, whether attitude, subject, or colour, according to the book of the monk Dionysius which Didron discovered.

Brave men lived before Agamemnon; and there were painters beginning to think before John Cimabue (1240-1300.) Day-break spreads quietly, it does not burst out like a volcano. Guido of Siena (1202-1258) began to break the mummy-wrappers, and strive for purer form and livelier colour. There is naïveté in his Virgin at Siena, and the child Christ is graceful and simple. The drapery is still frozen, and the hands long and stiff as glove-stretchers. The thirteenth century was a great century; and a great century has great art. The papacy was splendid and triumphant under Innocent III. St. Francis had evangelized and revived religion by his great legalized heresy and reform—for in the Roman church every good man has been a heretic or a reformer. The great sculptor, Pisano, was discovering the antique that was to quicken Christian art by the blood of the old pagan life. Edward III. was heading his outburst of chivalry; Chaucer was tuning for his song; Dante was suffering, that he might become immortal; Boccaccio was soon to be born; the world was heaving with new thought; and Wickliff was anticipating the Reformation. Into this troubled air Cimabue soared, happy and daring as an eagle that has broken its chain. There must have been a great féver and enthusiasm for the new art, if the stories are true of the universal rejoicing, and clamorous procession of horsemen, with which his colossal Madonna was carried to the Church of Sta. Maria Novella, in Florence, where it still remains; and of the district in which he lived being called the "Joyful Quarter," from the bell-ringing and shouting, when Charles of Anjou came to visit the painter. From Margaritone and Buffalmacco, of whom Vasari tells us such quaint buffoon stories, we pass on to Giotto, the patriarch of art, whom Cimabue found as a common shepherd boy, drawing a figure of one of his sheep on a stone. Giotto had one of those great encyclopedic minds of the middle ages, that ran through the whole circle of the sciences, and disdained the modern system of division of labour. He was a portrait-painter, for he left us the likeness of his friend Dante; he was an architect, for he built that inlaid casket column of the Campanile of Florence; he was a worker in mosaics, for he wrought the Disciples in the Storm, now in the vestibule of St. Peter's; he was a sculptor, for he carved the Sta. Croce crucifix; and a great religious painter, for he left us the Life of the Virgin, in the Arena chapel at Padua. He is hard, flat, and wanting in perspective and chiaroscuro; his eyes are still almondy, and

his figures stiff; his colour is pale, the carnations too faint and spiritually delicate. His imagination however was boundless, and his composition almost modern in richness and depth: his groups are dramatic, and his incident and expression are taken from great every-day nature. He admired allegory as much as Dante did; for the age strove to impersonate and dramatize abstractions. Giotto loved reality with all his imagination, as much as Chaucer or Shakspeare. In colour alone he was ascetic and mannered. When we look at his works, we can never be sure that we are not looking at some thought furnished to the painter by Dante. There can be no underrating the effect produced by this mouthpiece of the feelings of his age. He revolutionized Florence; and his fame ran from Padua and Verona to Rome and Naples. He painted for Clement V. at Avignon; and popes and kings, abbots and priors, wrangled for his pictures.

It was under very deep religious influences that art, just released from its cave of the Seven Sleepers, worked so boldly, and with such unrepressed fire. Of one artist we are told, that he always painted on his knees; of another, that he received the sacrament before proceeding to his easel, which was itself an altar of sacrifice. We find others, burning solemnly all their pictures of nude subjects, at the bidding of a preaching friar. They all believed that St. Luke himself had been an artist; and pictures of the Virgin by his holy hand, were shown with exultation at innumerable monasteries. A picture of the Madonna, in the stiff Byzantine style, and painted on a panel of cypress-wood, is still shown as the work of the Saint in the church of Ara Coeli, at Florence, though it is probably the work of some Greek hermit of centuries later. But perhaps the most singular proof of the religious feeling of early art, is shown in the institution of the Florentine Compagnia, who met in the chapel of a hospital, given to them by the Portinari family. In this factious and divided age, when tongues are smooth above, and thick slab with poison below—when competition is so greedy, ruthless, cruel, and envious—it surprises us to read in Vasari of this apostolic club, so impossible in these days, that, uniting the old Greek and the new Cimabue men, held meetings to return thanks to God for the spread of art, and to tender each other assistance, at all times and for all needs. Fancy the forty R. A.'s meeting the Hogarth Club, and chanting the anthem, "*Tis like the precious ointment,*" &c. But everything was healthy, vigorous, and true about this new art that Mr. Wornum discusses so crudely. In Florence there were self-protecting guilds of painters,—a sure sign of the growth of an art. Cennino Cennini, pupil of one of the Gaddi's, wrote a

treatise on painting, which was, in fact, a code built up from scattered practices and traditions.

Piero della Francesca's treatises on perspective, and Masolino's knowledge of light and shade, enabled Masaccio (who followed Angelico, 1402-1443) to individualise and dramatise form, and to carry art far beyond Giotto's high-water mark. In some respects the mechanism of art all but reached its culminating point in Masaccio and his wild scholar Fra Lippi. In his lifetime, too, Fra Angelico, brooding in his cell, carried spiritualism further, though disregarding that purity and actuality of the beautiful in form that Ghiberti of the Gates and Donatello his contemporary had developed. Grown-up men could not copy the stiff, flat imaginings of Giotto; but Raphael himself worked upon the old Masaccio themes, with sometimes the Masaccio manner. His influence ran through all the Roman school, affecting their composition and design, in spite even of Michelangelo and Da Vinci; and, not many years ago, one of our own young painters pirated, with great success, a large slice of one of Masaccio's most celebrated designs. Masaccio's Chapel of the Brancacci, in the Church del Carmine at Florence, became the school-room of a long generation of painters. Raphael copied his Adam and Eve, and Fra Bartolomeo his Madonna and Child. Now, when we come to sum up what Masaccio did for art we see that he stretched its horizon degrees further into the unknown country. The Medici of Florence were not to be satisfied with the cold purity of Giotto: they wanted more truth and human nature; they called for more illusion, and wondered a picture could not equal a statue. Masaccio modelled and rounded his figures till they grew out of the canvas: he gave up the pinched, stiff robes, and gave broad, billowy masses and grand rolling lines. He made the drapery express the form, and the form beautiful for itself, not merely for the religious idea it expressed. In fact, art had come back to the old Pagan truth, that the human body in perfection was the most beautiful of all things, and the very centre column of the world. The study of sculpture, in fact, was making the Italian what he has ever since been—a good draughtsman. The century's eye, by constantly watching with careful love the outline of things, had educated itself, and Masaccio was the result.

Fra Lippi, that wild painter, who deserted his convent, was made a slave of in Barbary, carried off a nun from a convent, and eventually died of poison, gave a certain Flemish tendency to art, a sensual grace, a realistic ardent grandeur, that has, in his figure of St. Paul, a large feeling, which anticipates Michelangelo. He introduced boors and sharpers into his religious pictures occasionally, and sometimes gave his saints and angels rather a sly

and cunning look. He first freely introduced the modern Florentine dress, a convention that was some centuries in dying out, and of which the Dutch picture, in which Abraham is clapping a tremendous bell-mouthed blunderbuss to the ear of Isaac, is perhaps the most outrageous example. It is in the works of Sandro Botticelli, the vehement poet, who taught Fra Lippi's son, that we first find art altogether leaving the convent and plunging into the dangerous Arimida gardens of old mythology.

Savonarola would, we dare say, gladly have burnt that delicious little picture now in the Uffizi at Florence, which represents a naked Venus floating on a shell, driven to the shore through a shower of roses, and a nymph, under a laurel bush, holding out a puffing crimson mantle to receive the goddess.

But now a new discovery burst like a sunrise upon art, which already to many seemed perfect. It was to art what printing was to letters: it rendered the repetition of a great work easier, and its destruction more impossible; it drew art away from mere church frescoes, and sent it into palaces and cabinets; it rendered it more within reach of single fortunes; it came at a time when art was getting colder in the service of a superstitious faith and longing for new and less restrictive patrons. Previously to the Flemish Van Eycks' discovery of how to dissolve amber in drying oil, every one had painted in distemper with yolk of egg, which dried quickly and forbade much finish. With tempera art was necessarily hard, quick, and conventional; there could be no rivalry of the external world. Distemper was paler and more perishable than oil. The secret, as a doubtful legend runs, was brought from the Netherlands by Antonello da Messina, who confided it to his friend Domenico Veneziano, who was murdered by Andrea del Castagno, who longed to be without a rival. Now, although the Van Eycks never kept the discovery a secret, it is certain that Andrea's manner was a hard and meagre one; while the one extant work of Domenico's shows the artist's character to have been gentle and noble, which suits the story.

But before we come to the great epoch which produced Andrea Verocchio, Leonardo's master,—Ghirlandajo, Michelangelo's master, and Perugino, Raphael's master, let us give a word to that great impetuous genius, Luca Signorelli, a fiery soul, who had studied every school, and whose figures bear down on us like a charge of cavalry. He was the direct forerunner of Michelangelo, and his men are gods. He carried foreshortening to new heights, and was a Columbus in art, preferring naked figures, and drawing them with pure antique power and force. His colour has a stern gloom about it; and in all art we know of nothing so Dantesque and terrible as the Fulminati or Destruction of the Wicked, from the cathedral at Orvieto. The terrible

rushing out and trample of the figures through the great Dom-daniel gateway of heaven is as tremendous as anything in the Sistine chapel. How dreadful are the wretches with bound hands, sinking backwards through floods of darkness, plunging down, down—deeper than ever plummet sounded—from darkness to darkness!

Mantegna's pedantic, pinched-up antique figures, with their small heads, and Perugino's gloomy hardness and mannered rapture, we must pass over in as dull and hasty a manner as Mr. Wor-num, to get to Bellini, the patriarch of the Venetian school, with which we English have always had so strong a sympathy, and from which we have learnt so much. The Venetian painters were always fond of colour, as we have been. Their style had always a little of the commercial element of luxury in it. The Venetians had always a tendency to portrait and conversational pieces; they had not the pedantic drawing of Padua, nor the historic style of Florence, the daring of Signorelli, or the spirituality of Fra Angelico. Eastern models were common in Venice; Eastern stuffs blazed in the windows; they had sea atmosphere, liberal and numerous patrons, historical tradition, and a picturesque city. From the beginning Bellini's colour was of a jewelled depth and richness; a twilight splendour, not so natural as his pupil Titian's, but even more rejoicing. And now about this time, just as oil, when it was wanted, rose to the surface and displaced the more limited and less practical distemper, engraving—the chance discovery of a Florentine goldsmith—arose to disseminate and perpetuate *the growing art*. With Francia, the quattro-cento painters end. Of this painter's grace and earnest tenderness of passion, the Dead Christ in our National Gallery is a fine example. Beauty and dignity were ever at his easel; and even in his crudeness there is a simple charm. The legend goes that he died of a broken heart at the success of Raphael; but hearts sixty-seven years old are generally rather too leathery to break.

The cinque-cento ideal was not the quattro-cento ideal. The new men were half-religious, half-material. They were, in fact, Mr. Ruskin's horror, Renaissance-men, now painting from the Old Testament, now from Ovid; now Apollo sawing on a fiddle, now Isaiah fiddling with a saw. The last century attained to individuality of form; the present refine upon that knowledge, adding to perfect form perfect colour; to the ideal selection of form, both dramatic composition, and light and shade. Of the higher developments of the new ideal, Raphael and Michelangelo are the types; of the mediators between the two centuries, Fra Bartolomeo and Leonardo da Vinci.

Leonardo, the son of the Florentine government notary, was perhaps one of the greatest Eclectics that ever lived. He was

all but omniscient: he was a great mathematician and military engineer; a sculptor, painter, poet, and musician; a master of botany and anatomy; a gunsmith and ship-builder. Yet he has been one of the great unfortunate men; for his *Last Supper* exists only in copies—and we all know what copies are—and his great cartoon of the *Victory of Piccinino* exists only in Rubens' coarse copy of some half-dozen tumbling figures; while Michelangelo's rival cartoon of *Pisa* is preserved by accurate and careful engraving. His life was a troubled one; for Charles XII. drove him from Milan; jealousy of Michelangelo drove him from Leo X. and Rome; and just as his great period of patronage began under Francis I., Death called him, and he could not refuse to go.

As for Fra Bartolomeo, who first introduced our old friend the lay-figure, he was an ally of Raphael, and imitated Da Vinci. He is one of those grand averages that no one can praise too much; and in no case (and this is a hint for amateurs) is injudicious praise safer.

Michelangelo, the stalwart son of a Tuscan gentleman, was twelve years old when Raphael, the son of the painter of Urbino was born. Raphael was the strongest in gentleness; Buonarrotti the strongest in strength. The one was the fiery Saint Peter, the other the loving Saint John of Christian art. The Virgin's motherly love was the ideal of the one; the other, in his *Last Judgment*, shuns Heaven, and seems more at home with the agony and writhing of the Devil. The one craved for ideal purity and beauty of form; the other, muscular strength: the one would have executed the *Venus*; the other, the *Hercules* of antiquity. Buonarrotti was strong and passionate; Raphael was lovely and beloved by every one. "O happy and blessed spirit!" bursts out Vasari, half in tears as he speaks of him. The Virgins he painted are so innumerable that they are known by special marks—as the pink, the goldfinch, the oak, the napkin, the cat, the fish, the seat, the chair, the canopy, the curtain, the diadem, &c. He could never reach his ideal of maternal and divine love, yet he never repeated himself: his colour, though often deep and rich, as in the *Madonna of the Seat* at Florence, was never paramount. In portrait, Titian surpassed him; in sublimity and cyclopeic power, he was inferior to Michael Angelo; in drawing, he approached, but never rivalled the antique; in variety, Rubens equalled him; and in finish, the Dutchmen go beyond him. Yet in grasp and width Raphael stands alone: his groups of pictures in the Vatican were epical in their compass. That he should have modified his manner after seeing Michelangelo, is perhaps a sign of confessed inferiority; or, was it rather a proof of Buonarrotti's incapability of growth?

We regard it as the special mark of greatness in Raphael's



mind, that Michelangelo did not show—it was always growing, always improving; his last work was his best. Raphael studied the cartoon of Pisa till he grew out of the severity of Perugino; and when he had seen the Last Judgment, he again modified his style. Michelangelo always was in a rage with his work, and was always straining. His men are Titans, his women men, his children small giants,—his creatures' muscles grow through their skin. His figures are painted statues—they are sublime; but it is just because they are always sublime that they weary us. One might be friends with an acrobat, but one would not like him to be always supporting three men on his chin. There is a brag of strength about Michelangelo, which is bullying; there is a religious sentiment about Raphael, which is often monotonous. Michelangelo is intellect, says Mr. Wornum, and Raphael sentiment. It is like the old scholastic distinction between the cherubim and the seraphim—the one knew more, the other loved more. Look at the two portraits—the beardless seraphic face of the one, with the longing eyes and the flowing hair; the other a struggling full face, wide broken nose, strong mouth, crispy hair and curly beard. Remember, too, in judging of their rival fames, that Buonarrotti lived nearly three times as long as the genius of Urbino, and on the other hand, that Michelangelo's best work has all but perished.

Correggio and Parmegiano led the Lombard school to a beautiful but lower ideal than that of the Roman and Florentine schools. They sought not so much the form and expression of Rome, the colour of Venice, or the learning of Padua, or the humble poetry of Flanders. Art grew more Pagan, sensuous, and more voluptuous; sensibility and the power of loving were Correggio's gift, but his tenderness and aspirations were more low and human than those of Raphael. Love and pleasure, the happiness of childhood, he rejoices in, and expresses with the softest interweaving of light and shade. Of his great works, the "Assumption of the Virgin," in the cupola of Parma, is the greatest; and in this he triumphs in all the complications of foreshortening. There is a little picture by this painter, with a white rabbit in it, at Naples, which is a delicious masterpiece of this loveable master.

Titian, never daring in drawing, or very subtle in composition, is the great emperor of colour, of simple grandeur, and of what Reynolds calls "senatorial dignity." Titian glorified life; and his nobles are lapped in a calm great-minded serenity, such as the abstract statesman and philosopher should wear at the end of life, but does not. He is too grave to excel much in action or in the grapple of passion. In his Peter the Martyr he seems

to attain a powerful excellence, which promises even higher things. But still the siren, Colour, was the Cleopatra for which Titian lost the empire of art, and was content to lose it. He was the greatest man who ever condescended to paint portraits. Beside his old Venetians, as Kugler cleverly says, all modern gentlemen look poor and small. This is no proof, however, of our mental inferiority to those gentlemen, but of our mental inferiority to Titian. In the glorious backgrounds too, taken from his own Friuli mountains, we must not forget that Titian founded modern landscape. Titian moved a king among men. He knew Ariosto; Michelangelo came to see him paint. The pope invited him to Rome, Charles V. to Augsburg. But this image of gold had clay feet; he strove to impress no moral fact; he aimed neither at ideal form, expression, or beauty. His god was colour, and before that beautiful idol he laid down his genius and his life. It is almost a proof of his defects, to find that the weakest parts of his mind were the first to decay. His last work is gorgeous in colour, but is feeble in drawing, and staggering and uncertain in composition.

On the early German schools, Mr. Wornum, in his dry dull way, is careful and exact enough. German art, in spite of a missal-painter here and there, was late in flowering; though even in a romance of the thirteenth century, the writer describes Sir Percival, in so goodly a mass of blazing steel on horseback, that no painter of either Cologne or Maestricht could have coloured anything half so fair. In the quaint, simple, old German books, so delicious and homely in their naïveté, there are mentions of master William and master Stephen, who prayed and thought over their diptychs, or those quaint altar-pieces that open like shutters: they are generally highly finished tempera paintings on gilded panels; their heads grave and noble, but the drawing, especially of the extremities, weak and faltering. The scenes are occasionally complicated, but no more resembling the real passionate drama of the later schools than the rough religious comedy of the mystery plays did the stage of Garrick or of Kean. There was nothing indeed specially great in the patient naïve school of German art, till the two brothers Van Eyck astonished Bruges by discovering oil painting. The examples at the National Galleries are just sufficient to show us what the Van Eycks were, with their simple timid composition, slow careful detail, never since surpassed, hard cutting outline, and stiff angular drapery. Who can forget the delicious lucidness of their colour, the wonder of patient finish, inexhaustible to travel over with the eye, and the billowy scarlet of that curious head-dress, that leads us on in thought to Mabuse, Lucas, Van Leyden, and the blacksmith Matsys? Mabuse was in Henry VII.'s court

what Holbein was in Henry VIII.'s, Vandyck in Charles I.'s, Lely in Charles II.'s, and Kneller in William of Orange's.

Look carefully into the round globular mirror in that National Gallery picture of Van Eyck—peer well into its luminous darkness, disregarding the diamond-cut reflection of window and chandelier, and you will see, at certain magic moments, all German art reflected in its round, as in a little world. German art never was led aside by the siren of the ideal: and from it distinctly, with certain side influences from Greece and Italy, all that is real in English art springs. We see Hogarth in Holbein; in his searching truth, austere confession of the vanity of life, and the brittleness of its illusions, in his stern ghastliness and almost sardonic humour.

The great Albert Durer, the son of the Nuremberg goldsmith, was, like Hogarth, an engraver; and, as in the English painter's case, his enemies sought to depreciate his painting by praising his engraving. His mysticism and mannerism still reign over German art, just as Hogarth's influence reigns over us, being as tracible in Frith as in the last young painter of a street scene. The wild northern fancy which in the middle ages, sported in the stone lily flower, and grotesque figures of cathedral capitals, lashed out in German painting in such visions as Van Eyck's "Hell," teeming with devils, Hemling's apocalyptic dream, and Jerome Bosch's purgatorial whirlpools. Durer was also one of the great encyclopædic pioneer minds of art; he was at once sculptor, engraver, painter, and architect. His fingers took in the whole key-board at once. He was hundred-fingered like Thalberg the giant pianist. He was solemn and tender, at once a poet and a mathematician; yet his drapery was pinched and petty, his drawing often archaic, his expression painful and mannered, his colour fluctuating and uncertain. Durer expressed the chivalry of the Maximilian age, and the religion of the Erasmian time. His pictures are comments on the history of the Reformation. Occasionally, Durer expressed in his works all the weird imagination and mysticism of his country. We see hidden under the colours, Richter, Göthe, and Fouqué. "Melancholy and the Knight," "Death and the Devil," are as poetical fancies as the romantic school has produced. A large head of Christ we have seen from his hand is grander than Raphael, and perfectly Phidian in its royal sweep of power. Yet, strange and humiliating contrast, Durer was a henpecked husband!

On the decline of art, Mr. Wornum is vague and unsatisfactory. Believing, as the imbecile always do, that patronage creates art, he attributes decay of art to a Dutchman becoming pope, to the dispersion of the school of Raphael, and to the sack of Rome.

The decay was really the languor after a fever—the ebb after the flow—the weariness after the exertion. Now the hopeless Zuccheri arose, dull Del Sarto, imitative Piombo, mediocre Vasari—a flock of fools, set to work to paint naked dissections and bumpy prize-fighters, which they considered was imitating Michelangelo. The Caracci, at the Bologna school, indeed established a code of laws for successful imitation. In a celebrated sonnet, Agostino Caracci, incapable of originality, advises the clever student to unite the colour of Lombardy with the drawing of Rome, the chiaroscuro of Venice, the truth of Titian, the terror of Michelangelo, the symmetry of Raphael, the grace of Parmegiano, the invention of Primaticcio, and the purity of Correggio. We need scarcely repeat what Mr. Ruskin, the Achilles who tries so fiercely to storm the Academic Troy, has so often said on the degradation of this miserable school of art; that Mr. Wornum, like a true pedantic Eclectic, condemns so gently. Its twilight eclipse of sunshine, its insincere and meretricious religion, the pale neutrality of its colours, the absence of all power, purity, and originality, every loaded London sale-room demonstrates. Unlucky was it for English art that Reynolds, who had early and fatally studied that poor sentimentalist Guercino, did not see the evil of this dangerous school. Eclectic art might have been great but for its turning imitative, and pandering to the wants of a less religious and more luxurious age.

The Eclectics tried to unite impossibilities: they wanted at once the finish of Pope and the fire of Dryden—the grandeur of Homer and the refinement of Virgil. They were essentially tame, imitative pedants. Nature amid their rules was forgotten. They had so much to observe in pictures of dead men that they had no time to go out and observe living nature; so they painted dead pictures, and will be forgotten and despised as they deserved. Yet, even down among these dead idealists, from mere weight of brain, arose some great chiefs: Annibale Caracci, for instance, though often tame and conventional; Domenicheno, cold and unimaginative, though sometimes pure and grand; Guido and Albani, graceful and elegant, but often mere mannered manufacturers.

No wonder then that, sudden and violent as a storm, broke out in volcanic, irritable Naples, the new and rival school of the Naturalisti. From this repulsive school, after many filterings, our English art has drawn many of its inspirations, though it is difficult to see Ward's French scenes in the strong yellow lights and black darknesses of the mason Caravaggio and the Spanish murderer Ribera. Wander out of the irritable heat of a Neapolitan day into the cellary coolness of the National Museum, at Naples,

and shudder at the revolting slaughter and the loathsome ruffians. These Naturalisti, sick of the platitudes of the Caracci (the tailor's sons), loved to paint, dagger in hand. If devils ever painted, here are their works. What sensual, thievish, suffering faces!—what purgatorial scenes of human wrath and violence!—all pointing to Ribera dying poor and unknown, and to Caravaggio expiring of rage and broken-hearted at one of the gates of Rome. Not waiting to notice the vulgar boldness of Lanfranco, and the plastered insipidity of San Ferrato, Carlo Maratti, and Carlo Dolce, we come to Rubens, who springs indirectly from the Naturalisti, borrowing their sensual colour, daylight colour, and truthful but coarse drawing. Motion, vigour, and colour were the Fleming's special gift: as Fuseli says, his figures sweep by you in a "gulf of colours;" often redundant, often vulgar. Rubens was the florid genius of the Renaissance. His energy is boisterous, and his talent turns too often to a sort of decorative flood of fancy without motive. Mythology and Scripture, all Christian and Pagan tradition and creed, Rubens ransacked and distilled into gold, filling with their revived visions halls, palaces, and churches. He paints like a king, and from his school great painters went forth to rule over newly-discovered countries and newly-conquered provinces, like proconsuls from the throne of the Cæsar.

In portrait-painting, in which Raphael, and indeed all the old masters attained certain triumphs, Vandyke rivalled Titian, Giorgione, and Del Piombo. He is more flimsy, and less deep and thoughtful; he has less force, and is sometimes cold, flat, or feeble. Vandyke has ground into us a deep conviction that the Charles the First's nobles he painted were the most perfect gentlemen who ever lived. The self-respect, the quiet, easy, and almost playful dignity of those Cavaliers of his, in their buff and blue, has never been surpassed. The painting is not impatiently strong, but almost feminine in its subtle delicacy. Our Gainsborough (except in his strongest picture—"The Blue Boy," and his bewitching queen of womanhood—"Mrs. Graham,") is a mere flimsy dilution of Vandyke, his great model as far as light and shade, and the structural power of modelling go. Pure daylight has only just begun to be painted by our P.R.B's., whose trick of red hair, protruding chins, and small salad vegetation has hitherto, with all their talent, so grievously deluded the art-world of all studio dim conventional light, once thought indispensable to art. Rembrandt's is the most artificial and the most delicious: in system of a centre light, rendered a jewel of value by a surrounding ocean of harmonious and semi-transparent darkness, Rembrandt has never been surpassed. Da Vinci could round a limb as well, Correggio track the

softest shadow over its surface into every curve and dimple, but the miller's son alone hurls his sunbeam at the bull's-eye of his picture, and fixes it there like the burning arrow of Virgil. He smeared his oil over a golden ground, says Hazlitt; he was the most vulgar of draughtsmen, the most ideal of colourists. His ideal colour has delighted generations, but it never produced a successful imitator; and if it had, he must have been a ruined man, for nature is not Rembrandtish, except in cellars and other exceptional places. No doubt, however, in roughly laughing at the ideal, like Hogarth, he did in his day much good; and he at least added to the palace of art one beautiful though dark chamber. But we must leave Dutch art—Gerard Dow, with his needle brushes, and Teniers with his acute silveriness, Backhuysen with his grey skies and rough seas, and Both with his spotty lights, &c.

As for Spanish art, Mr. Wornum is so crude and brief in his remarks about it, that we scarcely think it worth while to follow him over the field. He misses Murillo's religious sentiments, and Ribera's fanatic violence; Cano's purity, and the painter-like dash of Velasquez. As for French art, from the beginning it has been stiffly classical. The great outburst of national enthusiasm in the time of the Consulate, redeemed it in some degree from the theatrical grace of Watteau, and the vapid voluptuousness of Vanloo and Bordone. Poor Leopold Robert devoted himself to describing on canvas modern life in Italy, its contrast and romance. Greuze, before this, had opened the way to modern French sentiment. Gericault's *Medusa Wreck*, though hideous as carrion in colour, in 1819, led the French art, by its passionate dramatic action and situation, painful almost to melodrama, to the modern romantic school of subjects, in which Delaroche (Gros's pupil), attained such triumphs. Less facile, vigorous, and dashing than Vernet, he excels him in dramatic intensity, particularly in his "Death of the Duc de Guise;" his "Crossing the Alps" is a singular contrast with the same subject as painted by David. Genre pictures, like this and "the Duel" of Gerome, show that genre may be the highest art; for, though the true definition of high art is the highest rendering of the highest subject, we can all see that a mean thing treated highly, is higher than a high thing treated meanly. For instance a plum, painted by William Hunt, is higher art than a Christ entering Jerusalem, daubed by Haydon.

With Hogarth began English painting.—He, the poor engraver's apprentice, has left us a wonderful panorama of Walpole's age. He first really tried to paint the novel—to produce the stage on canvas. Wholesome art, but whether pleasing or

not he, the sturdy little man, did not much care. At the same time Wilson rose up to found idealized landscape; which Gainsborough, in a brown skirmishing way, full of grace and feeling, but careless and sketchy in manner, carried much further, by confining himself to English landscapes which no one would buy. Then came Reynolds, to lay down critical laws for us, and to prove that a great English portrait painter might exist, who could unite the solidity of Titian to the grace of Vandyke. As for poor tame West—industrious enough, and lucky enough, but no genius—he too helped to break the swaddling-bands from young Art; for he had the courage, in his “Death of Wolfe,” to paint that general in a tail-coat, and not in a toga. Fuseli showed us the capers and gymnastics of art; and Opie lent us some coarse power and violent expression.

Poor wrong-headed Barry split on the same rock as Haydon afterwards did. Believing the sublime must necessarily be the large, he forgot that the large is not necessarily the sublime. But after all, with all our struggles and hopes, we must not forget that it is in the Dutch school, headed by Hogarth as a satirist and teacher, and Wilkie as a storyteller and sketcher, that our nation has hitherto chiefly excelled. Large pictures will not sell, and classical pictures will not sell. We have no room for them: the mercantile world do not know the classics, and do not understand the pictures. There are no longer rich monasteries to buy large pictures, and in our churches they are forbidden. But though, *ceteris paribus*, a small picture never can be so sublime as a large one—size being one of the most obvious and best-known elements of the sublime—the largest mind may find room to exercise its enchantment almost as well in a small volume as in an epic. There is no fear of the canvas being too small, if the mind is only large enough. We have not yet met with many minds too large for their canvas. We have met a great many too small.

In landscape, from some old Saxon early love, the English have always excelled on paper and on canvas. On paper, too, in a double sense, for water-colours are an English invention: and an English triumph, from the early days of Sandby and Varley to those of the great autocrat of colour—Turner himself. Seascapes we have always produced and always purchased eagerly. We are still making discoveries in the shape and grouping of skies and leaves.

Nor can we conclude without noticing the P. R. B.'s, those children of the last heresy of English art, that latest development of change in the English school. Like all heresies we consider it as a sign of a want, and at the same time of an abuse,

which needs correction : all that is good in it will live, all that is bad we hope will pass away into the grave of bygone Academicism and Eclecticism. It sprang from the German ascetic revival of Cornelius and his crew, and came to us wrapped in the white stole of Puginism. It originated, no doubt, in that Gothic renaissance which Wordsworth began, leading us back to truth, through ultra, and at first rather caricatured, simplicity. It began with splay feet, hideous worn faces, red hair, corduroys, vegetable peculiarities, crimson sheep, worsted-work clouds, and other exceptionable oddities. In its love of chivalry and ecclesiastical romance of a past time, Pre-Raphaelitism is Tennysonian. If it points anywhere, it seems to point, in its cleverest representatives, Ford, Maddox, Brown, Millais, Rosetti, and Holman Hunt, to a sort of semi-Venetian school, with the sentiment of modern poetry illustrated by a Veronese and Giorgione type of colour. At present, in its weaker representatives, it tends to a tinted stained-glass style, in which surface colour is attained at the expense of soundness and solidity. As for their painful finish, we need not much fear it ; for, at that peculiar stage of success, when the painter turns manufacturer, all this will be cast off as a slough, and the race of rising P. R. B.'s will soon learn, when they once get out of the hot air of clique flattery, that the great public have no sympathy now for knights in gilded mail, in mystic ladies of Shalotte, in nuns digging graves, or in melancholy princesses sitting at twilight windows, with golden cushions on their laps : they will find that all that antiquarian frippery suits only the drawing-room and the student race, not the wide corduroy world. The large world want the old heart-ache painted ; mothers parting from children, deathbeds, lovers joining hands, and all the old humours and passions of the abstract man. A great picture should translate into every language, and require no book-comment to eke out its meaning.

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## II.

## THE AUSTRIANS AND ITALY.

*Les Autrichiens et L'Italie. Histoire Anecdotique de l'Occupation Autrichienne depuis 1815. Par M. Charles de la Varenne. Troisième édition, revue et augmentée. Paris, 1859.*

THE famous treaty of Vienna, in too many instances, sacrificed the welfare of nations to the personal ambition of their sovereigns, and aimed at founding a European equilibrium upon the mutual rivalries of the great powers, rather than upon their common interests. In virtue of that treaty, in which the Italians were never consulted—the Austrian yoke has pressed with iron weight upon the Lombardo-Venetian provinces for nearly half a century, a period amply sufficient to afford time for the fusion of the Teutonic and Latin races, and for the softening down and removal of their mutual prejudices and antipathies, if such a result is ever to be brought about by the combined influence of time and political association; but such a result is an impossibility. The irresistible testimony of facts shows it to be so. To-day, the antipathy of the two races is far stronger than it was in 1815; years of oppression on the one hand, and of suffering on the other, have widened the gulf of hatred that separates Italy and Austria. In 1848, the nobles, the middle class, and the clergy, were at the head of the movement for Italian freedom, and their influence pushed on the mass of the people. To-day, on the other hand, all classes, the shopkeepers and the peasantry, as well as the higher ranks, share in it with equal ardour, and a union with the Sardinian monarchy is the cherished hope of the oppressed Lombards. The Austrians, though absolute masters of the country, find themselves compelled to live in a state of quarantine, and to associate only with their own countrymen. No Italian will entertain an Austrian in his house. On the streets, in the cafés, at the theatres, the Austrian officers are sedulously shunned, and *Tedesco* (German) is the deepest insult that can be addressed to an Italian. Forty-five years of Austrian occupation have made impassable the breach that separates the hostile races.

It is worth inquiring why this should be the case, why these antipathies of race should be eternal, and whether there has been anything in the so-called "paternal government," of Austria, to justify the intense and universal hatred with which it is regarded in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. The volume which we have placed at the head of this article will enable us to answer all these inquiries. It is written by a legitimist, who cannot be

suspected of entertaining any bias against monarchical government ; but who, after a long residence in Lombardy, found himself compelled by the facts constantly falling under his observation, to pronounce the Austrian rule in Italy to be one of the most degrading and detestable tyrannies that ever pressed upon a subject nation. His book is carefully and temperately written, his statements are founded upon official documents ; and, after careful verification of the authorities upon which he relies, we deem it important that they should be explicitly laid before the English public, in order that they may learn the real causes of the long-smothered, but now flagrant fires of revolution in Italy.

We cherish a deep suspicion of the final objects of the Emperor Napoleon, who so chivalrously professes to liberate the Italians from foreign oppression ; but, after reviewing the notorious facts which we present to our readers, it is impossible to refrain from ardently sympathising with the Lombardo-Venetians in the present strife, and hoping for their emancipation, while the suspicion of an alliance between England and Austria, in order to perpetuate such barbaric tyranny, is a wound upon our national honour and an insult upon our own dearly-bought freedom, which no Englishman will for a moment endure. M. de la Varenne commences by a sketch of the Austrian occupation ; and examines how far the legitimate and hereditary rights over the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, so much vaunted by the House of Hapsburgh-Lorraine, are well founded historically, legally, and in the free consent of the people. He shows that, since the ninth century, the name of German has been the symbol of most of the calamities and unjust invasions to which Italy has been exposed ; that, at the death of the last Visconti Duke of Milan, the German Emperor did not possess a single inch of Italian soil. That the House of Austria has three times usurped the Lombard provinces, in 1535, in 1702, and in 1815 ; that the states of the ancient republic of Venice, have been twice seized by her, first in 1797, when she accepted from a French revolutionary general, the territories of that republic, although her own ally, and, secondly, in 1815, when she obtained possession of them by the aid of treason, and flattering promises only kept till she found herself strong enough to break them ; and that the Treaty of Vienna, which finally riveted the yoke of Austria upon the neck of Italy, was a gift of the Italian people to Austria, by Russia, Prussia, and England, without, in any way, consulting their inclinations, and contrary to their nationality and their tendencies.

M. de la Varenne afterwards proceeds to examine the " paternal government of Austria" in all its branches since the " confiscation of Italy." He does this with great ability, and at

very considerable length, dividing his subject into—1st. Administration and Justice; 2nd. Finance; 3rd. The Army; 4th. Public Instruction and the Press; 5th. Commerce and Industry; 6th. Police; 7th. Individual Liberty; 8th. Judicial Murders and Abuse of Power; 9th. Public Morals; and 10th. The Austrians in relation to the other Italian States. We shall select some of the most striking details from these ten chapters, which can scarcely fail of interesting our readers in the present crisis of Italian affairs. Upon securing Lombardy and Venice by the Treaty of Vienna, Austria immediately set to work to Germanize her Italian provinces as thoroughly as possible, and, for this purpose, substituted for the existing institutions, the courts, the laws, and the judges of Germany, placing the Italians in an inferior and subordinate position. The true government resides in the Aulic Council of Vienna, which regulates everything of importance, so that often men who have never seen Italy, who are ignorant of its customs, wants, and interests, are made its absolute, irresponsible masters. Foreign troops, Bohemians, Hungarians, Croats, Illyrians, occupy Lombardy. The administration of justice, the magistracy, even the professorships in the universities, are filled by foreigners. Then, the venality of the Austrian employes—from the chief judge of the police to the lowest spy who does his dirty work of espionage for two francs a-day—is proverbial. The power of the police is unbounded; it is almost the sole authority which exists; and, as there is no national representation, to make known the feelings of the people, these are only known at Vienna by the reports of the Austrian police authorities, whose interest it is to exaggerate and falsify facts, in order to preserve their own powers in their fullest extent.\* The police possess the power of arbitrary arrest, fine, imprisonment, and torture; there is no personal security, criminal procedure is secret, and the accused neither sees the evidence against him nor is he allowed an advocate.† Corporal punishments form a prominent feature of the administration of justice, and even women and children are subjected to them.‡ The magistrates are intrusted with discretionary powers of torture, which give the president of the court the right to employ the bastinado, fasting, and irons against the accused who shall refuse to answer the questions put to him, shall feign madness, or shall persist in his denials in spite of the evidence to the contrary.|| The system of procedure put in force against political offenders is worthy of the Spanish Inquisition. The 377th section of the *Code Pénal* enacts that, under pain of com-

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\* See B. Giovini, "*L'Autriche en Italie.*"

† See *Code Pénal*, § 337.   ‡ *Ibid.*, §§ 17, 20, 21.   § *Ibid.*, §§ 263, 4, 5.

plicity, the wife must denounce her husband, the brother his brother, the son his father. Most political offences are tried before a court which is thus described by Giovini:—

“The *tribunal statario* is composed of military officers of various grades ascending from that of a captain. There are Germans, Bohemians, Croats, Poles, &c., who don't understand a word of Italian, or who speak an unintelligible gibberish, and constantly misunderstand what they hear; none of them comprehends the Milanese dialect, which the artisans and all the common people ordinarily speak. As to witnesses, they are the soldiers or the police who have arrested the accused. The judges speak German among each other; the witnesses are interrogated in German, so that there is no possibility of comparing their testimony with the statement of the accused, or rather the comparison is made by means of an interpreter, and that interpreter one of the judges. *The accused having no advocates*, is judged without even knowing of what he is accused, and then only learns it to his surprise, when he is told that he is condemned to be hanged, and *that, in half an hour*, the noose will be placed round his neck.\*

Some frightful stories are related by M. de la Varenne of Mazzetti, Zaiotti, and Salvotti, three Tyrolese who were judges of the Austrian State Inquisition. The first of these worthies, in the process against Arrivabene in 1831, being unable to find anything to condemn him, ordered belladonna to be administered to him in his food; the effect of this was, that the prisoner in his delirium allowed a great many extravagances to escape him, in which the state of his country naturally played a prominent part; these were all taken down by the judge and his recorder in writing, and, upon this evidence alone, several individuals were arrested and condemned. In the Austrian courts even-handed justice is unknown. No Italian ever gains a suit against a powerful Austrian official, or against the crown; and, on one rare occasion, where sentence had been given against government, the judges were degraded, and the advocate Marocco struck from the list.

The administration of finance is as bad as that of justice. The Lombardo-Venetian provinces, though forming but an eighth part of the population, and a seventeenth part of the extent of the Austrian empire, pay the third part of her revenue. “Austria, (says Guerrieri) lives by the blood and the gold of Italy.” It is her strong-box, her granary, the field on which her numberless employés, civil and military, come to fatten and grow rich. In 1814, when the Austrians insinuated themselves

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\* B. Giovini, “*L'Autriche en Italie.*”

into the Italian provinces, Count Nugent, their commander, made great promise of financial reform, which, like other promises made at the same time, have been recklessly broken. The first thing the imperial functionaries did was to empty the public chest. At the Mont-Lombard at Venice, they stole forty millions of francs, and at the Mont-Napoleon, at Milan, a still larger sum. Pensions, rents, the funds of benevolent societies—even though guaranteed by the Treaty of Vienna—were all appropriated, nothing escaped their rapacious clutches. Afterwards, regardless of the promised financial reforms, new and heavy taxes were imposed, and vexatious relics of feudality revived, so that, instead of paying less than formerly, the inhabitants had to pay twice as much under the Austrian rule. Each individual in Lombardy, according to the calculations of the economist Guerrieri,\* pays nine livres to the state budget; whereas, even in the most highly taxed of the Austrian provinces to the north of the Alps, each inhabitant contributes only six livres. From sixty to seventy millions of livres are annually sent from Italy to Vienna, none of which ever finds its way back, for everything connected with the clothing of the troops, *materiel* of the army of occupation, &c., &c., is made in Germany; and the result of this is, that one of the richest countries in the world, from natural fertility and the perfection of its agriculture, is utterly miserable, and possesses almost no capital, while its best productions pass into the hands of aliens who spend them in a foreign country. During the last ten years, especially, the exactions of the Austrian officials have passed all bounds, so that not only individuals and families, but even whole towns have been ruined. When Radetzsky, after the defeat of the Sardinians and Lombards, in 1848, found himself once more master at Milan, he hit upon a system of "extraordinary contributions," by which each individual of the nobility and higher ranks of the citizens of Milan, was obliged to pay a ransom proportionate to his fortune; and these he enforced, in spite of the articles of the capitulation of Milan (6th August, 1848), by which he had bound himself to respect persons and property. In this way, he raised, in the city of Milan alone, during the years 1848-9, 23,315,000 livres. Five of the Milanese nobles were taxed 800,000 livres each; and this at a time when the maintenance of the Austrian garrison cost the town 100,000 livres daily. Radetzsky's subordinates in the other towns imitated the rapacity of their chief; and the forced contribution throughout Lombardy, in 1848-9, produced 140,000,000, whilst Radetzsky and his staff are said to have divided amongst themselves the pretty little

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\* Guerrieri, "*L'Austria et la Lombardia.*"

sum of 50,000,000. All the Austrian generals then in Italy became rich; and one of them—General Gorzkonski, who died Governor of Venice in 1855—left a fortune of 12,000,000 francs. Since 1849, enormous forced loans have been repeatedly raised by Austria in her Lombardo-Venetian provinces, in some cases amounting to more than 100,000,000 in a single year; and the result has been, that the landed proprietors are almost ruined; an estate worth 2,000 livres a year, yields but 400 to its possessor, owing to the pressure of the taxes; the value of land has everywhere decreased, and judicial sales are of constant occurrence.

“In truth,” says M. de la Varenne, “ruin strikes especially the landed proprietors. Property also has singularly diminished in value throughout the realm. In the province of the Valteline a number of estates are absolutely unable to pay the excessive taxation, and are daily sold by auction, God knows at what price! In the other districts, Brescia, Bergamo, the high Milanese, Cremona, Verona, Vincenza, Padua, countries formerly exceedingly rich and fertile, land brings scarcely anything, and judicial sales have never been so frequent, a strong symptom of the state of affairs. In fact, the revenue yielded by land not being sufficient to pay the taxes and maintain the proprietors, they are annually compelled to borrow upon their estates, and end by being obliged to part with them. Capital has disappeared from a country so little secure. There is a singular scarcity of money. Properties of the middle size no longer exist, and, as to the rest, we may say with truth, that, to-day the proprietors of the soil, large or small, are more or less ruined.”

We now come to consider the Austrian army in Italy. No servitude is felt to be more galling by the natives of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, than their compulsory enlistment under the banners of Austria. Many circumstances combine to produce this feeling. The discipline is severe, the punishments bloody and atrocious; and the Italian conscripts are sent to spend the best years of their lives in a foreign country; for Austria well knows the hatred which her tyranny has inspired, and never leaves any considerable force of Italian troops in Lombardy. Only two or three native regiments remain in Italy; the others are distributed in her northern capitals, Buda, Prague, Vienna. It is by this astute policy alone, that Austria keeps together her marqueterie empire, composed of so many different nationalities; placing race against race—the Croats and Germans against the Italians, and the Italians against the Hungarians; and thus, in 1848-9, she made use of her Italian regiments to quell the insurrection in Vienna, Prague, and Hungary; and of her Hungarian and Bohemian troops, to crush the rising in Italy.

When Austria found the possession of the Italian provinces secured to her by the Treaty of Vienna, she lost no time in disbanding and suppressing the Italian army, and in putting a stop to all the military institutions of the country. Military schools, manufactures of arms and clothing, cannon foundries, were all put down ; and Vienna was made the great centre of administration, military as well as civil. But the conscription, whose abolition had been promised, was not only retained, but rendered much more severe. Instead of two men, three were taken, and the small Lombardo-Venetian provinces, with scarcely five millions of inhabitants, were compelled to furnish 60,000 men to a service which they detested, and in which they were, and are constantly exposed to arbitrary corporal punishments, at the hands of all their officers, from the corporal upwards. Add to all this, that, for the Italian conscript in the service of the "paternal government" of Austria, there is no hope, no possibility of advancement, and it is very easy to believe the truth of our author's assertion, that Austria has no such mortal enemies among her Italian subjects, as those who have endured eight years of her military service, and have afterwards returned to their homes. The following instance of wanton cruelty—one out of many—will convey some idea of the savage treatment of which the Italian conscripts are too often the victims :—

"My excellent friend and brother in arms," says our author, "the Commandant Eugène Carini, one of the heroes of the defence of Venice, a man not less distinguished as an able writer than as a brave soldier, and at present residing in Paris, was *eye-witness* of the following fact. He was, in 1838, cadet in an Austrian regiment of chasseurs, and was on the march from Treviso to Verona with a detachment of his corps, when they met a body of infantry, which they joined. That detachment was composed of Italians ; there was among them a poor little conscript, quite pale and thin, who dragged himself painfully behind the others, and who was truly a pitiable sight, so much did he appear exhausted. The poor fellow was evidently suffering under one of those garrison fevers, which young soldiers take so readily in the Austrian service. Collecting all his strength and courage, he hastened his steps for a moment, and approached the lieutenant who commanded the little troop, in order to obtain the favour of being allowed to mount the baggage-waggon. The Austrian examined him with a stern air, then, summoning an assistant-surgeon who marched a considerable distance in front of him, he thus accosted him, 'Eh ! doctor ; here's a fellow who pretends not to be able to march : will you come here and see him ?' The second German, annoyed at having to retrace his steps, felt the pulse of the conscript ; then repulsing him with indignation, exclaimed, 'The fellow does not choose to march ! Well, then, to give him strength, order him twenty-five strokes of the stick ; I warrant you

that he will then run.' 'Hallo, the drum and a corporal!' cried the lieutenant; 'strip that animal, place him on the drum, give him twenty-five strokes, and take care you strike hard.' The poor victim became of a deathlike paleness. He was so exhausted that he suffered himself to be seized and placed upon the drum without a murmur. The unfortunate uttered but a single word, 'My mother!' at the first stroke. When the punishment was over, and they went to raise him, *he was dead.*"

Besides the conscription, the Austrians have another and peculiar method of recruiting the ranks of their army, by arbitrarily arresting any young men, students at the Italian universities especially, suspected of entertaining liberal ideas, and compelling them to enter the imperial service as common soldiers. If they refuse to put on the Austrian uniform, they are beaten by a corporal until they yield. Of this phase of the "paternal government," our author furnishes a number of instances, and his testimony upon this point is corroborated by many unimpeachable authorities, among others by that of M. Anatole de la Forge, who tells us that, on one occasion, positive orders were sent from the highest quarter to the authorities of the town of Padua, that every man whose political tendencies or opinions were suspected, should be carried off and enrolled by main force in an Austrian regiment.\*

But though the conscription presses with a leaden weight upon the liberty and prosperity of Lombardy, it is not more felt than the irresponsible and insolent tyranny of the Austrian army of occupation, of which Guerrieri gives the following graphic picture:—

"In general the Austrian soldier when he descends into Italy, does so under the fixed idea that it is an enemy's country. And truly the Austrian officers, especially at Milan, treat, and are treated as enemies; excluded from all reunions, shut out from every circle, avoided in public, they revenge themselves by exciting each other to hate still more a country in which they are ever made to feel themselves foreigners and detested. The total separation which exists between the Italians and the German soldiery, prevents from being well known the incredible boastings and basenesses with which the idle and ignorant Austrian officiality seeks to console itself for these humiliations, by every-day recounting stories of the infamy of our women, and the cowardice of our young men. We are not, however, ignorant that the Austrian exults as soon as there is a rumour of any political movement; he demands nothing better than to prove his courage upon a disarmed population, and to give vent to the bile which he has accumulated during so many years. There are, certainly, educated

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\* Histoire de la République de Venise sous Manin, tom. i.



and enlightened men among these German officers; but they are few in number, no one cares for their opinions, and, from the necessity of their position, they embrace the prejudices of their countrymen."\*

The insolence and cruelty of the Austrian soldiery towards the peasantry and working classes are excessive. If a countryman or workman transgresses some trifling order of the police, or gets into a quarrel with a soldier, he is quickly seized upon, conducted to the nearest military post, stripped, and fastened to a bench, while two corporals armed with canes, strike him alternately like smiths smiting an anvil. If he is able to walk on the conclusion of his punishment, he is immediately turned adrift, if not, he is carried at night to the hospital. An Italian servant of M. de la Varenne had, in this way, received thirty strokes of the stick.

The second of the secret articles of the treaty of Verona in 1822, to which Austria was one of the high contracting parties, runs in the following terms:—"As it cannot be doubted that the liberty of the press constitutes the most powerful of the means employed by the pretended defenders of the rights of nations against the rights of princes, the high contracting parties reciprocally pledge their faith to adopt all measures proper for its suppression, not only in their own dominions, but throughout the rest of Europe." Following out the spirit of this article, the Emperor Francis of Austria, in an address to the professors of Padua, used the following language:—"Know, gentlemen, that I care not to have in my empire either learned men or literature, but obedient subjects;" and it is not to be expected that either the press or public instruction can be in a flourishing condition, when such are the sentiments of those possessing absolute power. In all the schools of Upper Italy, children are made to learn, along with their catechism, a little book entitled "Duties of Subjects towards the Sovereign;" on the thirteenth page of which occur the following questions and answers. Question. "How ought subjects to conduct themselves towards their sovereign?" Answer. "Subjects ought to conduct themselves as faithful servants† towards their master." Question. "Why ought they to conduct themselves like faithful servants?" Answer. "Because the sovereign is their master, and because his power extends over their possessions as well as their persons." These questions and answers have been taught in the elementary schools for forty-three years; how

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\* L'Austria et la Lombardia.

† The Italian word "*servi*," has almost the force of *slaves*.

many "faithful servants," have they made for the house of Austria, let the present attitude of Lombardy reply. There is, unquestionably, an elaborate system of schools—elementary and advanced—crowned by the two celebrated universities of Pavia and Padua; but, owing to the jealous precautions, the avarice, the distrust, and suspicion of the imperial government, they are as inefficient in developing the intellect as the wretched system of scholasticism whose overthrow paved the way for the Reformation. Children and youths may become familiar with the history of China, but of the history of modern Europe, of that of Italy especially, they can learn nothing; then, at the universities, the Professors are chiefly chosen from among the protégés of the police, and for their subserviency rather than for their learning. The exact and natural sciences are tolerably well represented, but moral and political science is in a state of utter debasement. The subjects of the lectures are inspected and approved of by the police authorities before they are allowed to be delivered, and thus all spontaneity, all force of mind, or play of imagination, are completely extinguished; and it ought to be carefully kept in mind that no better instruction is accessible to the Lombardo-Venetians, for they are expressly forbidden to send their children to study in foreign countries. Most of the chairs in the universities are filled by Germans; one of them, a Dr. Lamprecht, professor of midwifery in Padua, was originally a barber in a Croatian village, and has never even been able to learn Italian, while another, the professor of pathology in the same university, was for a long time veterinary surgeon in a regiment of hussars. One of the ablest writers of the nineteenth century, speaks thus from personal observation of the Austrian system of public instruction.

"Not being able to forbid to the higher classes a certain amount of instruction, she scrupulously regulates that which she permits them to acquire. All knowledge would not be good for them; mutilated instruction is only a mockery, an official lie. Have you heard of the university of Padua? There exists of course a professor of modern history; but in order to be sure that his teaching shall be exactly what she wishes it to be, *his MS. is sent him from Vienna*. He is forbidden to alter a single phrase, to displace a single word. And this MS. what does it contain? A long and pompous panegyric of the house of Lorraine. From this you may judge of the rest. However, it must be confessed that the Aulic Council has not yet interfered with astronomy; no order emanating from it has refused permission to the celestial bodies to describe those orbits which the laws of nature assign to them." \*

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\* Lamennais, "*Affaires de Rome*."

The censorship in Austrian Italy exercises a most rigorous supervision not only over the publication of new works, but also over the admission of all works which it chooses to consider of a dangerous tendency. Thus Sismondi's *History of the Italian Republic*, Daru's *History of Venice*, Coletta's *History of Naples*, Botta's *History of Italy*, Pignotti's of *Naples*, and our own Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, are strictly prohibited. It is, however, of newspapers that the Austrian authorities are especially jealous. Radetzky's proclamation of February, 1851, punished the circulation of French or Piedmontese journals with death by the sentence of a military tribunal, and their mere possession, or the neglecting to denounce their possessor, with from one to 'five years' confinement in irons.\*

Despotic governments have often greatly increased the material prosperity of the countries over which they ruled, and, in this way, compensated to a certain extent for the liberties which they extinguished. Austria, however, has not offered even this poor compensation to the oppressed Lombards; all the financial and commercial regulations have been framed in favour of Austrian and Bohemian commerce, and to the great disadvantage of that of Italy, which, since 1815, has been systematically sacrificed to promote the interests of the hereditary provinces of the house of Austria. At the time of the Austrian occupation, there were splendid cloth manufactories at Como, Gandino, and Schio; famous fabrics of arms at Brescia; foundries and iron-works at Bergamo; and many other great and flourishing industrial establishments, which have all been since ruined by the unjust and one-sided policy pursued by the Austrian government. As with manufactures, so with commerce. Venice, once the mercantile queen of the Adriatic, has been sacrificed to Trieste. Her superb port is silted up, her canals are filling with mud, and that romantic city will soon become but a fetid sewer, unless some of the numberless millions which Austria filches from her provinces be devoted to arresting her decay.†

The Austrian police possesses absolute power over the persons, the liberty, the honour, of the Lombardo-Venetians. They interfere with everything, and impose their laws upon all. To them nothing is sacred; neither modesty, innocence, nor the sanctity of home, which they violate by night and day at their pleasure. Property and personal liberty are constantly in peril, since they depend entirely on their caprice or their suspicions. The expense of this terrible police is enormous. Its

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\* On this subject see Guerrieri, "*L'Austria et la Lombardia*," p. 28.

† See Lamennais, "*Affaires de Rome*," p. 119.

spies are everywhere, in all ranks of society, in every place of amusement. A well-informed writer\* has stated the cost of maintaining the spies of the Austrian police in Milan alone at 8000*l.* a month. The lower class of spies who frequent the streets, taverns, and inns, receive two francs a day; the middle class, who haunt the cafés, hotels, and other places of public resort, four francs; the higher class, who appear in the theatres, the houses of pleasure, and the mansions of the rich citizens, ten francs; while the spies of the "great world" can make their own terms by the month or year. It is impossible to imagine any system more calculated to degrade and demoralise the whole tone of society; for these spies are the worst of mankind, and yet the happiness, the honour, and the life of respectable citizens are absolutely at their mercy. We have said that the Austrian police penetrates everywhere, and that nothing is exempt from their control. The professors in the advanced schools and in the universities are compelled to furnish them with a monthly report upon the sentiments of their pupils, and upon the principles with which they seem to be indoctrinated at home; even the confessors of these establishments are obliged to give an account of the morality and political views of their penitents, and every doctor or surgeon who is called in to see a wounded person, must, on leaving the house, immediately furnish to the police authorities a full account of every circumstance connected with his case on pain of forfeiting his diploma. The secret of letters exists but in name, and the work of opening them goes on regularly, and with very little effort at concealment, in the post-office.†

From what we have already said, it may be easily inferred that the inhabitants of the Austrian provinces of Italy do not enjoy either personal liberty or freedom of action; and, in truth, the Austrian government interferes with both in the most vexatious and insolent manner. It is difficult even to leave the town where one lives to go into the interior of the country; and as for a passport to visit foreign countries, you must explain to the satisfaction of the authorities the motives of the journey, the length of time you expect to be absent, your means of support during your absence, give a promise to approach no enemy of Austria, and frequently, furnish a guarantee for your return; and, even after all this is done, the administration reserves to itself the right of refusing a passport. Every subject who leaves the Italian provinces without

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\* H. Misley, "*L'Italie sous la Domination Autrichienne.*"

† We might easily multiply examples of the insolence, heartlessness, and cruelty of the Austrian police, but we rather refer those of our readers who wish for such details to M. de la Varenne's work, pp. 190-96.

a regular passport, is declared civilly dead at the end of three months, and all his property is confiscated. If he leaves no property, he is seizable as a criminal on his return, and is condemned to three years of imprisonment with hard labour. The police, without any previous appeal to the tribunals, forbid any one they choose to go beyond the limits of a town, or a place, for a certain length of time. If he wishes to travel ten miles by railway, the Lombardo-Venetian must provide himself with what are termed *papiers de sûreté*, and, while the train is moving, the police-guards go from carriage to carriage, by means of a system of communication expressly established for this purpose, and collect these papers from each passenger; and these absurd and jealous precautions have materially interfered with the success of the Lombard railways. Even when abroad, the Italian subject of Austria does not escape from the surveillance of the "paternal government." He is recommended to the attention of the spies established in every capital of Europe, and woe to him if he commits the least political indiscretion. While abroad, too, the Lombardo-Venetian is expressly forbidden to publish any book, pamphlet, or letters to journals, without the previous examination and permission of the Imperial government. There is no spot of earth where the iron weight of Austrian despotism does not press upon him; and, to escape from its pressure, he must condemn himself to perpetual and hopeless exile. Arbitrary arrests are constantly resorted to by the Austrian police. In the years 1820 and 1821, they made no fewer than 8000 arrests without any form of justice, and solely upon their own authority; and, since 1818, about a fourth of the population of each town has individually experienced the effects of this abuse of power.

The chapter devoted by M. de la Varenne to the examination of the judicial murders and abuse of power chargeable upon Austria, is a dark and melancholy one. It has been beautifully said by Chateaubriand, "The earth drinks in silence the blood of battle fields, but peaceful blood spouts groaning towards heaven. God receives and avenges it." If so, a fearful reckoning is yet in store for the house of Hapsburgh. General Pietro Coletta tells us that, during thirty years, "100,000 Neapolitans have perished by every kind of death in the cause of political freedom, and for the love of Italy;"\* and, in Austrian Italy, where a kindred spirit animates the government, matters have been but little better. Between the 6th of August 1848, the date of the triumphant return of the Austrians to Milan, and the 22nd August of the following year, the official records show a total of

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\* History of the Kingdom of Naples, translated from the Italian by S. Horner, vol. ii. p. 471.

961 capital sentences, regularly pronounced and executed against Lombardo-Venetians. In the autumn of 1848, the steward of Councillor Rampini and his eldest son were shot at Milan, while the younger son, being under age and not being convicted of any crime, was beaten to death with sticks. In October of the same year, three Milanese were shot for having responded to the provocations of three Hungarian soldiers disguised as police. The Abbé Pulcina was shot at Brescia about the same time, and another priest at Mantua, merely for having expressed liberal opinions. To have a weapon of any kind, in the house or on the person, was certain death. At Brescia, a butcher was sent for outside the town to kill an ox, and went, bearing along with him the implements of his trade, mace, knife, &c. On his return, he was arrested by the patrol, and, in spite of his protestations that he was a butcher, and that there was no order against butchers carrying their implements along with them, was forthwith tried, condemned, and shot. At Lodi, 28th February, 1849, a native of the place was beaten to death for having allowed some insulting expressions to escape him when maltreated by an Austrian officer. But the most disgraceful and flagrant instance of tyranny remains to be recorded. On the 18th August, 1849, the anniversary of the birth of the late emperor, which was kept with great pomp by the Austrians in Milan, a courtesan named Olivari had attached to the balcony of her house an Austrian flag. This house was in one of the most frequented streets of Milan, opposite the café *del Mazza*, and the crowd hissed in passing it; upon which several patrols and a number of officers, who had apparently been lurking in the neighbourhood, instantly rushed to the spot, seized indiscriminately on the passers by, and carried them off to the castle, where a military tribunal was quickly assembled, which first released the foreigners and public functionaries, and then proceeded to try the rest of the crowd of prisoners, all, be it observed, *Italians*. They were speedily condemned, seventeen to the bastonnade, from twenty-five to fifty strokes each, and three to various periods of imprisonment in irons. Among the former class, were an advocate, a painter, two landed proprietors, and two students, and *Ernesta Galli of Cremona, and Maria Conti of Florence, both opera singers, the first twenty, and the second eighteen years old*. They were sentenced, the former to forty strokes of the stick, and the latter to thirty. All the sentences were immediately executed in public, in the open air, in the court of the castle, the Austrian officers looking on and laughing the while. The punishments were carried out to the letter; all the sufferers were severely injured, and the two poor girls especially, were a long time before they recovered from the effects of Austrian

brutality. The military commandant of Milan, subsequently sent in an account of 191 francs to the municipality "for the expense of ice," (applied to the mangled flesh of the victims in order to prevent gangrene) "and of rods used and broken in the punishment of the seditious of the 18th August."\* Finally, the marshal ordered the town of Milan to indemnify the courtesan Olivari, by a gift of 30,000 livres. The melancholy necrology of this gloomy chapter on judicial murders and abuse of power is closed by our author with the case of the Count Montanari, and five of his relations, accused, as usual, of conspiring with Mazzini, and summarily condemned to be shot. Moved apparently by the frantic entreaties of the wives of these unfortunates, Marshal Radetzsky promised "that not a drop of blood should be shed." He kept his word by *hanging* the whole of them.

The Austrians have sedulously endeavoured, especially since 1848, to set the rich and poor among the Lombards at enmity, and thus prevent that union which might render them dangerous. When, in March 1849, the French minister at Turin went to the camp of the victorious Radetzsky to solicit a change of system towards Lombardy, and the proclamation of a general amnesty, General Hess, the chief of the staff, thus answered him—"Never! It would not be conformable to Austrian politics to pardon rebel subjects; their punishment ought to be not death but misery. The people love us; the nobles, the rich proprietors, detest us; they must then be annihilated."

With regard to the paramount influence of Austria in the affairs of the whole Italian peninsula, there can be but little doubt, and as little of her disposition to interfere with armed hand on the slightest and most trivial pretexts. At the smallest semblance of political liberation, she at once steps in, superseding in the most nonchalant and insolent way the sovereigns of the country; hangs, shoots, flogs, and exiles, at her pleasure, occupies places of strength, and levies forced contributions, until she has reduced everything to the state of passive and unreasoning obedience most approved of by her "paternal government." Her conduct in Tuscany on the restoration of the Grand Duke; the sack of Leghorn, in the summer of 1849, by the troops of General Aspre; the judicial tortures and murders at Ferrara and Bologna, in 1853—4, by the Austrian military tribunals, and many other cases which might easily be cited, furnish most convincing proofs both of the extent of her power, and of its withering influence upon political freedom and intellectual progress.

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\* The words in the original are "*Per spesa di ghiaccio et di bacchette rotte e consumate nel castigo dei rivoltuosi del giorno 18 agosto.*"

We have already related so many instances of Austrian brutality, that we shall not advert to those by which they made themselves detested during the revolution of 1848—9. Those who wish to investigate the subject will find ample details in M. de la Varenne's book, and in that of M. Perrens, entitled "*Deux Ans de Révolution en Italie*." As to the present state of Lombardy, it is subject to an irresponsible military oligarchy, first instituted by Radetzsky in 1848, and ever since continued; and the address of the Baron Schultzy, Governor of Mantua, to the municipality of that city gives a good idea of its nature—"My absolute commandment constitutes the only and supreme law; thus all the population and all the authorities have nothing wiser to do than to conform to it without reply."

At the present hour, according to our author, there is not a single partisan of the dangerous doctrines of Mazzini in the whole of Upper Italy; the common need, the universal aspiration, is a union with the Sardinian monarchy. "The immediate union of the whole peninsula, under the chivalrous and warlike house of Savoy, would be the happiness of Italy: such is at least the profound conviction of the author of these pages. Perhaps it is the future which Providence reserves to that nation and that dynasty so well fitted for each other. But, doubtless, we must practically be satisfied to content ourselves with a less result."

And now it may perhaps be thought that we have dwelt too long on the principles and practice of that terrible despotism which, for nearly half a century, has steeped the fairest provinces in Italy in blood and tears. But we have done so purposely, that the resolution of the English people may be formed, to abstain from any unholy compact with Austria. England respects treaties, but she detests tyranny, and if a people rise against such a system of oppression as that we have detailed, she must abjure every tradition of her own history and every instinct of her own spirit, if she lend her mighty power to crush them again beneath its yoke.

We expelled the Stuarts, our legal and hereditary princes, for misgovernment and oppression, and who will now say that we did wrong? And, if the Italians—delivered over by the treaty of Vienna, without their own consent, to the foreign yoke of Austria, after an endurance of forty-five years of her grinding, all-pervading, unrelenting tyranny—have now risen to burst their fetters; can we say that they are in the wrong, or dare we aid their tyrants? We trust not. An armed neutrality, such as has been already proclaimed, such as Austria observed during the Crimean war, is our truest, our safest policy, for the present.



The future we cannot descry. We can, indeed, conceive, though we do not anticipate, such a combination of political events, as may compel Great Britain to enter the field of battle, even as an ally of Austria; but no possible combination of circumstances, no sort of alliance, would justify our country in assisting Austria to rivet her yoke upon the neck of the oppressed Italians. Italy belongs to the Italians. Let them recover and hold their own.

### III.

#### REVERIE AND ABSTRACTION.

THE brain\* is the prime minister of the body; he is chief of the police, president of the legislative, and head of the executive departments. In an ordinary government, this would be a more than sufficient monopoly: but in our microcosm, other and even more important functions devolve upon the premier. He is the head of the commissariat, manages the home department, and has direct and uncontrolled sway over all our foreign relations. Yet, with all this, he has time for idleness; and, besides the stated number of hours which he devotes to repose, he occasionally, in working hours, refuses to respond to the claims upon him; and some of the departments, chiefly that of "foreign affairs," are neglected.

In every ordinary act, there are many elements involved; an impression is received from without, and conveyed to the mind; it is there perceived, attended to, and compared with other impressions which the memory brings forward; a judgment is passed upon it, and a course of action determined upon, which, through the medium of the will, is carried into effect; it includes, therefore, perception, attention, and will, as chief elements. Or,

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\* If in the following sketch, the terms Brain and Mind appear to be used convertibly, it must be understood that no material identity is implied; they are so used for convenience merely, inasmuch as we become acquainted with the phenomena of our immaterial mind, only as it can be corporeally manifested through the material organ. So, also, if we speak of will, thought, judgment, memory, &c., as acting sometimes together, and sometimes apparently in opposition, it is by no means intended to signify that these are separate elements of what must be considered necessarily as one and indivisible; but only that they are different modes of action of the same essence. In short, no metaphysical theories are involved; the terms used are intended not to be strictly analysed, but to convey a clear history of certain noteworthy phenomena.

according to laws which we need not now inquire into, an idea is originated within the mind itself; the energy of the subjective impression, on the one hand, and the force of will on the other, determine the amount of attention to be accorded to it; and it is either detained for consideration, or for action (if it be of a nature to require action), or allowed to pass away, most probably leaving an associated thought behind it, to be similarly treated.

Thus attention and will are most important elements in all serviceable thought; and according as these are more or less prominent, practical results will follow the operations of the mind. Sir William Hamilton remarks that "the difference between an ordinary mind and the mind of a Newton, consists principally in this, that the one is capable of a more continuous attention than the other,—that a Newton is able without fatigue to connect inference with inference in one long series towards a determinate end; while the man of inferior capacity is soon obliged to let fall the thread which he had begun to spin." Bacon also places all men of equal attention on one level, recognising nothing as due to genius. Helvetius goes so far as to say that genius is indeed nothing but a continued attention (*une attention suivie*). Buffon also speaks of it as a protracted patience. "In the exact sciences, at least (says Cuvier), it is the patience of a sound intellect, when invincible, which truly constitutes genius." Lord Chesterfield acknowledges that the power of applying an attention, steady and undissipated, to a single object, is the sure mark of a superior genius.

Whether we give full credence to all this weight of testimony or not, we are bound to recognise in attention an element of paramount importance, as influencing what is generally called the "train of thought;" and as one which, in appearance at least, and in popular estimation, often makes the difference between a wise man and a fool; and we think it useful to investigate briefly some few of the phenomena of thought, considered in this point of view chiefly, as more or less affected by attention. These are worthy of much more scientific analysis than they have hitherto received; and much empirical observation is still needed. When in dreams, where volitional attention is in entire abeyance, we find that we live months or years in a few hours, we are too apt to be content with saying that these are "the stuff that dreams are made of;" perhaps, never considering that whether sleeping or waking, this is a veritable phenomenon, and potentiality of mind,—perhaps more wonderful than our most brilliant waking thoughts. And when we meet with a student so deeply immersed in his problem, or his thought, as to know nothing of the physical influences around,—to be entirely insensible to pain or danger—we have a strong tendency to

*explain* the whole by the theory that he is an "absent man;" perhaps careless of *why* he is absent, and how mind can so influence matter; not clearly recognising that therein is involved one of the most important questions of our nature.

In natural sleep, as before observed, volitional attention is dormant, whilst memory and imagination are thereby allowed to run riot, and to wander in rapid succession over the nearest and most distant scenes, and to represent intercourse with the distant living or dead, without arousing any sensations of surprise or incongruity. Under peculiar circumstances, however, the attention may be aroused to certain objects, or classes of objects, around which then all the thoughts cluster, and towards which all the actions tend; whilst it remains not only indifferent to all other surrounding objects, but is incapable of being attracted to them by any means short of such as will interrupt the special mental condition. Many of the phenomena attendant upon this and allied conditions were investigated recently,\* and it was concluded that they were due to an organic *polarity*, by virtue of which the brain became sensitive to certain impressions in an extraordinary degree, remaining insensible to all others, physical or otherwise; in the same manner as the charged conductor of an electrical machine responds only to conductors, appearing indifferent to all non-conductors or electrics; or as a magnetized steel bar is sensitive only to steel, and indifferent to other matters. Perhaps a more apt illustration may be drawn from the horse-shoe bar of soft steel, which becomes a powerful magnet (*i.e.*, polar) on passing an electric current through coils of copper wire around it; but as soon as the current ceases, the polarity is resolved, and the bar presents only the properties of common steel. It was remarked, also, that during the continuance of this polarity, this species of attention, the sleep of the other faculties became much more profound, and more difficult to interrupt by any influence; the nervous influence being so concentrated upon the awakened parts of the organism, that the sensitivity of the remainder was destroyed, or much lessened.

The one remarkable circumstance about all the various and complicated actions observed in the higher forms of somnambulism, is that they occur during sleep, and indicate a special attention of the faculties only to one class of objects, the insensibility towards others being complete. Now we meet with phenomena during the waking hours, which, considered objectively, are strictly analogous to these—they have only a different point of departure. Such are the phases of absence of mind,

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Vide "Somnambulism,"—*Eclectic*, January, 1859.

reverie, and abstraction—all essentially different in nature, yet all presenting the same external aspect; and so far allied as that they depend respectively upon the degree of attention which the will has brought to bear upon certain pursuits. These, one and all, it would be difficult to distinguish by accurate description, from the higher lucidity of somnambulism,—except in so far as the former have originated by a disturbance of balance amongst the faculties during waking moments; whilst the latter commenced by the polarity itself, organically excited during sleep.

It must be borne in mind that, for the complete appreciation of the external world, three things are essential:—(1) organs of the senses in a normal healthful condition; (2) a proper distribution of nervous fluid,\* ready to be stimulated by the appropriate objects, as light to the eye, sonorous vibrations to the ear, &c.; and (3) an exercise (more or less under the influence of the will) of the faculty of attention to the impressions so produced and conveyed. All these are obviously necessary; if the first be absent, the negative result is clear: the second is equally essential; and it is with the variations of the third element that we are now especially concerned; and with those changes which these variations induce in the distribution of the nervous fluid. We will notice these under three natural divisions, according (1) as the attention cannot be directed to any one train of thought, but wanders off to any other, defying the efforts of the will to restrain it; (2) as it is voluntarily surrendered up, and the fancy or imagination allowed, or even encouraged to roam amongst things known or unknown, things in heaven, and things on earth; and (3) as the attention is firmly fixed on one train of thought, to the exclusion of all others, and to the ignoring of all external influences. All these present the same external aspect; all are classed popularly under one head—that of “wool-gathering,” or some analogous expression; yet, whilst the first form is the characteristic of the feeblest and most inefficient intellects, the second is the great prerogative of poets and artists; and the third, the highest of all, is generally found in the persons of men of intellect the most exalted, of genius the most transcendent. These forms may be known, for convenience, as Reverie, Voluntary Waking Dream, and Abstraction of Mind.

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\* Here again we would remark that no theory is implied, or to be understood, by the use of this term “*nervous fluid*.” It is used only to express the fitness or adaptedness for appropriate excitement, by any nerve or set of nerves, as thus:—the optic nerve is properly supplied with nervous fluid, when it responds normally to its own special stimulus of light, &c. But by this we no more hypothecate the actual existence of a fluid proper, than we do when speaking popularly of the electric fluid.

1. Reverie is an approach to dreaming or sleep : the attention to surrounding objects begins to fail ; and instead of being fixed on what is passing, is wandering over a thousand vague and imperfectly connected ideas. It is common, as Dr. Mason Good remarks, "at schools and at church ; over tasks and sermons ; and there are few readers who have not frequently been sensible of it in one degree or other." Who has not often read page after page of a book, of which either the matter has been uninteresting or the style repulsive, and suddenly discovered that the reading has conveyed no ideas to the mind ? Who has not often in succession taken out his watch to see the time, and put it back without acquiring the knowledge, though he has gazed most wistfully at the hands ? We may talk to a person in this state, and his ears will gather in the sound ; but the mind does not interpret it into ideas ; he may be obscurely conscious of our presence, but we serve only as a starting-point for some weak chain of associations, which end—probably nowhere. He listens to a grave discourse with an apparent attention most profound and edifying ; and at the most affecting part, his train of thought has led him possibly to some ludicrous association, and he breaks into uncontrollable laughter.

All men are, at some time or other, more or less experienced in this state ; it almost invariably precedes gradual sleep ; often occurs for a short time before awaking. At other times it is productive of results amusing enough ; but it must be remembered that those minds of which this has become the habitual and incurable condition, are in the most pitiable state of unfitness for all those high purposes of knowledge and reflection, for which our marvellous powers were bestowed upon us. Things the most important and the most sacred equally fail to fix his attention ; and, in a more than usually significant sense, trifles make up the sum of his existence.

An extreme case of Reverie is related by Sir A. Crichton, concerning a young man of good family, and originally sound intelligence, in whom errors and defects of education had induced an almost unconquerable and constant absence of mind. He would sit for the whole day without speaking, yet without any signs of melancholy ; for the play of his countenance, and his occasional laughter, showed that a multiplicity of thoughts were passing through his mind. He would sometimes begin to speak, but break off half-way, having completely forgotten what he wished to say ; yet when thoroughly aroused, he manifested no intellectual feebleness ; and could judge correctly on any matter to which he could be induced really to attend. Most probably, in this case, an original defect aided the faulty mode

of education. This extreme form of inattention, or rather inability to attend, may occur temporarily as a morbid condition, as in the well-known case of Mr. Spalding, who, in attempting to write a receipt, could not by any possibility form the correct words; and finally, after long and arduous effort, discovered that he had written "fifty dollars, through the salvation of Bra—." This is generally, as in the instance related, the result of overstrained attention; the faculty is exhausted, and will work no more.

2. Voluntary waking dreams result essentially from the voluntary surrender of the influence of the will and attention; the imaginative faculties being allowed undisturbed play. Macnish observes that "young men of vivid, sanguine temperament, have dreams of this kind almost every morning and night. Instead of submitting to the sceptre of sleep, they amuse themselves by creating a thousand visionary scenes. Though broad awake, their judgment does not exercise the slightest sway, and fancy is allowed to become lord of the ascendant. Poets are notoriously castle-builders; and poems are, in fact, nothing but waking dreams . . . Milton's mind, during the composition of *Paradise Lost*, must have existed chiefly in the state of a sublime waking dream . . ." By another law, to which we have not alluded, the emotions are more excited in proportion as attention, will, and judgment are dormant; and thus we attain to the vivid colouring of the poet's dream, and the artist's ideal. There is a strong tendency in this form to become morbid, and as uncontrollable as that first noticed; then, from one of the noblest gifts of human nature, it becomes one of its most formidable scourges. Closely allied to this form of day-dreaming, though in one respect different from it, is the Reverie which is characteristic of several forms of religious mysticism. By withdrawing the attention continuously from all objects of sense, the spirit is supposed to become purified, and united with the Deity; and the mystic is favoured with celestial visions. All this is accomplished by directing the sole attention to some object as uninteresting as the point of the nose, at which the Fakirs squint horribly, "until the blessing of a new light beams upon them." "The monks of Mount Athos," says Dr. Moore, "were accustomed, in a manner equally ridiculous, and with the same success, to hold converse, as they fancied, with the Deity. Allatius thus describes the directions for securing the celestial joys of Omphalopsychian contemplation:—'Press thy beard upon thy breast, turn thine eyes and thoughts upon the middle of thine abdomen; persevere for days and nights, and thou shalt know uninterrupted joys, when thy spirit shall have found out

thy heart, and illuminated itself." Similar is the practice of the Yogis, as quoted by Mr. Vaughan.\* "He planteth his own seat firmly on a spot that is undefiled, neither too high nor too low, and sitteth upon the sacred grass which is called Kooos, covered with a skin and a cloth. There he whose business is the restraining of his passions should sit, with his mind fixed on one object alone; in the exercise of his devotion for the purification of his soul, keeping his head, his neck, and body steady, without motion; his eyes fixed on the point of his nose, looking at no other place around." By this interesting and enlivening process, the soul is supposed to be "re-united to the Supreme."

All fixed attention intensifies sensation; attention to bodily sensation produces a form of hypochondria; attention to scientific investigation is rewarded by clearer and more accurate appreciation of its truths; but above all, constant attention to the emotions has an overwhelming tendency to heighten them to an incredible and morbid extent. Hence arise many of the strange psychopathies of the present day; and hence we can readily imagine the constant waiting and watching for visions in these mystics, to be attended with the required result, in accordance with the simplest laws of mind. But we pass briefly over this, that we may be enabled to devote a little more space to the third and most important form of absence of mind.

3. Neither in reverie nor day-dreaming is there determined what we have termed a true polarity, i.e., a concentration of nervous force upon one point, attended by a corresponding diminution in all the others. There is certainly observed this diminution, but without concentration; the place of this last being usurped by an exhaustion of the nervous energy upon a multitude of ideas. But in abstraction, the complete and typical form of absence of mind, this polarity is developed. By earnest attention to one point, or line of thought, the whole energy of the mind becomes absorbed in, and expended upon this; and although the senses remain intact, the nervous fluid receives no stimulation from them, and the mind attends to no impressions but such as are connected with the chain of ideas—as are within the sphere of polarity. Then ensues the whole train of phenomena, the odd mistakes, the singular misinterpretations of external objects, the indifference to outer sights and sounds, and the insensibility to inconvenience, or even acute pain, which gain for their possessor the character of eccentricity at least. This, the extreme development of the most valuable faculty of the mind, and that without which all the others, however brilliant, are worthless, is the direct agent in bringing its

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\* Hours with the Mystics, vol. i. p. 63.

possessor into the most absurd and troublesome dilemmas; and continually suggests the close association between great wit and madness. The most characteristic illustrations are found amongst names which have made the world's mental history. Archimedes was at the taking of Syracuse so absorbed in a geometrical problem, that he merely exclaimed to the soldier who was about to kill him, *Noli turbare circulos meos*. Newton's absence of mind is well known: he frequently forgot to dine, and it is said he on one occasion used a lady's finger as a tobacco-stopper. It is said that Joseph Scaliger was so engrossed in the study of Homer during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, that he was only aware of his own escape from it on the next day. Carneades had to be fed by his maid-servant, to prevent him from starving. Cardan was wont, on a journey, to forget both his way and his object, and could not be roused from his thought to answer any questions. Alcibiades relates of Socrates that he once stood a whole day and night, until the breaking of the second morning, with a fixed gaze, engrossed with the consideration of a weighty subject; "and thus (he continues) Socrates is ever wont to do when his mind is occupied with inquiries in which there are difficulties to be overcome. He then never interrupts his meditation, and forgets to eat and drink and sleep—everything, in short, until his inquiry has reached its termination, or, at least, until he has seen some light in it." The mathematician Vieta was sometimes so absorbed in meditation, "that he seemed for hours more like a dead person than a living, and was then wholly unconscious of everything going on around him."\* The great Budæus forgot his wedding-day, and was found deep in his Commentary, when sought up by the party.

The forgetfulness of time is a very common event during abstraction; of this the instance already given of Socrates is almost equalled by that of a modern astronomer (quoted by Dr. Moore) who passed the entire night observing some celestial phenomenon; and being accosted by some of his family in the morning, he said—"It must be thus; I will go to bed before it is late."

Perhaps the insensibility to pain is the most remarkable of all the phenomena connected with abstraction. Pinel relates of a priest that in a fit of mental absence, he was unconscious of the pain of burning; the same is stated of the Italian poet Marini. Cardan relates something analogous concerning himself. Cases like these might well leave some doubt in the mind as to their authenticity, had we not analogous facts sufficiently illustrative of their possibility. Thus in Mr. Braid's hypnotic

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\* Sir William Hamilton.



(or sleep-producing) process, which consists only in fixing the sight and the attention on one point for some time, a deep sleep is induced, during which much pain may be inflicted without producing any signs of suffering. In this case, as in that of extreme abstraction, the attention so directs the nervous fluid, energy, excitability, or whatever we please to call it, in one direction, that it responds to no other stimulus, until the polarity is naturally resolved or forcibly broken.

The absent man is looked upon with a very different degree and kind of appreciation by the man of the world, the poet, and the philosopher; whilst the former only sees in abstraction a subject for burlesque and ridicule, the latter recognises in it a great and important faculty, mysterious and worthy of investigation; and the poet revels and glories in the gift as something divine. Budgell in the *Spectator* (No. 77) represents Will Honeycomb as throwing away his watch instead of a pebble into the Thames. "While you may imagine he is reading the *Paris Gazette*, it is far from being impossible that he is pulling down and rebuilding the front of his country house." Bruyère in his "Characters" gives a graphic but somewhat coarse sketch of a similar character, in which he is supposed to swallow the dice and throw his glass of wine on the table; and many other equally absurd acts, wherein nothing is seen but the ridiculous aspect of the mental condition. How different is the same phase of mind described by Cowper, in lines which contain so many of the noteworthy points of reverie, that we quote them entire.

"Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial powers,  
That never feel a stupor, know no pause,  
Nor need one; I am conscious, and confess,  
Fearless, a soul *that does not always think*.  
Me, oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,  
Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,  
Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed  
In the red cinders, while with poring eye  
I gazed, *myself creating what I saw*.  
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose  
In indolent vacuity of thought,  
And sleeps, and is refreshed. *Meanwhile the face*  
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask  
Of deep deliberation, as the man  
*Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed and lost.*"

But Sir Walter Scott, great wizard equally in prose or verse, gives by far the most life-like and attractive representation of the abstracted man; with just that slight artistic soupçon of caricature, for want of which a photographic portrait always fails to convey a perfect idea of the original. What can be more admirable than

the picture of the *distrail* Dominie Sampson, with his ungainly figure, his child-like simplicity, his pro-di-gi-ous er-u-di-tion, as he would call it, his tender affectionate heart, and his endless uncouth *gaucheries*? Who that has once seen him, can ever forget him; or remembering, fail to love him?

But it is in the person of Mr. Cargill, in "St. Ronan's Well," that we meet with a sketch the most accurate and philosophically true that we have ever seen of mental abstraction. From the original cause, to the most minute details in the results, all is correct; the utter absorption in one train of ideas, the insensibility to all others, the imperfect awakening to practical life when the familiar sounds of "distress" and "charity" partly arouse the old instincts, even as the sound of a man's own name will sometimes break the chain of ideas, when a pistol fired at the ear would fail to do so; the dream-like absence of surprise at anything which chimes in with the current idea, however strange the source, the incapacity to be recalled completely, except through the emotions; all are admirably represented. We are tempted to quote one scene: Mr. Touchwood, a rich testy old gentleman, finds himself in a country place in want of company, and resolves to call on the minister. After much difficulty in obtaining admission, he gets into the student's room, but when there, appears to be as far from his real purpose as ever; for no noise that he can make will attract his attention. At last he speaks to him, explaining that he is in "distress for want of society," and begs him "in Christian charity" to give him a little of his company. Mr. Cargill only heard "distress" and "charity," and "gazing upon him with lack-lustre eye," quietly thrust a shilling into his hand. To this Mr. Touchwood demurs, and by degrees so far arouses Mr. Cargill's attention, that he believes he has the pleasure "to see his worthy friend, Mr. Lavender." When this hypothesis fails equally with the other, he begs permission for a moment to "recover a train of thought—to finish a calculation;" and then relapses into total disregard of his visitor. At length, just as Mr. Touchwood began to think the scene as tedious as it was singular, the abstracted student raised his head, and spoke as if in soliloquy. "From Acon, Accor, or St. John d'Acre, to Jerusalem, how far?"

"Twenty-three miles, N. N. W.," answered his visitor without hesitation.

Mr. Cargill expressed no more surprise at a question which he had put to himself being answered by the voice of another, than if he had found the distance on the map. It was the tenor of the answer alone which he attended to in his reply. "Twenty-three miles! Ingulphus, and Jeffrey Winesauf, do not agree in this!"

Mr. Touchwood's reply is a private commination of these respectable authorities, which arouses the pastor's instincts, though it fails to completely awake him. "You might have contradicted their authority, sir, without using such an expression." Drawn out at length into rational colloquy, and under the promise of much information on the subject of the geography of Palestine, Mr. Cargill accepts an invitation to dine with his visitor; he, of course, forgets it immediately, and on being sought up by Mr. Touchwood at dinner-time, he commences an apology for having forgotten to order the dinner, and proposes milk and bannocks. On the true state of the case being explained, he becomes rather triumphant as to his memory. "I *knew* there was a dinner engagement betwixt us, and that is the main point." He wishes to set off in his old dusty ragged dressing-gown, and remarks in passing, "What strange slaves we make ourselves to these bodies of ours; the clothing and the sustaining of them costs us much thought and leisure, which might be better employed in catering for the wants of our immortal spirits;" a reproach to which he of all men would seem least obnoxious.

\* We have had occasion more than once to allude, in the course of these observations, to the obliviousness of time in reverie. Sometimes we are unconscious that more than a few moments have passed, after many hours of thought: this is the case in abstraction proper. At other times, as in true reverie, we seem to pass over immense periods of time in a few seconds. A phenomenon strictly analogous to this is observed in dreams, where, as all are conscious, scenes are enacted occupying weeks or months, or years, in as many moments.\* Hence we might conclude that our only personal measure of time consists in the observation of successive acts of attention; and when this is dormant, time for us may be said not to exist. But we would venture to suggest that in these cases, both in active reverie and dreaming, there is not so much a succession of ideas, as a simultaneous picture presented, which the mind interprets by a law of its own into the past and the passing, even as the eye interprets the

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\* Mahomet (*ipso teste*) was conveyed by the angel Gabriel through the seven heavens, paradise, and hell, and held 59,000 conferences with God, and was brought back to his bed, before the water had finished flowing from a pitcher which he upset as he departed. There is another marvellous story related in the Turkish Tales, founded upon this; where to convince one of the sultans of the possibility of this adventure of Mahomet's, he himself is sent off in a vision upon a journey which lasts for years, during the instant which elapses between plunging his head into a vessel of water and drawing it out. But these fictions are not necessary to convince any one who has ever dreamed, how much incident, thought, and emotion, may be crowded into an almost immeasurably short moment of time.

distance of the various parts of a perspective, according to the degrees of light and shade therein involved. In a landscape, the most uneducated eye will pronounce the red coat or cloak, or the prominent feature, whatever that may be, to be near at hand; and the dim dusky mountain in the background to be miles away. The ear is subject to similar illusions, and it would not be difficult to prove that the mind itself is subject to the laws of perspective, and *interprets occasionally faint impressions into the fading traces of past experiences*. That the mind has an arbitrary system of interpretation, must be immediately obvious, for to take only one illustration, what can possibly be more dissimilar than the vibrations conveyed through the medium of the auditory nerve to the mind, and the concert of sweet sounds into which the mind interprets them? The same theory, if admitted, will serve fully to elucidate a curious mental phenomenon, which has often been described, but never satisfactorily explained; we refer to that feeling which many experience occasionally, of having witnessed, or taken part in, the passing scene of the moment, at some previous time; as though we had even heard all that is passing before, and could almost predict the next act or word; or as a friend graphically describes it, "as though the play were now being performed, which we had previously seen rehearsed." The explanation which we would suggest is this. Whatever may be the truth as to the duality of the *mind*, there can be no doubt whatever that its organ, the brain, is dual and symmetrical, and constantly receives double impressions or images. Under ordinary circumstances of innervation, these impressions strictly coincide, and convey but one idea to the mind; as the images on the two retinæ convey but one object to the mind, so long as the axes of the eye coincide. But under circumstances of exhaustion, or other influences producing irregular innervation, the one half of the brain receives a perfect, and the other a dim and imperfect impression of what is going forward; and this dim and indistinct phantasm, occurring side by side with the correct image, is interpreted involuntarily by the mind into the semblance of a memory, a fading impress of a long past event.

But this is a digression; and we have now but space briefly to sum up the practical conclusions from these considerations on reverie. We have seen reason to believe that Attention, under the power and command of the will, is the most important of our faculties; inasmuch as without this, all the others are absolutely or comparatively valueless. We have seen the pitiable condition to which the mind is reduced when this faculty is no longer controllable by the will; and also how completely, if over-exerted, it runs away with the entire consciousness; and

makes the subject of it a mere thinking-machine, and one, moreover, which can only think in one direction. It only remains to inquire how, and under what conditions, these variations of attention occur and originate.

There appears sometimes to be an *original defect* of the faculty; should this be the case, vain will be all efforts directed to its cure; let this be well understood. Much more frequently, however, a want of the faculty of attention is induced by some of our ingenious devices for the "artificial production of stupidity." Perhaps the faculty is neglected altogether, and, for want of exercise, dies. Perhaps the young mind is compelled to devote exclusive attention to subjects thoroughly distasteful and useless, and for which it has no aptitude; nothing encourages wandering of mind more than this. Perhaps, again, the subjects of study are proper enough, but too numerous for the powers; and the faculty of attention is thus distracted, frittered away, and lost. Again, the faculty may have been acquired and fully developed, but may decay from indolence, from disease, from luxury, and from all debilitating influences. The prophylaxis and remedy against all this is too obvious to dwell upon.

Abstraction proper is most frequently due, as to its origin, we believe, to some want of balance in the human interests of the life in question; probably some lack of outlet for the emotional part of our nature has thrown its possessor upon his intellect as a relief; and upon one branch of study for an all-absorbing interest. There may, however, be an original tendency as in the last case; and it may also occur from voluntary cultivation, or from the impression produced by some scientific or philosophic discovery.

Whatever may be the sources and origin of absence of mind, it cannot be too strongly urged that it is necessary to guard sternly and strictly against its progress, and to use those means which will in the one case promote attention, and in the other, modify its intensity. For diverse as are the forms which we have described, they have a strong tendency, one and all, to terminate in literal and emphatic "*absence of mind*," i.e., in annihilation of the power of thought.

## IV.

## BABBICOMBE TO HOPE'S NOSE:

## A MAY-MORNING WALK.

MINNICOMBE, Watcombe, Oddicombe, Babbicombe! "ferny combes" all. How characteristic of the coast of Devon is that suffix, "combe!" To one familiar with the sweet shire, it tells of a deep cleft in a precipitous sea-wall, a short abrupt valley, with or without a tiny tinkling rivulet in the middle, with green sloping sides sheeted with furze bounded by tall cliffs draped with ivy, and a shingle beach at the bottom. And what a delight it is to roam along such an indented shore as this, when opening spring is just clothing all nature with loveliness, at every turn getting a burst of some new secluded scene of beauty, with the glorious sea ever bounding all!

Let us—you and me, gentle reader, *arcades ambo*, set out together on such a walk; it will soothe our spirits, quicken our pulses, heighten our joy, and, maybe, deepen our gratitude to Him who "crowneth the year with his goodness, whose paths drop fatness."

"O evil day! if I were sullen,  
While the earth herself is adorning  
This sweet May-morning;  
And the children are pulling,  
On every side,  
In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm;—  
I hear! I hear! with joy I hear!"

Along the margin of a cliff, now steep and sheer, now breaking into an uneven but variously verdant slope, we begin our march, ever and anon pausing to gaze on the smiling scene below. The descent we are just leaving behind, half covered with the gorse and guelder-rose, is Oddicombe, whose white crescent beach lies below, bounded by the limestone promontory of Petit Tor, which divides the huge precipices of red sandstone close at hand from the bluff coast of the same formation that stretches away to the northward; its ruddy cliffs and bold headlands,—Watcombe, the Ness at the mouth of the Teign, the perforated rocks and needles near Dawlish,—gradually fading into blue, as the coast, line trends away to the eastward, and is lost to the aching gaze somewhere about the boundary of the county.

It is a lovely scene; and still more lovely is that which meets

the eye as we resume our walk and look down upon Babbicombe beach, where fishermen are overhauling their boats, already high and dry, and the brown nets are spread out on the sunny shingle; and where the whole slope is clothed with shrubberies and hanging woods, with villas and ornate cottages peeping from the embosoming trees, here and there, down to the very water's edge.

And now it is optional with us, whether to pursue our way along the seaward edge of the lofty Babbicombe Downs, or by the highroad, which for nearly a mile is shut out from the sea. We choose the latter, as the more pleasing, and giving us more variety. It leads us through the homely village of Babbicombe, and then through the palatial domain of Henry of Exeter, under the shadow of overarching elms; now between hedgerows and banks bright with spring flowers, now through deep scarps of the slaty rock, dripping and ferny, and crossed with rustic bridges.

A burst of the sea again! Yonder it lies, sleeping under the morning sun. Troubled are its slumbers too: last night's easterly breeze has given it the nightmare, for it heaves and tosses in its dreams like a freebooter with murder on his conscience. 'Tis Anstey's Cove that expands below us—another *combe* of most romantic beauty, whose accessories are of more than wonted grandeur, even on this magnificent coast. But we shall have a better sight of it presently, and therefore we cross this rude stile on the left, and mount the steep slope, threading a narrow path that winds through the luxuriant furze. The eye is almost dazzled with the golden radiance of its sheeted blossom, which is so profuse and so gorgeous, that if Linnæus could awake again and behold it, he would go down on his knees and worship it as he did of yore. The air, too, is redolent with its peculiar fragrance, and scores of aldermanic humble bees are rifling its nectaries. But let us walk cautiously, for on this hill the treacherous adder lurks, and a careless foot is very apt to come down upon the baleful serpent, as it suns itself on the path, especially the gravid female, which, as if aware of the advantage that the warm ray gives to the maturing ova, is reluctant to move from the genial spot. The early purple orchis is shooting up its beautiful spikes of compact blossom, in every nook; and as we rise to a higher elevation, other plants appear—so minute as to be scarcely able to thrust their blossom above the grass of the turf, short and low as this is.

I always like the tiny flowers of lofty downs; so meek and unobtrusive, yet, withal, generally so pretty. There are not many kinds yet abroad; yet here is the little dove's foot crane-bill, with its notched leaves and sprawling crimson stems, and its

pink flowers; and here the ubiquitous chickweed, with snowy stars. And what is this? Surely one of the bed-straws, as you may see by its spiny-edged leaves, set in many-rayed whorls, and by its fourfold blossom; but this latter, which is almost microscopically small, is of a decided lilac hue. And here, prettiest and tiniest of all, is the early scorpion-grass or hill forget-me-not, its slender stalks set with successive blossoms, all of which have the hues common to this bright-eyed and ever welcome tribe—azure-blue with a yellow centre—except the terminal flower, and that is wholly yellow.

There is the whinchat! listen to his simple but sweet song; and yonder I see him perched on the uppermost twig of that furze-bush—the highest we can see. You may easily recognise him by his speckled back and wings of bright brown and black, his breast of bay, and the white band over his eye. He seems pouring out his soul in song; doubtless his nest is at the foot of that bush, or not far off, where, perhaps, his mate is cowering, listening to his music, and thinking it sweeter than that of all the nightingales in the world. Now, as if his spirit were too buoyant for his body, he springs into the air, and hovering on expanded wings over the sacred spot, finishes his strain. Sweet bird! sing on! thou shalt not be molested by me.

Here we are at the summit, much to the relief of the aching muscles of our legs, and we stand at the very edge of a cliff certainly not much less than four hundred feet high. A wide expansive prospect is on every side. We will sit on one of these knobs of the white limestone, that are everywhere cropping out from the turf, all studded with incrusting lichens, white, grey, black, and orange, and like swivel-guns rotate on our pivots.

Look northward; down, down, the cliff-wall descends perpendicularly for a hundred feet or more, then slopes away a wilderness of shrubbery, with great blocks of grey rock projecting. Here, just before us, is a vast buttress, upright, wall-sided, and round, like a battered castle-tower of the olden time, and like it sheeted, almost from base to battlement, with glossy ivy. Ferns arch out from its crevices, and masses of the curious navelwort, with its coin-like succulent leaves, of unusual size.

Ha! like a stone from a sling, out shoots a large bird from the rocky wall just beneath our feet; and with a loud coo another quickly follows. Their form and size, their manner of flight, and their colour, seen clearly enough as we look down on their backs—blue, with a conspicuous white rump, and black-barred wings—announce them to be rock-doves, the indubitable stock and original race of our domestic pigeons. Away they go on loud whirring wing, and shoot across the cove to the inaccessible ledges and clefts of yonder precipice. It is by no means a



common bird with us ; but a few pairs every season haunt the tall cliffs and caves in this neighbourhood.

How noble is that huge promontory of many-tinted limestone, projected like a Cyclopean mole into the sea ! Great stains of red, the washings of the red earth above, itself the debris of more ancient red sandstone, are seen on the rugged face of the cliff, and at the bluff end, where the "jumper" and the blast of the quarryman have done their work ; having followed the veins and cracks of the stone, and percolated through and through. Whymper has just immortalized this magnificent promontory in one of his beautiful water-colour paintings, and yonder is the grassy cleft where I stood by his side as he sketched it last autumn. It is curious to mark how large a portion of the vast mass has been gradually quarried away ; for a long flat platform nearly level with the water's edge, running out beyond the present sheer end of the wall, and bearing two obelisks of stone strangely preserved, shows the original termination. The demand for limestone, some of which is a beautifully-veined marble, for building purposes in the vicinity and for export, causes a constant diminution of the mass ; and vast as it is, the period is not at all beyond contemplation when its magnificence will be a matter of tradition.

The sea wildly dashes around the impregnable base of the precipice, and rushes with wild roar into the dark caves, and makes mad efforts to scale the wall, but always falls back in foaming rage, ever to essay the assault again, and ever to be repelled by the passive resistance of the "everlasting hills." The pretty secluded cove, with its white pebbly beach, offers a no less effectual barrier to the breaking billows ; they run up, up, up, as if they would take the whole area by storm, but are broken and dispersed, like a charge of cavalry against a wall of British steel.

We lift our gaze to the summit of the great cliff. It is almost as level as a wall, and crowned with a thin stratum of short verdant turf, like that around us. A single coast guard is seen on the solitary height, with a telescope—his invariable *fidus Achates*—at his eye. He looms like a giant, as his dark form is projected against the bright sky.

Turning toward the west, there is the episcopal palace, an Italian villa, with its garden of terraces and statues, and formal lines of cypresses, and parterres of brilliant colours ; and the little old village of Marychurch behind in the distance, loftily seated, and its ancient square tower cleaving the sky. Farther to the south is Warberry Hill, whence a noble panoramic view of Torquay, and much more, is commanded ; the woods of Bishopstowe nearer at hand, with a pretty new village church rising beyond them :

then rounded hills of turf, with a sweet little peep of the sea lying in a cleft between, as in a goblet half-filled; a little glimpse of Torbay, blue and glittering, with many white-sailed craft speckling its bosom.

Eastward lies the sea—the grim sea, the beautiful sea, the many-sounding sea. Ships are swiftly scudding over it, under a freshening easterly breeze, which is covering it with “white horses,” and breaking the sunlight, that pours down upon it yonder, into ten thousand flashing gems.

But in this direction, or at least a little to the south of it, lies our further progress. Let us up and away, over these sloping fields, and through yonder coppice, and along the ridge which slants away to the shore, and ends in those ragged and bristling points of black rock.

Here we enter a quiet path, which is a favourite resort of mine. It is but a foot-track, winding through a thicket, or coppice, or hanging-wood—I scarcely know which to call it, it is all by turns—almost immediately over a most wild and rocky shore. Sit for a moment on the step of the rustic stile! The mellow song of the blackbird comes up from the tangled bush below, so soft, and sweet, and rich; so flute-like, with a charming trill now and then; there is no rivalry; no answering note provokes him to emulation; his melody is soft and low, as if poured forth merely for his own gratification.

Hark! the cuckoo! O sweet cuckoo! O dear bird! thy two simple notes thrill my heart with a power far beyond that of the most perfect melody. It is the very breath of mature spring and early summer; the very expression of the loveliest season, when the year—“*formosissimus annus*,” as Virgil says—is in the very height of its beauty. Sweet cuckoo! thou hast given inspiration to poets age after age, from our early Gower down to Logan and Wordsworth. The quaint, but racy and forcible words of our earliest English poet come to my mind—

“Sumer is icumen in;  
 Lhude sing ‘cuckoo!’  
 Groweth sede, and bloweth mede,  
 And spryngeth the wode nu.  
 ‘Cuckoo! cuckooo!’  
 Ne swik thu naver!”

An impudent magpie breaks the poetic spell with his harsh cackle, and splutters out of that dark glade. Magpie! nay, magpies! for there are two! of course there are; for who ever saw a magpie, without another at his tail? they always travel in pairs. Hech, sirs, but maggy is a fine bird! I never see him but I fancy I see one of the splendid feathered denizens of

the tropics ; his bold contrasts of colour, his length of tail, and its brilliant gloss of purple, green and gold, belong rather to the solemn forests on the Amazon, or the sultry jungles of Borneo, than our chilly clime. His voice though ! Well, that, I allow, is not melodious ; but the parallel does not hold the less for that.

Just below us is a little grove of ash and stunted oak ; and through the midst of this, which is dark with the united foliage over head, a track leads through the tangled thicket to the rocks beneath. It is just passable, and that is all ; for everywhere it is overrun with briar and bramble, and huge crowns of the male-fern are crowded here in immense numbers and prodigious luxuriance. It is quite a sight to see their great fronds of fillagree-work radiating and arching on every side. Moreover, as the blind path descends, it becomes more and more steep, and choked up with loose blocks of stone ; until at length you suddenly emerge on a great slippery rock, where there are only a few tufts of thrift to hold on by, and the beach yawning some thirty feet below.

But we are not going down to-day. And so, we saunter on our narrow path, now up, now down ; now in the sun, now in the shade ; now beneath an overhanging block of cold rock, where water drips, and where the stonecrop and the navelwort grow, and the many-fingered polypody creeps about ; and now under arches of foliage—a greenwood shade—where the sun-ray is reflected from a thousand dancing leaves. For the young trees are meeting and intertwining over our head ; the hawthorn white with blossom, and filling the air with its fragrance ; the sloe, the maple, and the guelder-rose with its snowballs, and the pointed heart-leaves of the bryony, so elegant in shape and so glossy in surface, hanging over every bush, as its long twining stems creep about like a network of living cords, a wild drapery of verdure.

The margins of our narrow footpath, too, are refreshing to the eye. Coarse grass half hides the rough stone ; the pale primrose is everywhere ; the dog-violet, pretty, but, alas ! inodorous, peeps up in companionship with it ; thousands of white stars, like the constellations of a winter's night, mark where the stitchwort sprawls ; the bright crimson blossom of the rose-campion, and the paler ones of the herb robert attract the eye ; hundreds of the greenish-yellow umbels of the wood-spurge give a conspicuous character to the vegetation, and even the dog's-mercury aids the effect, with its light and feathery spikes. But the hyacinth is the presiding *genius loci* ; how compactly do its smooth stems rise in serried rank, each drooping with the weight of its numerous blue bells ! All through the wood, in the tangled briery thicket, and

especially on each side of the path, as far as the eye can see on either hand, there is a dense belt of azure blossoms, reminding me of the ancient Hebrew garment with its "fringes of blue" (Numb. xv. 38). Butterflies are out, rejoicing in the advent of spring: the garden-white flits to and fro amidst the flowers; the speckled-wood dances up and down, in its peculiar jerking way, over the herbage, and now and then a tiny blue flashes out in mazy flight from the groves, seen for a moment, like one of the hyacinth blooms whisked about by an eddy of wind, and then as suddenly lost to view.

How brilliant is the emerald hue of the young foliage! the limp and tender leaves of the beech, and especially those of the ivy, shining as if varnished, almost concealing in their profusion the old olive foliage, that bespreads the gray stone. See those rugged masses, those huge angular blocks, those peaks and obelisks, which, at some period or other in the past ages, have been loosened by rain and frost, and have plunged with mad crash and roar down the slope, burying the shrubs and trees in crushed ruin, till their own descending impulse was arrested. See how Nature is ever asserting its restorative power! "*Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*" A season or two conceals the damage, and a few years repair it; and then the shrubs and the briers grow up around the hard-featured intruders, and the creepers and ivy embrace them, and gradually envelop their rugged sides and angles, till the intertwining tendrils meet above, and the evergreen drapery presents a continuous surface as before. Already the work is half achieved; and by-and-by not a sign will be seen externally of what seemed at the time horrid and incurable wounds.

But there is a line where the vegetation ends, and gazing down from this steep, the eye at length comes to a broad belt of ruined rocks; fragments wild and ghastly, of all rude shapes and of all dimensions. These, too, have been dislodged from above, and, unlike their more favoured fellows, have plunged beyond the region of shrub and brier, ploughing their wild way through all, and there they lie in chaotic confusion, heaped on one another, without a leaf or blade of verdure to break the bald blackness of that broad belt of ruined boulders. It is truly a "line of confusion, and stones of emptiness!"

The tide is in. The encroaching sea insinuates itself among the masses, rising and falling, and seething up through the crevices, and closing over the broad surfaces, the next moment to fall in green cascades over every side, or covering the black rock with sheets of pale blue and white foam, and tossing around wreaths of feathery spray over the peaks, or shooting up through some narrow crevice a tall jet of water, with a sucking sound and

a report like that of a rifle; while, without intermission, there goes on that melancholy wailing, washing hiss, which is the constant accompaniment of a breaking surf.

And now we have reached the end of our pleasant path. The luxuriant verdure ceases; there is no more shrubbery or coppice; but one or two fields belonging to Ilam Farm are laid down in grass, and beyond these there is a gentle declivity of down, with its clumps of gorse; and beyond that a low, broad promontory of naked rock.

This is Hope's Nose: the northern propyleon of that indent of the coast called Torbay, as bluff Berry Head is the southern one. Three rock islets lie around this point, like sleeping lions guarding the gate; and on one of them there is that interesting geological phenomenon—a raised beach.

What a picture of utter desolation is presented by this promontory! It reminds me of what travellers tell concerning Sinai and Horeb, and the land of Edom,—*magna componere parvis*,—a great area of weather-stained limestone, split with fissures in various directions, and most strongly contrasting with the soft, wild luxuriant beauty, amidst which we have just been rambling. To add to the ruin, man has been here, too, quarrying; and the great rugged excavations, all coarse and angular, and the heaps of rubbishy *debris* at foot, make it a miserable place to look at. Let us hasten on to the extreme point.

Here is a flat platform of the same gray stone, compact and solid in its own substance, but much shattered and split. Deep narrow clefts, with wall sides, penetrate far in, into which you can look down and behold the sea raging. If it were low water and calm, you would see a splendid sight in these fissures; for their perpendicular sides are studded below tide-marks with various species of anemones, alcyoniums, and other zoophytes,—by no means of common occurrence—in amazing profusion. But the sea penetrates much farther than you would suppose on a cursory glance. Look down any of the irregular crevices, and you will see the sea at the bottom, and by peering obliquely into the fissures, you will perceive that the whole of this great platform is undermined, and actually overhangs the sea.

Other evidence of the same fact forces itself upon us in a somewhat unpleasant manner. The muffled roar of the billows is heard beneath our feet; and at every wave a blow is given to the solid stone on which we are treading, the shock of which is distinctly felt, imparting a peculiar nervous sensation, perhaps not unakin to that produced by an earthquake. We scarcely like to stand here; though the permanency of the area from year to year tells us that there are pillars stout enough beneath to assure our safety. However, we will be going.

Before we leave, I will just indicate the situation of a little rock-pool of peculiar luxuriance, a thorough little tank of marine zoology, a well-stocked aquarium of beauties. It is readily accessible, being placed at the very margin of the extreme point; but so overarched with a projection of the rock, and so concealed by oar-weeds, that it would be very likely to escape detection, unless previous knowledge pointed it out, or accident revealed it. Here it is; but as we are not out anemone-hunting to-day, we will for the present postpone a minute examination. And now we will retrace our steps, musing on what we have seen, and on the love which has made everything so full of beauty. Every scene reflects His glory, every sound is vocal with His praise. Happy the man of whom it can be truly said, in the words of our own sweet Cowper:—

“ He looks abroad into the varied field  
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compar’d  
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
Calls the delightful scenery *all his own*.  
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy  
With a propriety that none can feel,  
But who, with filial confidence inspir’d,  
Can lift to Heav’n an unpresumptuous eye,  
And smiling say,—My Father made them all!  
Are they not his by a peculiar right,  
And by an emphasis of interest his,  
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,  
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind  
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,  
That plann’d, and built, and still upholds a world,  
So cloth’d with beauty, for rebellious man?” (*Task V.*)

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## V.

### AN EVENING WITH THE MICROSCOPE.

READER, will you spend an hour with me at the microscope? Perhaps you are not a stranger to the wonders revealed by means of this small apparatus—the swarming worlds that these little lenses bring to appreciable light. It may be that you are tired of hearing of these tiny atoms, that find their ocean-world in a drop of water, thousands of which can sport, far apart, in the space occupied by a pin’s head:—it may be that you do not care for these lines and dots of almost inconceivable fineness, that illustrate the delicacy of finish in the minutest details of creation;—it may be that you cannot see how these unimportant-looking matters can be considered as any

part of "the proper study of mankind;"—yet I repeat my invitation; and I dare wager this beautiful piece of Powell's workmanship, or that of Ross's, that you may use if you like, against your tortoiseshell spectacles, that unless you have been a very diligent observer, I will show you one or two things worthy of attention that you have not seen before; and that are not without some significant lessons in many important particulars.

You have often heard of the vast numbers of living creatures that crowd our waters; you may have seen a drop of Thames water held up and exhibited to universal execration, as evidently containing more animal and vegetable matter than simple oxide of hydrogen, or water. But did it ever occur to you to endeavour to compute or realize to the mind the countless myriads of living entities, that make the numbers of the human race appear as but a "handful of corn" to the harvest of whole continents? Here is a little bottle, containing about a cubic inch of fluid: it is not a pleasant compound, being only an infusion of putrid flesh; but it will answer our purpose wonderfully. We will take a very minute drop of it on the point of a needle, and transfer it to the stage of the microscope, and carefully (to avoid wetting the glass) bring down this one-eighth of an inch object-glass to bear upon it. Now look, and you will see countless swarms of moving creatures, too small even under this very high power to allow their form to be clearly defined. You may see, however, that some are round, some oval, some pyriform, and some fusiform. Wherever you look they are so closely crowded together that there is no interval between them;—each is perhaps on an average the  $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of a line, or the  $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of an inch in diameter;—in one ordinary-sized drop of water there will be about eight thousand millions of living beings; and in this bottle, containing only one cubic inch, there are so many that it would employ the whole of the inhabitants of England and Wales a fortnight to count them; allowing each (adult or infant) to count one hundred every minute for ten hours each day;—in other words, about fourteen thousand times as many as the whole human inhabitants of the earth. In your field of view just now, you have much less than the hundredth part of a drop of the fluid: yet you try in vain to form any directly enumerative conception of the multitude.

These little creatures are the monads (*monas crepusculum*), and are the smallest specimens of animal life with which we are acquainted. I cannot tell you much about the details of their life or death, their habits, manners, or customs. In a little time we shall be able to guess at these, from analogy; meantime see, they have an active individuality of their own, and evidently much business on hand of importance to them; which, notwithstanding their multitude, they attend to without much disturbing their neighbours:—rarely during their rapid dance do they impinge against each other—not nearly so often as the gyrators in a modern ball-room. By very attentive observation, and a little delicate manipulation with this "fine-adjustment" screw, you may perceive a little filament (sometimes two) attached to the extremity that goes first in swimming; whether this

be foot, proboscis, or tentacle, I cannot say; nor is there much further information to be got by further looking at them.

Without attempting any systematic course through these infusoria, we will glance at a few drops of water from various vessels in succession. Most of these were taken this morning from a dirty-looking pond covered with duck-weed\*, and containing abundance of *chara*, *myriophyllum*, &c.; bits of which are still in the water. The creatures here are of much larger size than those we have just been looking at, and are very varied in structure; they have this in common, that the big ones eat the little ones, and the little ones eat the less. Here is a swarm of *colepes*, feeding on a new-born and helpless *euchlanis*; but there is advancing towards them a beautiful, long, swan-like necked creature, that will most impartially swallow the nearest at hand, and so avenge the innocents. This is a *trachelius*; one of its relatives is called the *T. vorax*, from its gastronomic powers;—here is one of them just swallowing a *loxodes bursaria*, utterly regardless of consanguinity (as to genus); regardless, too, of what might be considered a more important argument, viz., that it has already swallowed six of them, which may be seen lodged in its interior, through its transparent integuments. By-and-by, this *trachelius* will be swallowed, with all his prey, probably by a *monoculus*; and for this there is a *hydra viridis* waiting attached by his tail to a twig of the *chara*, round the corner. Let this one beware of the next gudgeon.

It is said that all animals sleep during some part of their existence: it may be so; but in these active creatures I have never seen any indications of rest of any sort. Perpetual, ceaseless motion appears to be their characteristic—generally in pursuit of something to eat; for the organic processes go on very rapidly here. But how is this? Amidst all this life and motion a *leucophrys* suddenly stops short, as though struck by an unseen hand, and remains apparently fastened to the spot: it gives a few half-turns on its axis from one side to the other,—a few convulsive starts, as if to escape from the spell,—and then quietly submits to its fate. Its time is come—for what? Not for death, as we generally understand it; indeed, I believe that these little creatures have no natural death, nor is it this time to be swallowed alive. Observe it carefully for a few minutes, and you will see something eminently suggestive of thought. This animal has an anterior and a posterior extremity, rounded though they both be: it has also what may by courtesy be called a waist, half way between the two, though it is the thickest part of the body. In the position of this waist a constriction appears, as if a fine thread had been cast around the body and gradually tightened. The animal gives a rebellious kick or two during the process; but this constriction goes on until the animal is nearly nipped in two. There appears at what was the tail

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\* Most of the observations in this paper are from the personal experience of the writer; some of the illustrations also are taken from a very pleasant book by Mr. Gosse, called "Evenings at the Microscope"; others from Dr. Carpenter and Prof. Rymer Jones; but for the most part, they have been carefully re-observed and verified by the writer.



end the semblance of a mouth; the whole body struggles violently once more, and, lo! two young creatures are the result; arising not by way of ordinary generation, but by spontaneous division into two of the old animal. On their release, they seem to give their tails a triumphant wriggle, and part in opposite directions without further leave-taking. Mr. Gosse speaks of having once seen this process in a *trachelius*, which lasted two hours. I have frequently seen the entire process completed in less than half an hour from the first appearance of constriction.

This mode of increase is very general amongst the infusoria, and a very anti-malthusian process it is. Professor Rymer Jones calculates that a single *paramæcium* will produce in a month the inconceivable number of 268,435,456 new beings. There are some species, however, very much more prolific than this, of which I do not see any specimen in our present water. Thus the *Gonium Pectorale* consists apparently of four larger globules and twelve smaller ones: when it is mature it splits in four symmetrical parts, which very soon supply their full complement of globules, and divide again in like manner. Still more remarkable is the *G. Pulvinatum*, which appears like a square bit of membrane, divided by lines into sixteen smaller squares; and at these lines the original animal divides into sixteen others.

In general there does not appear to be any absolute rule as to the direction of the fission: some species divide transversely, some longitudinally, and some in both ways. When there is any special apparatus noticeable in the adult there may be observed, during the progress of the division, a gradual development of a duplicate apparatus, which is to be the portion of one of the resultant animals. Thus in the *Nassula*, which is furnished at one side with a rim of teeth, a similar rim is seen to be developed at a corresponding point on the other side during the division, which is accomplished exactly like that of the *leucophrys*. What becomes of the individuality of these creatures?—what of their sensations or emotions, if they have any?—what of the *one* will which before governed its motions? And, above all, what are we to think of this species of vicarious or deputed immortality? \* There seems to be no natural death,† as before

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\* This kind of perpetuity of existence is not entirely confined to animals of microscopic dimensions. The tail of the *nais*, one of the *amnelide*, enjoys the same pseudo immortality, accidents apart. Müller gives the following account of the process:—"The young *Nais Proboscidea* is composed of fourteen segments only. During its growth an increase of these segments takes place at the caudal extremity, and after a time, a part of the new segments begins to be separated, by a constriction, from the rest of the worm. Long before the complete division, however, takes place, new segments are formed by the parent animal at the constricted part; these new segments in their turn begin to be cut off from the body of the old worm, while others are produced above them. In this way we have sometimes presented to our observation, a parent worm with three young ones, still forming part of one system, which has itself been developed from a separated part of a former system."

† This must be taken of course *cum grano*, and understood with limitations. I ought not to overlook the evidences of the death of the loricated or shell-covered animalcules even in so cursory a sketch. The following, from Prof. Rymer Jones, will be found of interest—"Delicate as these shells are, and requiring the most accurate

remarked; the normal termination and destiny seems to be, that each class shall furnish living food for the more powerful races. I have observed them with prolonged care; yet, though I have seen them destroyed by accident, or by their congeners, I have never seen anything at all resembling natural death: unabated activity subsists up to the time when youth is renewed by one old one becoming two or more young ones.

The peculiar fitness of this arrangement will become manifest if you consider well what is the province and function of all this teeming life. It is to turn back again the stream of constantly decomposing animal and vegetable matter into its higher channels. There are what may be properly called the herbivora and the carnivora amongst the lowest infusoria: these feed respectively upon the debris of vegetable and animal decomposition, and reconvert it into living structure, proper for the food of the higher orders; these, in their turn, are the prey of still larger and stronger races, which are finally food for the fishes, &c., and thus for man. All this object would apparently be defeated were these minute creatures to die naturally and be again decomposed, as are the higher animals. Violent death, therefore, is the rule in these cases.

What becomes of the countless billions of animalculæ in a small pond, when it is dried up by the heat of summer? Do they perish? or what is their condition? This is not a superfluous question; for in a very short time again, after a rain, the pond is found to teem as before with life. Their dust appears to be susceptible of life again, after complete drying—a phenomenon which might appear incredible, but that we have a direct method of proving its possibility.

Here are three or four slips of glass, on each of which a few days ago I placed a small fresh-water crustacean—the *daphnia*, or water-flea; the water has dried up, and the little creature is dry too and dead: touch one of them with the point of a needle, and you will find it splinter like a bit of burnt paper. Now, here is a living specimen, and a very beautiful object it is for the lower powers of the microscope, with its elaborate eyes, its long branched and bearded tentacles, and its whole internal economy plainly visible through its delicately

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examination, even with a good microscope, to detect their presence, we shall be surprised to find that they play an important part in nature, making up by their immense accumulation, for their diminutive size. We have before us, while writing this, a specimen of pulverulent matter, collected from the shores of Lake Lettuaggsjon, two miles and a half from Urneå in Sweden, which from its extreme fineness resembles flour; this has long been known by the natives of the region, where it is plentiful, by the name of *Bergmehl*, or mountain meal; and is used by them, mixed up with flour, as an article of food, experience having taught them that it is highly nutritive. On examination with the microscope, the *Bergmehl* is found to consist entirely of the shells of loricated infusoria, which having been accumulating from age to age at the bottom of the waters in which the living animals are found, form a stratum of considerable thickness. Nor is this all, for when agglomerated and mixed up with siliceous and calcareous particles, these exuvie become consolidated by time into masses of flint and marble, in which the characters of the shells are perfectly distinguishable, so that even the species of the animalcules to which they originally belonged is easily made out."

transparent coverings. You see its heart beating there near the dorsal surface, and the blood, the motion of which is marked by granules, circulating through every part of the body, and especially towards that beautiful apparatus of branchiæ, or lungs, which are attached to the legs; so providing that the energy of respiration is always proportionate to the amount of bodily action. A most vivacious and interesting little creature it is; and we may find that its death is not less instructive than its life.

Now take one of these slips, on which there is a dry and dead daphnia; *dead* we must call it, for, on putting it under the glass, all is still. The heart can be detected even yet, but is perfectly motionless; the eye is dull and shrivelled, and the legs and antennæ are crumpled together like the limbs of a dead fly: in short, look where you will, you see nothing like life. But now, add to it a drop of water, and observe the change; very soon, when the tissues have got completely moistened, you will notice a slight action, first in the legs, then in the tentacles, which resume their living appearance; and then, by degrees, the life will diffuse itself through the whole body, and you will see heart, lungs, and intestine in action, as vigorous as ever. I do not know any phenomenon of life more suggestive of curious thought and speculation than this, that a portion of dried and brittle tissue, from which all evidence of life has departed for days, should be able to resume its complicated functions under the stimulus of water. I am not aware that it has been observed before, in animals of so high an organisation as these crustaceans. Long ago, Ehrenberg had observed it with regard to the *rotifera*, and stated that he had kept them in a dry state for, I believe, three years, and afterwards revived them by water. I can readily believe this, for I have so frequently repeated the experiments for shorter periods that I feel no doubt whatever of their essential accuracy.

Recurring to our drop of pond water; whilst you wonder at the ceaseless activity of these innumerable creatures, you cannot fail to admire the variety of the means made use of to obtain progression. In the monads it would seem to be due to the proboscis-form appendages;\* in the *volvox* the same agency, multiplied many fold, seems to be brought in action. In the vibrionidæ, of which you may see here numerous thread-like specimens wriggling about, the progression is like that of a worm or eel in water. In a great proportion of the infusoria, vibratile ciliæ are the agents in locomotion. These, which are described by Ehrenberg as minute hair-like processes arising from a thick bulbous base, are often so small that even under the highest powers their presence can only be detected by the currents which they cause in the water; but as they are present in immense multitudes, often over the whole surface of the body, they enable their possessor to execute movements more rapid (in propor-

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\* These are calculated by Mr. Dujardin as being not more than  $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of a millimeter in diameter, which is about  $\frac{1}{10000}$ th of an inch; consequently rather difficult of detection by the most powerful instrument. No wonder that differences of opinion exist as to their nature and uses.

tion to their bulk) and complicated than animals of a much higher grade of organisation. In those crescentic, boat-shaped little beings that you see so plentifully in this drop, which are called *closterinæ*, the locomotive organs are a number of short conical papillæ near the openings of the two ends of the shell; their movements are sluggish, and those short jerky, or swinging motions are probably due to currents in the water. But the oddest method of moving is that observed in the *amoeba* family: they have no ciliæ, no setæ, no feet, no proboscis; yet they get along pretty actively. The jelly of which they seem composed is highly contractile, and it possesses the power of thrusting out, apparently at will, extremities, or processes, or feet, or hands, by means of which they move about and execute their prehensile requirements. See, here is one just creeping into the field; watch it well, and observe its protean changes of form (its name is *proteus*), whilst I read to you Mr. Gosse's sketch of it:—"You see a flat area of clear jelly, of very irregular form, with sinuosities and jutting points, like the outline of some island in a map. A great number of minute blackish granules and vesicles occupy the central parts, but the edges are clear and colourless. A large bladder is seen near one side, which appears filled with a subtle fluid. But while you gaze upon it, you perceive that its form is changing; that it is not at two successive moments of the same shape exactly. This individual, which, when you first looked at it, was not unlike England in outline, is now, though only a few minutes have passed, something totally different; the projecting angle that represented Cornwall is become rounded and more perpendicular; the broken corner, that we might have called Kent, has formed two little points, up in the position of Lincolnshire; the large bladder, which was in the place of the Eastern counties, is moved up to the Durham coast, and is, moreover, greatly diminished. Lo! while speaking of these alterations, they have been proceeding, so that another and a totally diverse outline is now presented. A great excavation takes the place of Dorset; Kent is immensely prolonged; the bladder has quite disappeared, &c.; but it is impossible to follow these changes, which are ever going on without a moment's intermission, and without the slightest recognisable rule or order. . . . Individuals vary greatly in dimensions; this specimen is about  $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch long; but others I have seen not more than one-tenth as large as this, and some twice as large."\*

Here is another beautiful object, just visible as a speck to the naked eye;—it is a *volvox globator*. A lens of moderate power will show you whence it derives its generic name. Under a good microscope it appears as a delicate green transparent globe, studded with ciliæ, by means of which it revolves rapidly through the water. In its interior you may see other smaller *volvoxes*, and still within these the gemmules of a third generation. But this is not a single animal, as it might appear; but a compound *monad*, strange as it may seem. "It was Ehrenberg

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\* Evenings at the Microscope, pp. 455-6.

(says Prof. Jones) who first made the discovery that these beautiful living globes were not, as had until then been universally believed, single animalcules, producing gemmules in the interior of their transparent bodies, which, on arriving at maturity, terminated the existence of the parent by escaping through its lacerated integument; but that they formed in reality the residences of numerous individuals living together in a wonderful community." You perceive those green specks which stud the surface of the *volvox*, and which seem like the bulbous root of the locomotive cilia. Now, if you apply a power of one thousand diameters to one of these specks, you perceive in it a bright red point; and also see that the apparent cilia is not really such, but a whip-like proboscis similar to that before described as characterising some of the *monads*. The above-quoted authority considers that in each one of these specks we have a *monad* of high organisation, possessing mouth, eye, stomach, generative apparatus, and all the viscera belonging to a *free monad*; all these living in this kind of organic connection for a certain time; after which the original globe bursts, and the contained *volvoxes* escape to lead an identically aggregate life. But not, therefore, is there any death of the original globe; it certainly becomes torn up and disintegrated; but each speck is capable of independent life, and for a while enjoys its liberty; but, by a process equally too prolonged to watch or to describe at present, it becomes ultimately developed into a perfect *volvox*, with its component *monads*, its young *volvoxes*, and its gemmules of the third generation.

We have made but little way amongst our treasures: in this teaspoonful of dirty water alone, we have found more than enough to occupy us the whole evening, and we should not exhaust it were we to spend a week in it. We have not even glanced at the contents of that *chara* glass, which we shall find swarming with rotifers, or wheel-bearers, creatures of much higher organisation than these, and of most fascinating habits. But the evening is getting late, and you are beginning to see black discs before the eye with looking so long down this tube upon the brightly-illuminated stage. Beware of too long devotion to this pursuit; another time we can renew our investigations with fresh attention.

R.

## VI.

## A RECENT VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND.

ONE of the manias "most incident" to Englishmen is the love of travel. The rich man's *stake* may be certain acres in Essex, or in fenny Lincolnshire, blackened by the rain-cloud, but the *tether* attached thereto is long, and can stretch all the way to the Manillas, or to the ruined cities in the forests of Yucatan, and he is not unfrequently found straining at the very end of it. There dwells in the Englishman's blood a strange relish for the sea, and he loves to feel the wind blowing hard upon his face. He has a powerful love of motion, and although he bears the strongest affection for his own country, is proud of her history, and of the heroes who have called her "mother," a restless impulse urges him to leave it for a time, to see foreign men and cities, to sun himself in tropic climes, to scale famous mountains, and to tread desert sands. The Englishman sleeps in Venetian palaces, and in the kraal of the Hottentot. In the cool Alpine shadows, while the evening red is dying on the peak above, he hears the vesper bell tinkling from the monastery. In Turkey he listens to the melancholy musical voice from the gilded mosque, calling on the children of the faithful to pray, with faces turned towards the holy city. He sees, out from Vienna, mass on mass of white-coated Austrian soldiers defiling before their heavy-lipped Emperor. He admires the female guards presenting arms to his serene and ebon majesty of Dahomey. He eats buffalo hump in the western prairie in company with red men and trappers, and he hob-a-nobs with magnificent mandarins over soup made of swallows' nests at Hong Kong. He shakes with fever and ague in some village on the borders of the Mississippi. He is stricken down with the plague at Grand Cairo, and hears in his agony the howlers across the street lamenting the dead. He sits in an Esquimaux sledge, buried in furs to the nose; and he promenades in loose and airy attire the hot Calcutta streets. The Englishman speaks every language in the world, the coinage of every realm rattles in his pocket, delightful to the ear of natives. The hotel does not exist in which he has not slept, and the fleas of every nation know the taste of his blood, and prefer it to any other variety of the vital fluid. The somewhat commonplace features of the travelling Englishman are everywhere known. The wretched Snake Indian, skulking from his foes, the terrible Blackfeet, among the precipices that overhang some nameless river in the region of the setting sun, sees the Englishman paddling in a bark canoe in a state of excitement about grizzly bears, and the lean and swart Bedouin, standing out in the blinding desert heat, behold him, bound for India, hurry past on a swift dromedary toward the Red Sea, with *Murray* in his pocket. A restless race these English. Ever roaming over the world, and yet, as comfort and freedom are not to be found everywhere, no people should so sedulously remain at home.

Every nation in the world holds out its attractions to the Englishman, and calls loudly for a visit. Italy has her roof of azure, her ruins, her galleries of art; Egypt has the pyramids and the Sphinx; South America the Andes and cities above the clouds; India her grotesque temples, her monstrous many-headed idols, her dusky millions, her "barbaric pearl and gold." Yet powerfully as these or other lands touch the imagination or attract the eye of curiosity, they are as nothing compared with Palestine. She is the centre of the earth. The Holy Land flows no longer with milk and honey; it possesses but little political importance; it can boast of no very surpassing city in point of extent or of wealth. There are mightier mountains than Lebanon, there are fairer streams than Jordan, yet every year Englishmen flock to Jerusalem, and from thence ride out to visit villages and ruins, to look upon mountains, and to trace water-courses, with feelings quite unusual for tourists, and quite disproportioned to their picturesqueness and importance. The Englishman stands on Mount Zion with deeper emotion than on Marathon; he lingers longer in Jerusalem than in St. Petersburg; and the few houses that compose the modern Bethlehem detain him with a deeper charm, and impress his memory more powerfully than the ruins of Palmyra or the six solitary pillars of Balbec. It needs not to be said how this has come to pass. Palestine through all time will be the most interesting country the sky covers. It was the cradle of our faith—

"Over those acres walked those blessed feet,  
That eighteen hundred years ago were nailed  
For our advantage to the bitter cross."

But, putting these solemn and sacred considerations for the moment aside, we owe to the Bible, and to our early training therein, that we are a hundred times better acquainted with the history of Palestine, than we are with that of our own country. And what a history is that, opening in the sunrise of the world, when Abraham came there a pastoral prince, rich in flocks and herds—and closing when the Roman saw the templed and towered Jerusalem, the delight of the whole earth, sinking in blood and fire! This magnificent history, embalming plain and mount, and making for ever memorable village and town—is the earliest food of childhood. Its events are entwined with our earliest feelings of religion and with the development of our moral sense. The history of David is better known than the story of our great Alfred. We are more intimately acquainted with the campaigns of Israel, than we are with those of the Henries in France, or of Marlborough in Flanders. There are many amongst ourselves who have never heard the songs and ballads that murmur about the Scottish border, but hardly one who does not know, and has not felt the pathetic beauty, "the love passing the love of woman," of that lamentation for the fallen brave, poured forth upon an unknown Syrian hill-side, and thirty centuries old now.

Palestine possesses transcendent interest to the Englishman, not

alone on account of the events connected with his faith,—the temple and sacrifices that shadowed forth better things to come, the prophets that spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit, the miracles that were wrought within its borders, and the deace accomplished at Jerusalem,—but also that, in the Scripture narratives, we have such a glimpse of the ways and manners of a people, as is presented by no profane history—as is revealed by the song of no poet. Homer does not exhibit the Greeks, as the Bible the Jews. In these old books we know how the Hebrews lived and acted ; we in a manner become their contemporaries, and come to speak and think of them almost as if they were personal acquaintances. And how far into the “deep backward and abysm of time” do these narratives carry us ! While Sodom and Gomorrah yet stood upon the plain, long before they sunk in the fiery shower, and the saline waters of the accursed lake were drawn like a shroud over them, we go out and in with Abraham ; we know everything that transpired within the curtain of his tent ; we know how he wandered hither and thither in search of pastures, and how his flocks and herds prospered with him. The story of Joseph reveals ancient Egypt to us to-day, although the Pharaohs, long preserved in the sweetness of funeral spices, have crumbled into the nothingness of desert dust. We know the people who were led away into the Babylonian captivity. We know, in the strange land, how they remembered Sion, and how clearly the deserted and spoiled Jerusalem stood in the national memory. Nowhere out of the Bible are the curtains of the past so drawn. No other history presents so distinctly the image of a people : and when we think of the Holy Land, we think of it not as the traveller sees it to-day—blighted by the curse of barrenness, trodden down by the foot of the stranger, the mosque of the False Prophet crowning the brow of Moriah,—but when the temple stood in Jerusalem, when the glory of God dwelt visibly within it, and when the tribes came flocking thither once a-year. It is from these reasons—the knowledge we have of the remarkable people who lived there, of their manners, customs, and modes of thought, and the fact that Christ was born there—that there he spent the years of his ministry ; that when his work was done on earth, the heaven that bends over Palestine received him ; and that out of that country came the men who built up the early Christian Church,—it is for these reasons that every summer, weary of the gay Western capitals, tourists flock to Palestine. As the attraction cannot decrease, thither, through coming generations, will travellers flock. There exist many books of travel in that country ; and similar books will not be wanting in future publishing seasons. There are few books so certain of readers as these. Among the most interesting published of late years is a “Clerical Furlough,” by the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, of Glasgow. Its author is an able and popular clergyman, already not undistinguished as a writer. Worn out by severe and continuous labour in a populous city, he sought change of scene and recruitment of health and of spirits in the East ; and the handsome and bulky volume before us is the result. Dr. Buchanan’s performance is eminently readable, but



he seems to have begun his work on too large a scale. No inconsiderable portion of the volume deals with his adventures on the way, the severe weather he encountered off the Irish coast, his pic-nics, and ramblings to and fro in Malta, his experiences in Egypt; and, finding himself, toward the close, somewhat pressed for space, he huddles up his work in a most hasty and unsatisfactory manner. We hear more about the Cove of Cork than we do about Lebanon and Damascus. The book suffers sadly from want of condensation; and the author much too frequently inserts passages which seem excerpts from his sermons—well enough in their way in the ordinary course of ministration at the Free Tron, but a little out of place in a book of travels. However, passing these defects, the lack of proportion, and the fragments of irrelevant eloquence and exhortation alluded to, the book is an excellent one, full of fresh picturesque writing, and we warmly commend it to the reading public. The author is well qualified to guide one through the Holy Land; he makes the Bible his guide-book, and he is alive to all the sacred associations of the country. In this respect the "Clerical Furlough" contrasts strikingly with "Eothen." In that remarkable book, every page of which burns with the fervour and the sunlight of the tropics, we are informed by its author that—

"If one might judge of men's real thoughts by their writings, it would seem that there are people who can visit an interesting locality, and follow up continuously the exact train of thought that ought to be suggested by the historical associations of the place. A person of this sort can go to Athens, and think of nothing later than the age of Pericles—can live with the Scipios as long as he stays in Rome—can go up in a balloon, and think how resplendently the now vacant and desolate air was peopled by angels—how prettily it was crossed at intervals by the rounds of Jacob's ladder! I don't possess this power at all: it is only by snatches, and for a few moments together, that I can really associate a place with its proper history."

Dr. Buchanan does not in the least labour under the difficulties experienced by the author of *Eothen*. He wanders about anxious to identify the localities mentioned in the Bible. He may not care about a Syrian brook particularly, but if you convince him that out of its bed David lifted the pebble with which he slung down Goliath in sight of both armies, it gains a sudden interest in his mind, and he measures the breadth from bank to bank and carefully informs you of the vegetation with which it is bordered. He does not believe the monkish traditions as to the birth-place of the Saviour, the Mount of Calvary, or the grave of Joseph. A devout reader of his Bible from his youth, he wanders over the country, his mind filled with the events of sacred history; and the desolate land is filled again with inhabitants. Isaac walks in the fields at even-tide. Our Saviour sits at the well, and the Samaritan woman speaks with him. Joseph is sold by his brethren to the merchants who are going down into Egypt, and David with sudden remorse throws away the water which had been brought to him at the jeopardy of brave men's lives. From "*Eothen*" and the "*Clerical Furlough*," a very complete idea of Judea may be obtained. The one supplements the other. The one takes the profane

side of it, so to speak, and gives us its every-day appearance; the other beholds it through the light of scriptural associations and the sacredness of memory. The one wanders over it like a poet, and a man of the world, exulting in the unfamiliar landscape, the strange colours with which the sun paints rock and peak, the half-savage half-pastoral life which is everywhere exhibited; the other walks over it reverently, with a sense that the ground is holy,—for, ever as he goes, he remembers that this was the home of the people of God, that here dwelt the prophets, and more than all, that the breeze that fanned these mountain tops and swept these vales was breathed by One who made the heavens and the earth, that His eye dwelt upon that horizon, that His voice was heard here, and that over this very road, running straight on to Bethany, once walked the feet that were nailed to the cross.

After reaching the Holy Land, Dr. Buchanan writes in his notebook, "We spent our first night in Palestine. To reach it we had made a journey of 3,500 miles across the deep. On the way we had been rudely buffeted, and more than once driven into harbours of refuge on our own coasts by the fierce equinoctial gales. We had been tossed and driven to-and-fro on the huge rolling billows of the Atlantic in the Bay of Biscay. We had been pursued, amid thunder and lightning and hail, by a furious tempest along the coast of Africa for six-and-thirty continuous hours. But here we were safe and well at last." After such experience of wind and sea, *terra firma* would be grateful. The doctor and his party after crossing the belt of perilous surge that foams along the coast there, landed at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa of Scripture. The town slopes up from the water-edge, upon a stretch of sand-hills, backed by the exuberant greenness of orange groves. Many associations cling round that steep hot evil-smelling Syrian town. On these very sand-hills, or at all events on the farther hills visible from the boat tossing on the foam, stood Joshua, when he commanded the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. From this port Jonah sailed in the ship of Tarshish, when he fled from the word of the Lord commanding him to lift up his voice against Nineveh. In these narrow streets is still pointed out the house of Simon the tanner. It was while praying in this place that Peter beheld the vision of the white sheet let down from heaven filled with creeping things, and learned the lesson that nothing that God has made is common or unclean. In later days the little town heard the shout of the Roman and the cheer of the Crusader, and nearer our own time this was the scene of the heartless massacre that has left the darkest stain on the memory of Napoleon. When approaching the coast, the doctor beheld a characteristic sight. In the roadstead there were no fewer than six large steamers at anchor waiting for pilgrims, the fanatical *omnium gatherum* of eastern lands. When the party stepped on the sandy shore, the narrow streets and lanes were crammed with fierce religionists. Horses, donkeys, and camels struggled in confusion, the shrill cries of the drivers rising above the tumult. Greek and Arab jostled in the stifling streets, amid a gabble of many languages. On their way to Jerusalem they found these pilgrims encamped by thousands, some asleep, others smoking the long pipe, the luxury of the East, their horses or camels staked or

else roaming about. Cooking-fires were blistering the noon-tide air, and down on the whole motley crowd the brazen heaven poured its fierce shafts and fervours of sunlight. As they rode along, the prickly pear with its splendid yellow flowers and dagger-like thorns formed the fences of the orchards, and down the steep rocky ways came endless files of donkeys laden with oranges—fruit soothing to the throats of Moslem pilgrims and Christian travellers, and inexpensive almost as the stream that runs by the paths in England. The distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem is about thirty-five miles, and for the most part up hill, and the road is rocky, resembling often the bed of a dried-up torrent. Ever as the travellers climbed toward the holy city they came upon some scene of former power and grandeur; some locality famous in Scripture narrative; the ruins of some Christian church, or some deserted stronghold of the crusader. In their course they approached the ancient Kirjath-jearim, from which place David went to bring the ark of the Lord. We can imagine how, when the long winding procession returned to Jerusalem, with what music and shouting and clashing of arms the hollow glens would ring! It is silent now, as if it had never resounded with the voice of a nation's joy. When Dr. Buchanan passed, the only human being to be seen was "a lonely shepherd sitting upon a rock, with his long gun across his knees, while his small flock of sheep, with pure white faces and bodies black as night, were feeding in a little hollow beside him." No city in the world is approached with such emotion as Jerusalem. Onward from Jaffa, up steep stony roads, through the long flaming Syrian day, unshadowed by a single fold of vapour, you toil, parched with thirst, feeble with heat; and when at last, across the scrubby uneven plain, the buildings of the city lift themselves into view with no commanding feature whatever, the effect is certainly disappointing! You have read so much of the city, have thought so much about it, you have dreamed about it so often on your way—and this is all! Nor when you have fairly entered into its midst, when you actually tread its streets, and look upon its buildings, can you sustain your spirit at the proper pitch. You are half angry with the place and with yourself. Your mind is overflowing with the ancient Hebrews, and you find it filled with quite a modern life. Instead of a temple you find a hotel. You stand in the *Via Dolorosa*, the fashionable street of the city, and are told that along that way—over the very spot on which you stand—Christ went bearing his cross, but you do not feel as you wish—the past and the present jar somehow. You sup and sleep on the Mount of Olives. You enter a great church steaming with eternal incense, glaring with ever-burning tapers, and you stand in the most sacred place in the city. "When you have seen enough of it, you feel perhaps weary of the busy crowd, and inclined for a gallop. You ask your dragoman whether there will be time before sunset to send for horses and take a ride to Mount Calvary. Mount Calvary, Signor?—eccolo; it is *upstairs on the first-floor*."\* The monks show the holy places, and traffic in them. They are stock in trade. If even you could believe what

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\* Eothen.

is told you, if even the tide of emotion rose high, you are immediately brought down to the bald commonplaces of life—all sacredness disappears at once—when you hear your monkish guide grumble at the smallness of his gratuity. It takes a long time before you get quit of this feeling of disappointment. Custom after a while dulls the edge of your disgust, and after a fortnight or so, you wander through the streets and visit the holy places with a certain interest—rapture there is none—although the shaven and frocked monk is all the while babbling in your ear. Jerusalem is a holy city, but holiest in our dreams.

The most interesting building in Jerusalem is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. A number of sacred places are gathered beneath its single roof. Passing through it, the monks show where our Lord stood and wept, where he was scourged, where he was crowned with thorns, where he was crucified, and where he was buried. If this congregation of "holy places" is a little astonishing to simple people who have read their Bibles, it is highly convenient for the pilgrims, who kneel down at each sanctified spot, kiss it fervently, leave a coin and pass on to the next. Bringing these things so closely together, economises time and knee-pans, and makes fervour go far. Easter is the great pilgrim season. From the banks of the Don and the Danube, from the countries of Southern Europe, thousands flock every year to look upon the scenes consecrated by the sufferings of Christ. They bring articles of merchandise with them, and display their wares, extol the merits of their goods, and chaffer and drive hard bargains in the open space before the church. In the interior rival sects dispute, and riots are not unfrequent. Turkish soldiers stand about the door smoking, and when an uproar rises around the shrine, in they rush and lay about them lustily until order is restored. The season is generally concluded with the miracle of the "Holy Fire;" that over, the pilgrims go and visit Bethany and Nazareth; bathe in the Jordan; then, certain of eternal happiness, they turn their faces homewards to Danubian forest or icy Russian steppe. This miracle of fire, devoutly believed in by these simple people, is an imposing performance; the scenic effect is considerable; and when, above that sea of strained eyes and beating hearts, the mysterious flame flashes, lighting up the vast building, the excitement is enormous, and lives are often lost. Dr. Buchanan gives a vivid description of the miracle, and the frenzy of the believing pilgrims.

"It is on the Saturday of the Greek Easter week, that this daring impiety is annually perpetrated. When the hour for this crowning event of the festival arrives, processions of bishops and priests, arrayed in their most splendid robes, are seen advancing with gilded crosses uplifted, and flaunting banners displayed. The dense crowd closes in on all sides around them. The procession is ere long buried in the living mass. At length the Moslem soldiers, by sheer force and violence, cleave a path through the heart of the tumultuous throng for an aged hierarch, the representative for the day of the Greek patriarch, and known in the ceremonial as the "Bishop of the Fire," who is dragged rather than led along to the narrow door that opens

into the sepulchre. The moment he enters the door is locked; the tumult is hushed, and the excited multitude, gathered many of them from the far-off banks of the Don or the Vistula; await, in a state of feverish expectancy bordering on madness, the awful mystery that is now at hand. They have heard of it in their distant homes from the days of their childhood. Now they are in Jerusalem. Now they are in the very presence of the sepulchre, and with their own eyes they are about to behold this wonder of wonders. The time seems long, murmurs of impatience begin to be heard. Is the sacred sign of the Divine presence to be withheld? The whisper goes round that it is the presence of those Moslem soldiers, those followers of Mahomet, that is threatening to rob them of the expected privilege. The whisper becomes a shout of rage, and they rush upon the guards and force them to retire. And now again the hush of deep suspense passes over and stills this lately surging sea. What is that light that suddenly flashes through the small round aperture in the solid wall of the tomb? It is the Holy Fire! The torch on which it burns is projected through the opening, and the lofty roof rings and shakes with the wild shout of exultation that rises on the instant from around the sepulchre, and reverberates through the remotest aisles. And now a frightful scene occurs. With eagerness to light their torches and candles at the holy fire, the pilgrims struggle, as in a case of life and death, to get near the tomb. Those who have their station beside the coveted spot, have their lights snatched from them, and are themselves sometimes trodden down and trampled to death. Meanwhile the smoke and stench, and flame of the countless candles and torches, to which, from one to another, the fire is communicated, together with the shrieks of pain and yells of triumph that fill the air, combine to produce a scene that could be like unto nothing but Pandemonium."

Scenes like the above, although picturesque and exciting, are hardly edifying in the circumstances. It is with quite another feeling the "place where the Lord lay" should be approached. As to the wretched imposture of the holy fire, we are glad to learn that the Latin Church now frowns upon it, and has entirely withdrawn her patronage. The Greek Church, however, from considerations of profit, still extends her regard, and under her auspices the wonder is annually wrought. With what purity of intention the Latins may be credited in their denunciation of the miracle, it is difficult to say. The Greeks have a monopoly of the holy places in Jerusalem. The golden socket in which the cross of the Lord was placed, is in their possession, while their opponents can only boast of the sockets in which were inserted the crosses of the two thieves. We can easily understand the pious rage of the Latin Church at a profitable miracle in which they have no part. It is an ancient habit of the fox to call by all manner of bad names the clusters of grapes that hang temptingly out of his reach. That said grapes are in the possession of a rival, a brother fox, is a consideration not likely to sweeten the temper or purify the vocabulary of a disappointed vulpus.

Dr. Buchanan made good use of his time at Jerusalem. He visited

the holy places: the Pool of the Virgin, where, at intervals, from some unexplained cause, the waters bubble up about a foot above their ordinary level, and then as suddenly subside; the ruins of the great aqueduct built by Solomon, which so moved the admiration of the Queen of Sheba when she came to visit that splendid monarch; and he threaded for a considerable distance the mighty caverns that yawn beneath the city—caverns that, in the terrible siege, were the last refuge of the defiant Hebrews. He wished to stand an hour alone in Gethsemane, but was unable to satisfy himself as to the locality. No scholar, Mr. De Quincy tells us, can lay his finger upon that garden. He visited the beautiful Bethlehem, and saw the everlasting fires burning in the Church of the Nativity; and he often strolled from the city to the village of Bethany—with what feelings and recollections we can well fancy. The following passage, relative to a point on that road on the occasion of our Saviour's entrance in Jerusalem, when the voices, so soon to cry "Crucify him, crucify him!" were loud in hosannas, and the hands that, ere many hours, were to point in derision to his thorny crown and insolent purple robe, strewed palms in his advancing path, is worthy of quotation:—

"Beyond this point the road falls gradually down to a lower level, and Zion disappears, hid by that second ridge which the road soon after begins to ascend. In this hollow it most probably was, that, when the tumultuous shouting of the rejoicing multitude had subsided, the sullen and censorious Pharisees found leisure to strike in with their complaint, when Jesus said to them, in reply to the querulous demand that he should rebuke his disciples, 'I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.' Meanwhile they are advancing up the short but rapid ascent that will bring them all at once full in view of the city. At this part of the road our feelings were strung to the highest pitch of excitement. We knew we were arriving at the very spot where one of the most touching incidents in the Saviour's history occurred, and we watched in consequence with intensest eagerness for the opening out of the expected scene that would enable us to identify the very spot to which these well-known words referred, 'And when He was come near He beheld the city and wept over it.' No one who has followed that road, with the sacred narrative in his hand, can have a moment's hesitation as to where the event occurred. With a suddenness almost startling, the rocky ridge, which hitherto has hidden all that lies beyond it, is turned, and, as if it had risen up out of the earth, Jerusalem spreads out before us. We are now on the very edge of the deep and narrow Valley of Jehoshaphat, right over against the southern extremity of Moriah. Here the magnificent temple which crowned it of old must have met the Saviour's eye, the stately city lying in all its grandeur around it. It is the very and the only point which answers, unmistakably, to the descriptive terms of the sacred narrative, 'When He was come near, He beheld the city.' It is so near as to be almost within a bow-shot, and yet it is the first point in the road where the city could be beheld. One may be deceived as to the precise locality of many Scripture scenes, but not as to this

one. Standing here, one has the feeling of absolute certainty that he is on the very spot of ground where the deep and tender compassions of Jesus overflowed in tears at the thought of the coming ruin of Jerusalem and the Jews."

But we have lingered long enough in the holy city, and have now to look on the Dead Sea—that grave of wicked cities. It is two days' journey, through a wild country, where the strong arm is law. As the traveller toils on among these sharp black rocks and wild ravines of early earthquake, his ear is greeted by no song of summer-bird; there is no murmur of grateful foliage in the hot noon wind, no grasshopper leaps in deep meadow grass. On these black, glazed peaks the pitiless sun beats with unmitigated fervour, and the only refuge is "the shadow of a great rock" in that weary land. Travellers from Jerusalem must take tents with them, and live like Bedouins. Soldiers, too, must be had for protection—wild fellows, armed with lances, who look exceedingly like robbers, who are certain to lose their way, and if danger appears, to discover a remarkable faculty in retreating, and leaving in the lurch those they have been paid to protect. On leaving Jerusalem, Dr. Buchanan's party consisted of three ladies and the like number of gentlemen. As they rode on through the blazing day the following incident occurred, redolent of savage pastoral life:—

"We had an opportunity more than once of witnessing incidents of a kind that forcibly reminded us of scenes in the Scripture history of David, by which readers, ignorant of the country in which they happened, may have been often not a little perplexed. When David was hiding in the wilderness of Ziph an opportunity presented itself of slaying king Saul as he lay asleep in the night, unconscious of any danger being near. Too generous to avail himself of the advantage that had come so unexpectedly and so temptingly in his way, David, nevertheless, resolved to show how completely his persecutor had been in his power. Stealing noiselessly into Saul's camp, accompanied by a single follower, and passing unobserved through the midst of the drowsy guards, David 'took the spear and the cruse of water from Saul's bolster; and they got them away, and no man saw it, nor knew it, neither awaked: for they were all asleep.' Having performed this daring feat, he and his attendant Abiahai 'went over to the other side and stood on the top of a hill afar off, a great space being between them.' Having got to this safe distance from his relentless enemy, David is represented in the sacred history as proceeding to address Abner, the leader of Saul's host, and to taunt him with his unsoldierlike want of vigilance in leaving his royal master exposed to the hazard of being slain in the very midst of his own camp.

"What is apt to appear strange in this narrative is the fact that these hostile parties should have been near enough to carry on the conversation which the narrative describes, and yet all the while that the one should have been entirely beyond the reach of the other. That all this, however, was both possible and easy was verified in our presence. As we were riding cautiously along the face of a hill our

attention was suddenly arrested by the voice of a shepherd, who was evidently calling to some one whom we could not see, but whose answer was distinctly heard. The dialogue went on. Another and another sentence was slowly and sonorously uttered by the shepherd near us, and as often the response was distinctly given. At length, guided by the sound, we descried, far up the confronting hill, the source of the second voice in the person of another shepherd, and learned from our Arab attendants that they were talking to each other about their flocks. Between these two men was the deep crevasse formed by the valley of the Kedron, walled in by lofty precipices which no human foot could scale. It would probably have taken a full hour for one, even as fleet and as strong-winded as an Ashail, to pass from the standing-place of one speaker to that of the other, and yet they were exchanging words with perfect ease. The mystery of the dramatic scene in the wilderness of Ziph was at an end, and we were reminded at the same time of an important truth, that in dealing with the Sacred Scriptures, ignorance often makes difficulties which a larger knowledge and a deeper intelligence would at once remove." How these shepherd colloquies in the upper air deepen the solitude of the great and terrible wilderness!

Through the whole day the travellers proceed on over the rocky waste under the fierce tyranny of the sun. Towards the evening the atmosphere cooled; sunset dressed the wilderness in its wondrous hues. Far away the mountains of Moab burned like a crimson fringe. The sudden glory faded, however, swiftly as it came, and then, beneath a crescent moon and a spare sprinkling of stars, the party pursued their somewhat perilous way, now in glimmer, now in gloom, along the edges of precipices and up difficult stony paths. It was quite night when they reached their destination, Mar-Saba, said to be one of the oldest conventual establishments in the world. This religious building, climbing story after story up the rocky face of a hill, has more the appearance of a fortress than a monastery. In this solitude, cut off from the great world and its interests, the poor friars spend their time, it is charitably hoped, in devout mutterings of *aves* and counting of beads. They can give their whole minds to the performance of these important duties. They have nothing else to keep their blood from stagnation. Dr. Buchanan bore a letter from the consul at Jerusalem, addressed to the principal of the establishment, recommending himself and his companions to their hospitality and kind offices. This missive was delivered to one of the monks through a low iron door. However much the brethren might be inclined to show kindness, they were "bound by the rule of the house" to show it only to males. The presence of ladies on the present occasion was a stumbling-block that could not be got over. No female foot through all these centuries—the house is as old as the Crusaders—had sounded in the empty courts. A female voice would have startled these old monastic walls from their propriety. "Very glad—but the ladies, signor!" "Will you be so barbarous," said the interpreter, "as to shut your door in the face of ladies, and to compel them to pass the night on this savage wilderness upon the



hill-side?" "If it were the king's daughter who had come to the door," answered the friar, "she could not be permitted to enter here." So the old fellow, in conformity with the churlish principle of his order, closed the door in their faces. Having been led to expect some such reception as this, they had brought tents with them, and immediately proceeded to encamp in the shadow of the grim conventual walls. But the monks wore humane hearts beneath their woollen gowns, and one of them came forth with water and wine. The travellers made supper for themselves by the aid of their spirit lamps. The moon went down. Midnight and the silence of midnight gathered around the mountains. The towering walls of the monastery came out in relief against the starry sky. Weary with the journey, they were soon asleep, and when they awoke, the peaks of a hundred savage hills stood up like crimson islands in the sea of dawn.

Next day pressing on towards the Dead Sea they struck across what is supposed to be the Wilderness of the Temptation; a place once seen never to be forgotten—a place doomed to be desolate for ever. No vegetation, no song of bird, no murmur of running water in that thirsty waste. A region of yellow chasms and precipices, on which the meridian sun pours his exhaustless light and heat. A streamless, shadowless desert, calcined by a thousand torrid summers. The traveller goes over it with but half his life in him; he is silent as the rocks around him, his eyes are pained with omnipotent light, his temples throb with the melfiless glow. Everything is fierce and terrible. There the lean Arab robber roams, and when the sun smites a wretch down with its shafts, the vulture dropping out of the sky upon him—has his bones picked white within an hour. After a while this upper land, exposed to the full glare of the sky, breaks down towards the Dead Sea in sudden gorges and ravines. Water-courses begin in these rocky hollows; they foam grandly enough after the rains, but the sun had shrunk them all up, and shrivelled into bitter hay the grass that covered their edges months before. Down these ravines the travellers ride, and although they know that out of these blinding heavens the Almighty once poured his sulphur and his stones of fire,—that this is the burial-place of the lost Sodom and Gomorrah,—it is with a feeling almost of relief that they behold the water of the accursed lake, stretching away for miles in the sunlight.

By the latest measurement the lake is found to be forty miles in length, and in breadth from nine to nine and three quarters miles. The country around it is wild and barren, a waste of treeless yellow rocks, piled the one above the other. There are no signs of life around its borders. The water is boatless, the shores houseless. But seldom rises in that region the smoke of the Arab robber's fire. Its waters are fatal to animal life; fishes swept into it when the Jordan is high and red with flood, perish at once, and their bodies, flung up by the waves, rot on its saline shores. Bitumen is found about in great abundance; the pools have a blackish taste; the soil is strongly impregnated with salt. An imaginative traveller reports

that he saw ruins at the southern end of the lake, which he supposed to be relics of the ancient cities, but more recent observers have been unable to make them out. Every visitor makes it a point of honour to bathe in its waves. Woe betide the luckless wight if he should take a gulp of its waters. He will not forget the detestable taste for many a day. The element buoy the swimmer up, and to dive is a matter of impossibility. While he swims every excoriation of the skin swarms like fire, and when again he stands on the nitrous beach, he finds his body covered with sores like scales. It is a place to look upon with awe. No one standing on its shores, and beholding the desolate country that surrounds it, torn with earthquake, burned up by a flaming sun, grassless, treeless, manless; but must feel that of a verity God has been here in his anger and fierce displeasure. Every rock is graven with his vengeance.

Space will not permit us to accompany Dr. Buchanan in his interesting journeyings along the banks of Jordan, so rich in sacred associations—nor yet in his visits to Jericho and Nazareth. We must, however, yet see him on the Sea of Galilee. Although this lake does not possess the awful interest of the Dead Sea, it strikes the traveller with its loneliness and its perfect beauty. On its shores are the fallen temples that mark the city of Tiberias, built by Herod. Along its margin stood these cities—Magdala, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Chorazin, and Bethsaida-Julius, and there these words were uttered: "Woe unto thee Chorazin! Woe unto thee Bethsaida, for if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon which have been done in you, they had a great while ago repented, sitting in sackcloth and ashes. And thou Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shall be thrust down to hell." When these words were spoken the stir and tumult of life rang along these shores; now they are the beauty of desolation; there is hardly a fishing-boat upon the waters, hardly a human foot on the strand. Sunrise and moonlight come and go and no voice rises up; there is never a sound of dancing and of mirth. Silently the fallen column rots into the ground.

"We were in the act of crossing the bay of Gennesaret, and rowing towards Khan-Monyeh—the site of Capernaum—when a circumstance occurred which quite deranged our plans. The boat was about a mile from the shore, and we were all gazing intently on the suggestive scenery around us. While thus employed, we were suddenly disturbed by a movement among our Arab crew. All at once they pulled in their oars, stepped their mast, and began to hoist their long and very ragged lanteen sail. What can the fellows mean to do with a sail in a dead calm? But they are right. There comes the breeze, rippling and roughening the lately glassy surface of the lake. It reaches us before the sail is rightly set. A few minutes more and it is blowing hard. The bending and oft-spliced yard threatens to give way, and the tattered leach of the sail seems as if it would rend right up and go away in shreds. To go upon a wind with such a craft is impossible. There is nothing for it but to slack away and run before it. Such a hubbub meanwhile among the Arab crew—screaming, gesticulating, jumping fore and aft, as if they had

gone mad. 'And where are we going now? was our first inquiry. 'Where the wind will take us,' was the reply of the old grey-beard at the helm. And away we went, the lake now all tossed into waves and covered with foaming white heads, as if a demon had got into its lately tranquil bosom. Here was an adventure on which we had been very far from counting, but which served only to invest with deeper interest our visit to the Sea of Galilee. It reminded us of that day when Jesus went into a ship with His disciples, and he said unto them, 'Let us go over unto the other side of the lake.' In the calm He fell asleep, and 'there came down a storm of wind on the lake, and they were filled with water, and were in jeopardy.' But not merely did this gale of ours remind us of what Scripture has so broadly marked as one of the characteristic phenomena of the lake—it blew from the very quarter out of which the gale experienced by our Lord's disciples appears to have come. On the night of that day on which Jesus fed the five thousand in the 'desert place' on the east side of the lake, He constrained His disciples to get into a ship and to go before Him unto the other side. On their way across to the 'land of Gennesaret,' they were met by a furious blast. 'The wind was contrary,' and they could make no head against it. It was blowing right out from that long withdrawing valley at the mouth of which the plain of Gennesaret lies: blowing, in other words, exactly as it was doing upon us. Had we attempted to face it, we should simply have been 'tossed with the waves' as they were, 'in the midst of the sea.'"

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## VII.

### AN ASCENT OF MONTE ROSA.

*By* ALFRED WILLS, Esq., *Author of "Wanderings among the High Alps," &c.*

MONTE ROSA is, in point of height, the second mountain in Europe—being only two or three hundred feet lower than the great monarch of the Alps, who formed the subject of an earlier paper in the present volume. For a long time, it even disputed the palm with its mighty rival, but the more accurate explorations and measurements of modern times have conclusively established its inferiority. It is said to derive its name from the rich hues often flung upon its ample snows by the glowing lights of ebbing day: and perhaps the enormous amphitheatre formed by the chain of which it is the principal component, with its western exposure, may be peculiarly favourable to the reflection upon its peak of the ruddy rays of sunset. Till a few years ago, its boasted inaccessibility added the fascination of mystery to the unaided and obvious attractions of the scenery. No human being had ever reached that sharp peak of mingled rock and snow, which,

in some lights and from some spots, looked but a stone-throw from the spectator. The difficulties were said to be terrible, but what they were, no one could tell, for no spirit had arisen hardy enough to brave the genius of the mountain in his own stronghold—and as usual, the unknown was universally accepted as the terrible. Some years ago, a great Swiss geologist, Professor Ulrich, of Berne, made a resolute attempt to master this invincible difficulty; but, assailed by storm and wind, he was compelled to halt when still a considerable distance from the top; and, though his guides went on by themselves, he was unable to quit the protection of the rock behind which he was sheltering from the tempest, and could neither confirm nor refute the pretensions they made to the honour of having stood on that summit whereon man had never stood before. Lower peaks, however, than the actual summit were gained from time to time, by one hardy climber after another; and at length, in 1854, three well-known Alpine travellers, the Messrs. Smyth, countrymen of our own, were fortunate enough to reach the actual top of Monte Rosa. The difficulties of the last few hundred feet, they described as of the most formidable character. But succeeding adventurers varied the course which they had taken, and avoided some of the worst of the dangers they had incurred. There still remains, and ever must remain, one long ridge, or rather succession of ridges, along the very edge of which the final ascent, of some twelve or fifteen hundred feet, must be made, where no person who is not proof against giddiness and vertigo has any right to trust himself. During the whole of this last ascent, the travellers, as seen from a neighbouring though far inferior height, are cut out in bold relief against the clear blue sky. In a score of places, not two feet on their right, is an unprotected precipice of unfathomed depth; while on their left the ice falls so steeply away that, did they slip, there would be no halting-place for two or three thousand feet. But a "bad head" seems to be a rare phenomenon amongst the class of hardy and vigorous young Englishmen, who flock in shoals to the districts about Monte Rosa; for since the fiction of its inviolability has been exploded, the excursion has become so common that hardly a week—sometimes hardly a day, in the height of the season—passes without an attempt (generally successful) to ascend Monte Rosa.

I knew the neighbourhood of Monte Rosa well, and might perhaps have been the first traveller to scale the virgin peak. I was actually on my way to Zermatt, in September 1854, and laying plans for the attempt on an early day, when I met the Messrs. Smyth, on their way down the Valley of St. Nicholas, a day or two after their ascent. I felt reluctant to take, as it were, the edge off their success, by following instantly in their footsteps, and determined to postpone the expedition; and it chanced that last September offered me the first favourable opportunity for making the attempt, by which time the ascent had become one of the familiar excursions of the place.

As you look at a good map of the mountain groups of the south of Switzerland, you see that Monte Rosa lies at the point of intersection of two great chains, each of which may lay some claim to it. The

first is the great backbone dividing Switzerland from Italy, and running nearly east and west; the second, to which Monte Rosa more fairly belongs, is a rib, running nearly north and south, and ending at the valley of the Rhone, which it meets nearly at right angles. It is prolonged for a short distance on the south of the main chain, dividing the water-courses which supply the Lys and the Sesia, two of the tributaries of the Po. Our comparison to a rib, however, would electrify a physiologist, if we insisted upon his following us into details; for it throws off various little irregular "processes" on either side, one of which, called the Gornergrat, plays an important part in the topography of Monte Rosa, and enters largely into the calculations of every visitor to the neighbourhood. Certain sharp excrescences show themselves in the western section of the backbone (reckoning from Monte Rosa). The most remarkable of them is also the farthest to the west: it is the stupendous peak of the Matterhorn, rising in one bold, sharp pyramidal obelisk no less than five thousand feet above the general level of the backbone, and closely rivalling Monte Rosa in height,—perhaps the most amazing object amongst the Alps. To the east of the Matterhorn lie several other huge peaks, of which the principal are the Breithorn, and the Lyskamm, each nearly 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. Then the chain trends a little to the north, and away springs what we have called the rib—starting boldly with no less aspiring a summit than Monte Rosa itself. The important "process" of the Gornergrat is an offshoot of the Monte Rosa system, reaching an average height of eight or nine thousand feet, and marked by one irregular cone called the Riffelhorn. It runs nearly parallel with the line passing through the summits of the Breithorn and the Lyskamm, but is separated from them by a huge river of ice, called the Gorner Glacier, which descends from the heart of Monte Rosa itself, receives half a score of affluent ice-streams from the Lyskamm and the Breithorn, and at length descends into the head of the valley separating the rib of the Monte Rosa chain from the neighbouring rib to the west. The village of Zermatt lies in this valley, a few miles below the end of the glacier; and at a distance from Zermatt of two or three hours' walk, and at an elevation above it of about three thousand feet, is a pleasant turfy alope of the Gornergrat range, looking towards the north-west, called the "Riffelberg," on which a little hostelry has been built;—an accommodation due, if report speaks truly, to the enterprise of three of the neighbouring curés; who have found in it a most promising speculation. These topographical details are, it is to be feared, a little dry, but they could hardly be dispensed with, and we must congratulate ourselves, if, among the mountains, they have brought us to no worse a goal than the clean and comfortable Riffelberg inn.

Monday, the 20th September, was the day fixed upon for our expedition. I should have been glad enough to wait till a day later, for I had, within one week, ascended Mont Blanc, and crossed two of the greatest glacier passes in the Alps; but a friend, H., who accompanied me, was anxious to return to England, and could not spare another day. At the Riffelberg inn, I was fortunate enough to meet

with an old acquaintance, Ulrich Lauener, the boldest hunter of the Oberland, who had guided the Messrs. Smyth in their first ascent, and in the same year had accomplished with me the maiden ascent of the Wetterhorn. We had with us two of the best guides of Chamonui, and a young porter of the same place; and confident that where others could find their way, they and we should not fail, we had resolved to take no guides of the place, but to fight our own way up. I was, therefore, very glad of some information as to the route, quickly, clearly, and concisely given to me by Lauener. There was living proof for us, in the hotel, that the ascent might prove not free from risk, for a gentleman lay there, at that moment, in bed, in great suffering from frost-bite, to which he had exposed himself in an unsuccessful attempt to ascend, three or four days before, and all Switzerland was then talking of a like calamity which had befallen some English pedestrians, who had ascended in very inclement weather, about the end of August. We knew, however, from ample experience, that these accidents rarely occur where there has been no want of precaution, and even Balmat, who had so nearly lost his hands on Mont Blanc, a week before,\* entertained no fear of the consequences of undertaking the expedition.

After we had made all our arrangements, ordered our provisions, and fixed our hour of starting, we learned that another English gentleman, staying in the house, was going to set off on the same expedition half-an-hour later than ourselves, and we soon came to an agreement to combine our forces—an arrangement profitable to both parties, for *we* could hardly expect not to make some blunders in shaping our course, which would make us lose time and add to our labour; and, on the other hand, as the snow was likely to be deep, eight would find it lighter work than three. We watched a glorious sunset; and as the daylight faded away, the great comet stole into life, above the mountains in the west.

The next morning we rose before two, and found a cup of hot coffee and a quarrel in readiness for us. The two guides of our new friend were "locals;" one of them belonging to Visp, the other to Zermatt. Our three men were *outsiders* from another district, and were about to commit the unpardonable offence of poaching on the Zermatt manor. There were half-a-dozen other Zermatt men in the house, and they and the landlord combined in an attempt to punish us for our interference with their "vested rights." I heard high words freely bandied about below, and, on going down stairs, found our François Cachat remonstrating against the provisions selected for our use. There was, indeed, good reason for his complaints—a leg of lean mutton, full of veins and gristle, a hunch of black bread, insufficient in quantity and bad in quality, were the staple articles offered us for a most laborious day. When the landlord saw me arrive on the scene he slunk into a sort of den, but I ferreted him out, and remonstrated with him as the magnitude of the offence deserved. He had reproached our men with not making us take provisions

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\* See p. 146 of the present volume.

enough. Other people, he said, spent sixty francs in fowls and wine, and etceteras of one sort or another: we had ordered what would not come up to a sixth of that amount. Then the guides chimed in, and declared they would not start with us, to show our Chamouni men the way, unless we would take one of the Zermatt guides as well. One of the latter had actually dressed and breakfasted in anticipation of being able to profit by our necessities. Of course, the landlord professed himself an ill-used innocent: he knew nothing of the confederacy against us, and to him it was a matter of pure indifference how much or how little we chose to take. Our friend of last evening now made his appearance, and found his recalcitrant guides refuse to stir. We expressed our regret at being the cause of any trouble or annoyance to him, and offered to separate from his party, and either go on ahead or follow an hour or two later, as he might choose; but he showed great courtesy and spirit,—would hear of nothing of the kind; declined any discussion with his guides, and offered them the simple choice of going with us or staying behind: it was a matter for them, he said, not for him. At the same time he joined in my onslaught on our host, and our united attacks soon silenced the enemy's fire. Better provender was sulkily brought out; and the guides, with equal sulkiness, prepared to "eat the leek," and follow in our train. All this fracas, however, took some time, and it was quite three o'clock when we filed off from the hotel. We had been promised a lantern, the better to pick our way over the top of the Gornergrat range, but the landlord could not make up his mind to forego inflicting *some* annoyance, and he accordingly would not find it, and declared his further inability to furnish us with raisins, which are a great comfort in a long and hard ascent, and which had been readily forthcoming on the previous evening. It was, however, a great consolation to think of the Zermatt guide, his early breakfast, and his rueful face as he turned away from the door,—a sadder, and we trusted a wiser, man. One of our local friends still sulked, in no common degree, and kept out of sight of us in the darkness. It was not for nearly three hours afterwards that he deigned to draw near, and give us the pleasure of his company. The other, a smart, brisk, merry, good-tempered fellow, recovered himself directly, and apologized for having appeared in the mess at all: he was of Visp; and he declared (whether truly or not it is impossible to say) that the Zermatt men threatened him with a sound beating if he did not join their faction. At all events, if he had been less unwilling to do so than he represented himself, he made the best atonement he could for his error, and proved himself active and intelligent, thoroughly conversant with the route, a bold iceman, a bold cragsman, and a cheerful and pleasant companion.

It was a perfect September night. The temperature was 4°·5 Centigrade (about 40° Fahrenheit), and the stars shone brightly out of a cloudless sky. The comet was now descending rapidly towards the dark outline of the Gornergrat; the magnificent constellation of Orion was in front of us, and seemed like a bright omen of success, as we groped our way across the broken turf by which we had to

ascend to a gap in the ridge, where the path to the glacier begins. The omen, interpreted aright, however, betokened a not unclouded day; for some of the largest stars were surrounded by a thin veil of mist, through which their bright rays bravely fought their way, and reached us scarcely less brilliant than they were before encountering the vapour. We could scarcely see a trace of snowy mountains before us: Monte Rosa and the neighbouring summits are not visible from the Riffelberg, being hidden by the intervening range of the Gornergrat. When we first started, the Matterhorn towered in solitary grandeur on our right, his great glaciers streaming down on every side, and lighting up the gloom of the deep valley beneath with a dim and spectral light. We turned to the left almost at once, and left him behind us; and as we rose gently on the soft turf of the Gornergrat, a huge wall of crag and snow loomed upon us through the darkness, and we distinguished the Breithorn, and to its left the Lyskamm, and, last of all, the great mountain we were about to assail, which, with a due regard to effect, was concealed from us for some time after the other peaks were full in view. The effect of that dim starlight on glacier scenery is peculiarly striking: it is impossible to form any conception of the actual or relative distances of different objects; and when we reached the gap of the Gornergrat, the great Gorner glacier, which swept beneath our feet many hundreds of feet below us, seemed so close, that a step or two ought to bring us to it. We had, however, a good hour's walk before we reached it, for it stretches out its long length for several miles at the foot of the Gornergrat range; and a little path has been cut in the mountain side, descending very gently all the way, by which you gain the glacier at no great distance from the base of Monte Rosa. This path is safer by night than by day, for it is a favourite pastime with visitors to the Gornergrat (with ladies, especially, I am told), to roll down stones from above, which render the passage neither agreeable nor safe. The path requires some little caution in the dark, for in one or two places it passes at the top of precipitous gullies, or on ledges in smooth slabs of rock, down which you would go much further than you liked, if you chanced to slip. It was somewhere about half-past four when we reached the ice, and climbed up the sloping bank which forms the edge of the glacier. It was freezing very hard, as we found out, when it was necessary to help ourselves up the first few paces with our hands as well as our knees. Here my friend H. had the misfortune to drop his alpenstock into a crevasse, whence it could not be recovered; and one of our men was obliged, in consequence, to go without a stick the whole day long—a great addition to his labour.

After passing a few yards further on to the glacier, the ice was entirely uncrevassed; but we had to pick our way with care, to avoid stumbling into little pits of water, of which it was singularly full. They were just frozen over, and if we had wet our feet thoroughly by stepping into them, there might have been serious risk of frost-bite, later in the day. It was rapidly getting lighter, however, and we were all fortunate enough to escape a wetting of any consequence.



The break of day was very grand. It was later in the season than I have been accustomed to watch it on such expeditions, and the dull, dead, violet which I first noticed over the precipices of the Lyskamm, was to me a most unusual tint. It reminded me strongly of the skies in pictures and panoramas I have seen of scenes in the Arctic regions. The glacier appears but a stone's throw across, when seen from the Gornergrat—but it was quite light before we had traversed it, and a delicate rosy blush, the herald of the day, reflected from the sky above or from some cloud in the east, was flung over the long snowy, rounded summit of the Lyskamm. It was not the true daylight, however, for the great Matterhorn still slept in the dead cold white which is the hue of lofty peaks before daylight breaks.

Monte Rosa rises at the head of the Gorner glacier, in one huge hump, totally destitute of the graceful proportions of Mont Blanc. Nor is it surrounded, like the monarch of the Alps, by a forest of those needle-like peaks to which the appropriate name of "Aiguilles" has been given. The Gorner glacier streams from it in three great arms—those on the right and left holding the "hump" in a close embrace, while the middle portion issues from the very heart of the mountain itself. As we stand face to face with Monte Rosa, on the central portion of the Gorner glacier, looking into the great rocky basin out of which it comes forth on its long journey to the valley, where the ice-existence is destined to fade away, and to take a new and more vigorous life, as an impetuous and resistless mountain torrent, we see that the least elevated portion of the glacier lies to our left, and has its origin in the long ridge of snow connecting the upper extremity of the Gornergrat range with the mass of Monte Rosa. Close underneath the mountain, the ridge attains a height of perhaps ten or eleven thousand feet; but Monte Rosa itself shoots forth from it, in a broken wall of nearly perpendicular rock, which can scarcely be less than two thousand feet high. Above this huge precipice is a long, sharp ridge of snow, leading up to the Nord-end-Spitze, the northernmost of several points which are all called by the generic name of summits. From the lower part of this snow-ridge springs another set of precipices, coming forward towards the spectator with a rapidly lowering outline. This range curves gently round from its highest to its lowest portion, bending from right to left, and then again from left to right, like the printer's mark at the beginning of a parenthesis. The other mark, to complete the parenthesis, is the right-hand boundary of the mass of Monte Rosa—a series of precipitous cliffs of rock, broken by steep curtains and rounded faces of glacier, which bind together the higher and the lower systems of crags. The parenthetical matter included between these two gigantic curves could hardly be left out without seriously damaging the general effect, for it comprehends the great central basin of Monte Rosa—the reservoir of the middle arm of the Gorner glacier. The two parenthesis-marks form a considerable portion of a circle. The circle, however, would be one inclined at a very steep angle to a horizontal plane, for the edge of the rocky wall on either hand rises very steeply, all the way from the foot of Monte Rosa nearly to the

summit. The two boundaries, right and left, converge at the bottom, and force the vast mass of glacier which descends from the central portion of Monte Rosa to pass at length down a steep but even incline through a comparatively narrow passage, its only means of escape into the valley, down which the collection of glacier systems from Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm and the Breithorn, descend towards Zermatt.

The rounded irregular basin which occupies the central portion of Monte Rosa is filled with ice from top to bottom. Three or four considerable masses of rock alone diversify the vast extent of white. These masses group themselves in a kind of dotted inner ring within the greater boundary just described, and with the humps which form the lowest portion of either of the great boundary systems, make a very tolerable circle. Their effect upon the glacier is shown by the dirtier aspect it wears beneath them; due mainly to boulders, debris, and dust, partly rubbed off them by the movement of the glacier, partly split away by the action of alternate thaw and frost, and scattered by wind and tempest over the surface of the snow. Above them all is white and dazzling. Above the dome of swelling snow rises from this ring of rocks nearly to the summit of the mountain, each either separated from its neighbour by a long wall of broken, shattered ice-cliffs, now very generally termed "Séracs," or connected with one another by a smooth curtain of unbroken snow. The upper part of the glacier system is little crevassed, and it is easy to see from below, or with more certainty from the Gornergrat, that the peculiar difficulties of Mont Blanc—the huge gulfs of crevasses and the labyrinths of broken and tumbled ice which must be passed—do not exist on Monte Rosa. On the other hand, it is equally easy to see that the ascent of the actual summit, a steep cone of mingled rock and glacier, may present most formidable difficulties of its own.

The left-hand boundary of the Gorner glacier—the range so often named as the Gornergrat—from its highest portion, called the Hoohtäligrat, where rock and glacier unite nearly at the same level, to its lower extremity, a few miles above Zermatt, contributes nothing to the glacier stream. The right-hand boundary is perhaps the grandest chain of summits in the Alps, beginning with the Lyskamm, which is joined by a short snowy ridge to Monte Rosa, and separated from it by a deep valley, filled with a majestic and much-crevassed glacier, whence both mountains rise in precipitous majesty, continuing with the inferior peaks of the Zwillinge, or Castor and Pollux, the vast and frowning mass of the Breithorn, the smaller summit of the Little Mont Cervin, and ending in the awful pinnacle of the Matterhorn. The whole of this long line of rock and snow makes constant contributions to the Gorner glacier. How one comparatively narrow channel can receive all the huge ice-streams which pour into it, and convey their united contents to the valley below, strikes one as one of the greatest of the many marvels of the glacier world. Besides inferior glacier masses which overhang the Gorner in several places, no less than four enormous glaciers flow down from the intervals

between these great peaks, or from beneath their bases, the two largest being themselves compounds, each of two distinct affluents. So great an accumulation of ice forced into so narrow a bed is probably nowhere else to be seen.

But I am forgetting the actual ascent for the wonders of the way. About half past five we came to the rocks forming the western or right-hand boundary of the central glacier system of Monte Rosa. The sun was really rising now, for the Matterhorn was just tipped with gold. Here we left the glacier and climbed for about half an hour with great ease up the rocks. They were highly polished and rounded—*moutonnes*, as it is called—by the action of the glacier at some former period when it must have covered them; but also much broken up into separate masses, between which charming tufts of short rough Alpine grass were growing. It was getting near six o'clock when we reached a little valley of rocks, into which a tongue of glacier descended, and here we left a portion of our provisions, and took first to the snows of Monte Rosa himself. The next three or four hours' ascent, was to constitute the laborious part of the day's work. It is almost entirely up this right-hand side of the glacier system of Monte Rosa, that the ascent of is made. A certain hollow or gap between the actual summit on the left, and a snowy protuberance on the right, lying very nearly straight above the point we had reached, is called the "Saddle," and it is from this "Saddle" that the last and formidable climb must be begun. To reach this "Saddle," which we gained three or four hours later, we diverged less to the right or to the left than in any other great ascent I have made. We began by scaling a slope of snow broken by rocks of about  $38^{\circ}$ , as measured by the clinometer. In the afternoon we descended this slope in less than five minutes, but it took us a good half hour to climb it. This brought us to a fine snowy dome surmounting one of the faces of rock I have described as forming the right-hand boundary of the glacier system. We now made a short slanting course to the right, and then, addressing ourselves straight to the next slope of snow, passed without the least difficulty through a portion of the glacier where alone I should have anticipated some embarrassment from the crevasses. We now entered one of those delusive *hollows*, which, seen from below, are always supposed to give a space of level, if not of descending, walking; but which always turn out quite otherwise. It was a relief, however, for the incline was gentle, which is more than I can say for most of Monte Rosa. Another slope was now climbed, at the top of which we passed again through a small system of crevasses, and emerged into a second seeming hollow, where we had on our left a magnificent wall of ruddy crags, hundreds of feet high, which ran by our side for many minutes, though from the Gornergrat they look like a mere speck. Then came another steep and unbroken slope, up which we were obliged to zig-zag. Each time we reached the right hand end of our zig-zags, we were rewarded by a grand view of the great system of precipices, raising this part of Monte Rosa above the Lykamm valley. They cannot be less than from 1,000 to 1,500 feet in height.

Arrived at the top of this slope we found ourselves at the brink of a long, wide and deep crevasse, so completely masked, that it was not till we looked over the ridge of snow which formed its lower edge, that we had a suspicion of its existence. We had to go far to the right to turn it; and then entered upon the last and steepest of the snow-slopes, up which we zig-zagged perseveringly, against an ever-increasing inclination, till all at once we found ourselves unexpectedly walking more on a level, and a few steps brought us to the long-wished-for "Saddle."

During the greater part of this ascent, the cold was intense; for the last two hours the snow had been quite dry and powdery, showing that even the mid-day sun of the previous days, hot as it had seemed to us in the valleys, had had no power to melt it, and consequently the cold of the night had had no effect in compacting it, and had rendered no service to the climber. At every step we sank nearly to the knees, and even then hardly found secure footing. It was difficult to keep one's feet from freezing. In spite of rabbits'-fur wrapped round the toes, and secured and supplemented by a coating of grease (an invaluable precaution), in spite of two pairs of stockings, it was only by dint of energetic kicking of one foot against the other, that any ghost of life was kept in them. The mountain itself had lain between us and sunlight; once, soon after nine o'clock, we had come upon the welcome beams, straggling, if I remember right, through the Saddle itself; and for some short time, we had enjoyed the cheering rays. I remember particularly feeling some little warmth, as we skirted the long and deep crevasse; but the slope became steeper, and we entered the shade it cast. The wind at the same time became stronger and keener, and we toiled up the last snow-slopes exposed to cold of no common kind. I was feeling greatly the fatigues of the last week, which my friend H. had not fully shared; he had ascended Mont Blanc two days before myself, and had had two days of comparative rest, while I was making that expedition. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that I had been pounding on for some time in a state of mind and body by no means to be envied. My limbs tottered, my heart beat violently, my eyes shut against my will, and nothing but a stern application of a maxim of Balmat's, "*Les pantalons blancs ne reculent jamais*," (I wore a pair of white flannel cricketing trousers,) carried me on. It was only objects of powerful interest that roused me. For instance, on meeting the sunlight it had been proposed to take a glass of wine, and that had stirred me to unwonted life. I drank freely of a vile compound of bad marsala, cognac, and water, dignified by the pretentious name of "old sherry" (save the mark!) The great crevasse was exquisitely bedecked with icicles, and its grim depth of beautiful horrors sufficed to rouse me again from my trance. Within a few yards of the "Saddle" we passed the end of a wild abyss of crevasse, evidently part of a "bergschlund," at the foot of the far steeper slope above, into which the most wearied or incurious passer-by could hardly look without interest or excitement.

On the "Saddle" itself, however, apathy was out of the question.

A few rocks jutted up on either hand, and below them almost a sheer precipice of ice and snow fell away to an enormous glacier basin on the other side, whose existence we had not so much as conjectured before, but which takes its origin in the precipices beneath the summit, or Höchste Spitze, itself, and is bounded by the ridge connecting Monte Rosa with the Lyskamm. That ridge we had imagined to be close to the "Saddle;" but now, for the first time, we saw that it sweeps away from beneath the Höchste Spitze, and lies far back from the ridge on which we stood. I have rarely gazed down so very precipitous a wall of rock and ice and snow as that on which we were now perched. To our right was a little hump of snow; but the point of interest was on our left—for there lay a long, narrow ridge of ice, crowned with outcropping rocks, and rising very sharply from our feet. This was the beginning of the famous cone of Monte Rosa himself; and the narrow portal through which we gazed upon the depths of the glacier below was the spot now so well known to Alpine wanderers as the "Saddle."

We now called a halt, the first of any consequence we had made since starting. We had breakfasted at two, and it was now nearly ten o'clock, and we all felt that food was a necessity. We descended a few feet on the further side of the "Saddle," to some straggling rocks. It was ludicrous enough to see us, all blue in the face with cold, and kicking our feet against the rocks as hard as we could, to revive them. There was sunlight, but it was dimmed by having to pierce some white clouds, so that it caused us little warmth, and the wind was as fearful as any I ever encountered. It is difficult for any one who has had no experience of them to form a conception of what these mountain winds are, on elevated summits. They are armed with a dry, scorching, penetrating cold against which no clothing is proof, and they facilitate frost-bite more than any other accident of weather. Balmat had nearly lost his hands on Mont Blanc, a week before, and I was in real anxiety about him, especially as his feet also were very much benumbed. Mine were very cold, but not quite so senseless as his. I believe all of us would have been in danger if we had had to submit to that wind for many minutes. Still, eating and drinking were absolutely necessary, though we performed them as speedily as we could—so hurriedly that, I regret to say, I left a valuable many-bladed knife—a very old friend—behind me on the rocks. We had brought some champagne with us—an inestimable resource in the mountains—and it put new life and vigour into us all; and in a very few minutes we had resumed our journey. The knapsacks were left behind at the Saddle, and an apparatus for boiling water, as a means of measuring heights, I was reluctantly obliged to leave also, for I felt that I had no right to endanger myself or others by staying to use it in such a climate.

The Höchste Spitze, for which we were bound, was not visible at first, being concealed by the ridge we had now to climb; but shortly after we started, a slight bend in the direction of the ridge revealed it towering still more than a thousand feet above us. I confess I had very little hope of being able to reach it, in the face of the awful

blast which was shrieking and roaring about us ; but, by a fortunate accident, we had not been ten minutes on our way when it began to fall, and before long it was almost a calm. Sometimes, the steep slope we had to mount is all hard ice ; then every step must be cut with the hatchet, and the process is long and most fatiguing. Happily for us, the very edge of the ridge was snow, and we were able to dispense almost entirely with step-cutting. In many places, at a couple of feet to our left, all was hard as ice and smooth as glass. To our right was a few inches' width of snow, and then a rocky precipice. The precipice was sometimes absolutely perpendicular, and of course quite bare of snow, and for scores of feet marked by nothing to break the sheer descent ; sometimes merely so steep as to be the next thing to perpendicular. Nowhere, however, could we see more than a few dozen feet down the wall of rock ; and then the next object was the glacier basin, a good thousand feet beneath !

We toiled slowly up the snow, for the ridge was very steep (I measured it in descending, and found the angle  $36^{\circ}$ ), and there was no room to zig-zag. At length the snow ended, and we took to a narrow ledge of rocks. The description usually given is literally true. It was in no place more than three feet wide ; in many, not a third of that width. On the right is a precipice ; on the left a bank of snow, so steep as to be just as bad. This sounds awful enough ; but I must say that to me the passage seemed, as we found it, destitute alike of danger and difficulty. The rocks are solid, not friable and treacherous as on the Wetterhorn ; there is good hand-hold and foot-hold, and a slip seemed to me all but impossible. I can conceive that, when covered with ice, as they often are, they may require the utmost caution ; but we had the singular good fortune to find our path thickly paved with snow, or metalled with the solid rock. I can give no better idea of my own feeling of security than by the following fact. In spite of fingerless gloves, well lined with foxes' fur, my hands were numbed and senseless ; and, in order to warm them, I stuck first one, and then the other, into the waistband of my trousers, and actually walked nearly all the way along this terrible ridge with only one hand disengaged. I remember well one place where the ridge was narrowest. There were two large blocks of stone, three or four feet apart. Between them was a little hollow, filled with snow, and in the snow I saw the footprints of my predecessors, in the hollow. It never occurred to me to go down and up again, and I jumped from one block to the other, as a matter of course.

From the top of the first snow-slope we saw exactly what lay before us—a short clambering descent, a narrow level ridge of snow, then a second ridge, shorter, but very much steeper, than the first, and above that another narrow ridge of rocks. Of course, it was the same sort of work again—but if that short connecting ridge were ice instead of snow, it would be the worst place of all to cross ; and I am inclined to think I should prefer to sit astride and work myself along in that position. These horizontal ridges are far more trying to walk along than those which have a steep inclination, and they

are always narrower. This, being of snow and not of ice, offered no difficulty, and the last ridge was quickly attacked. It proved in equally good condition with the first, and led us to a steep climb over the rocks, ending in a couple of little chimneys, one after the other. Near the top of the second, a rock had fallen in, and half filled it up, so that passing it was like climbing round a projecting coping. However, hands and knees will do a good deal, and so far on our day's journey, this was not likely to stop us. Being tired, I had gone last, not to hinder any one else, and on poking my head out of the top of the second chimney, I found, to my great surprise, "no more worlds to conquer," nothing but blue sky above me, my companions already seated about on one ledge or another—and I was on the top of Monte Rosa.

It is literally true that on the summit of Monte Rosa there is not room for two persons to stand at a time; but there is a mass of jumbled rocks about the summit on which we all found space to stand, and even to move about. On every side abrupt precipices fall away from the *Höchste Spitze*. The most abrupt are on the north-west, or Gornegrat side, and here I, being securely tied by a rope, descended three or four feet, and scraping away the snow, built up a little construction of stones, within which I placed a self-registering thermometer, and covered it again, to the depth of two or three feet, with snow. I shall be curious to learn to what point it has descended during the winter.

The panoramic view from Monte Rosa is one of almost unrivalled interest. I cannot compare it with that of Mont Blanc, for twice has the weather been against me, and I do not yet know what is to be seen from that, the only peak in Europe loftier than Monte Rosa; but my friend H., who had had a glorious view, ten days before, from Mont Blanc, declared that it was quite eclipsed by what we now beheld. There were, alas! multitudes of clouds, but they did not form a solid bank of impenetrable obscurity, as when I stood, that day week, almost at the same hour, on the summit of Mont Blanc. The clouds, as usual, lay thickest on the Italian side; but between them we saw plainly the Lago Maggiore, the plains of Italy, and the distant Apennines. The Sesia springs from a huge glacier almost at our feet; but the Sesia's tide was yet uncrimsoned, and the heavy clouds that floated below us were charged with fertility, not with desolation. I little thought, as I gazed upon the rich and peaceful scene—so grateful a contrast to the eternal snow and lifeless rocks which encompassed us—what deeper and more tragic interests would shortly gather round that fated land, or how soon amidst those fruitful plains would

"some stream obscure, some uncouth name,  
By deeds of blood be lifted into fame."

Least of all, was there anything to suggest to us that aught was threatening in the west, for there the whole range of Mont Blanc stood out sharp and clear against the blue sky. The great "Calotte" of the Alpine monarch, the Mur de la Côte, the Col du Géant, the Grandes Jorasses, the Aiguille Verte, were as distinctly visible as on

a map. We saw them nearly over the ridge of the Lyskamm. A vast mountain stood out much nearer to us in majestic proportions. It was the Grand Combin; behind which was displayed the rugged outline of the Velan, though in diminished size. Nearly in a line with these, but of course much nearer to us, rose the sharpest and sublimest of the peaks of Europe—the stupendous Matterhorn—a narrow pyramid of rock, scarcely flecked with snow, and literally looking higher from where we stood than it did from the valley of Zermatt, nearly eleven thousand feet below. No words can convey the grandeur of the range of peaks of which the Matterhorn now formed the intermediate point—the Lyskamm, the Zwillinge, the Breithorn, the Little Mont Cervin leading up to him along a huge rampart of rock and glacier streaming with a score of vast ice-streams pouring down towards the great central flood of the Gorner; the chain continuing with the Gabelhörner, the Rothhorn, the Weisshorn, and the Bruneckhorn, over which were seen a multitude of inferior summits. The Dent d'Erin, which I had seen two days before, from the Col d'Erin, to the right of the Matterhorn, and rivalling it in sublimity, now lay to the left of that peak, and was dwarfed into comparatively insignificant dimensions. To the north and north-west, the eye ranged over a troubled sea of peaks, in which the great summits of the Oberland were of course conspicuous; the Jungfrau standing up in one sharp well-defined pyramid, followed by the long ridge of the Eiger, after which came the pointed peak of the Finsteraarhorn. Rather nearer, and very prominent, were the twin summits of the Engelhörner, and nearer still the huge rocky masses of the Aletschhorn, with the great glacier of the Aletsch streaming round its base. Far, far away, beyond all these nearer ranges, are the snowy peaks of the Grisons; and further still in the east and south-east, are even the distant groups of the Ortler Spitz, and the Bernina; so that even the two score leagues that roll between us and the remote Tyrol, are as nothing to the eyes that gaze on them from this commanding station.

Perhaps, after all, some of the sublimest objects are the nearer ones. North of us rises a fearful peak, at no great distance, and scarce two hundred feet lower than our own; but connected with the Höchste Spitz by a ridge so steep that we could not see the portions close to us. This is the Nord End Spitze, which from many a point of view appears the true summit, and which, from what we saw, I believe to be far more difficult of access than Monte Rosa itself. Beneath it, to the right, so near that one would fancy it possible to throw a stone upon it, lies Macugnaga, at least two miles of absolute depth below. The highest part of the famous Weiss Thor passage, and the fearful precipices down which a passage may be won from Zermatt to Macugnaga, were excellently seen. The sharp outline of the Nord End Spitze forbade us to follow the whole of the pass, from the head of the Hochthäligrat ridge to the commencement of the descent.

It is often reckoned three hours' work to reach the summit of Monte Rosa from the Saddle. In our case they had dwindled into one. It was barely eleven when we gained the top, and despite the cold,



we managed to stay there three quarters of an hour, when, being all chilled to the bones, we thought it as well to descend. I remember well how my teeth chattered and all the bones in my body seemed to be playing rough music against one another. The descent required some caution and all one's eyesight, but by a quarter past twelve, we were all seated once more upon the Saddle, where, happily, the wind was now moderate, and I was able to boil some water. The Saddle, I make by this test to be about 6,160 feet above the Riffelberg. Oddly enough, I have not been able to find an exact measurement of the Riffelberg, but assuming it to be about 8,000 feet, the Saddle would be about 14,100, or 14,200 above the sea, which, I apprehend, is not very far from the truth.

We started down again about one o'clock. The snow was excessively fatiguing. It was quite powdery; and the sun, which was now oppressively hot, seemed to have no power to melt it. In fact, whenever I took any up in my hand, I found it required some length of exposure to the heat of the hand before it could be squeezed into a snowball. I was by this time getting very tired; but I could not help turning aside to look at the grand crevasses we passed every now and then. One of them extended for hundreds of yards, with a breadth varying from 50 to 100 feet: it showed in long lines of horizontal stratification the beds of snow of many a different year, and vast icicles hung from the upper edge to a depth of many feet. In another place, a great cliff of glacier, separating a lower from an upper dome, overhung the perpendicular by many degrees, and displayed along its face no less than fifteen beds of snow, belonging to as many successive years. By-and-by I was wholly unable to stand the pace of my fresher companions, and sent them on ahead, while Balmat and I followed at our leisure. I was glad of the gentler pace on another account, as it allowed me to look at many things for which I had not time before. The grandeur of some of the rock precipices on our left struck me very much, and in one place it was enhanced by the débris of a magnificent "Sérac," which had tumbled over since we had passed by in the morning. Presently we came upon three great crevasses, presented endways to us, and running parallel to one another in the direction of the Matterhorn. We fought our way through the deep snow to gaze into them, and found two of them to be actual valleys in the ice, not less than 100 feet wide and 200 feet deep, one side overhanging the base by many feet, and with several successive rows of icicles depending from the softer snow at the top.

The sun beat down on to these exposed slopes with uncommon force, and there was not a breath of air to take off from the effect of the burning heat reflected from the snow. I experienced an exhaustion such as I have rarely felt. The snow-slopes had seemed long enough in mounting, but now I fancied them actually longer, and several times I was obliged to fling myself on my back on the snow, and to lie there some minutes before I could proceed. The great curtain above the last rocks appeared an *ignis fatuus*; the nearer we approached the farther it retired. However, even it was reached

at last, and we had a fine view of the rocks below, on either side, composing the barrier of the aperture through which the central glacier descends. Those on the right were gneiss, those on the left granite. At the bottom of this slope we entered on the little defile conducting from the glacier to the rocks; and just before reaching it I noticed a curious phenomenon, which had escaped me in the morning. Several lines of moraine, at a few feet from one another, were ranged side by side with the nicest parallelism. We turned aside to examine them, and found they had all come from some precipices above, whence they had tumbled on to the glacier, and had been brought down in regular lines without any lateral displacement.

There is a great difference, after all, between going up hill and going down hill, and despite my deadly fatigue, I reached the rocks where H. was waiting for me by half-past two, and after a short quarter of an hour's rest and a drink of lemonade manufactured on the spot, was ready to continue my homeward route. By the time we reached the Gorner glacier, my exhaustion had so entirely disappeared, that we prolonged our walk very materially, by continuing on the glacier for several miles, and turning aside hither and thither in all directions to examine the numerous objects of interest it presented. A steep climb of twenty minutes, up the side of the Gornergrat, brought us suddenly upon my wife, sketching and wondering where we could have gone, for although she had traced us from eight in the morning, she had lost sight of us when we descended the rocks above the Gorner glacier, and could never distinguish us again on its broad and trackless surface. A short and pleasant half-hour's walk brought us safely to the Riffelberg, where we were quietly settled by five o'clock after a day of (to me) uncommon fatigue, but also of unusual interest.

I was very glad, the next morning, that we had not taken the day's rest I had so much wished for. The clouds hung heavy on Monte Rosa, it was snowing on many of the neighbouring peaks, and the wind was fearful. As I sat on the Gornergrat, jotting down the outlines from which this sketch has been filled up, I heard it raging furiously, howling and screeching far above my head in the clear open sky, where there was nothing to provoke its fury. Against such a blast we should have had no chance of success, and should have been happy enough if we had met with no accident.

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NOTE.—I have spoken of the Messrs. Smyth as the first travellers who gained the summit of Monte Rosa. While these pages were in the press, I fell in accidentally with an interesting little work, published at Aosta, in 1855, entitled "*Les Alpes Pennines dans un jour*," by the Canon Carrel of that city, in which it is said that the Schlagintweits of Berlin, two very celebrated travellers and geologists, preceded the Messrs. Smyth by three years. M. Carrel is an eminent man of science, and I have no doubt he is correct. I commend his little book to those who are likely to visit Aosta or the neighbourhood; they will find a great deal of valuable information, nicely given, and in a small compass.

# VIII.

## TOWN AND FOREST.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### MARGARET.

"My crime? this wasted frame to feed,  
I seized the food! your witness saw.  
I knew your laws forbade the deed,  
But yielded to a harsher law."—CRABBE.

"Poesia più che dolor, potè il digiuno."—DANTE.

WHAT has become of Margaret?

In the course of the week following her parting with Ellen, she finished her sack-work, and found there was no more to be had. Then she went about, inquiring for work, but without success.

Margaret's heart sank; she had husbanded her little earnings with the utmost closeness, yet had spent them all, though she was faint for want of food, and she had nothing left to sell.

She had often thought of Ellen, and hoped she would look in on her, and fancied she heard her light foot on the stairs; but all in vain.

Extremity of want at length drove her to seek Ellen and implore aid. She drew her wretched shawl around her, and, towards dusk, timidly entered the little shop. But no Ellen was behind the counter; in her place stood a neat, active-looking woman of fifty, whose countenance, though good-tempered, was sharp, and did not diminish Margaret's timidity.

"What is your business, my good woman?" said she, shortly.

"Can I speak with Miss Miller?" faltered Margaret.

"Miss Miller is in the country, and has been there several days. She is not expected home for some time."

Margaret had not another word to say. She withdrew with a feeling of keen disappointment, and a tear coursed her thin cheek. She retraced her steps in utter despondency.

As she passed a cook's-shop, with slices of cold meat and pudding invitingly displayed in the window, she quickly turned her head away, for she could not endure the too tempting sight. She was almost wild with hunger; and as she passed a man selling hot potatoes and roasted apples at the corner of a street, she felt ready to make a snatch at one, and run off with it. What *should* she do?

The next morning she felt less hungry, but weaker. She crept out again in search of work, and strayed on and on, through squalid streets where, in dingy shop windows, inferior bread was sold retail, in conjunction with "cuttings" of rusty bacon, and fragments from butchers' shops, technically called "pieces." Looking into a small, dirty shop, not far from the Minories, she saw a man

turning over some unmade articles of clothing. She went in and asked him if he could give her some work.

The man looked sharply at her, and asked her one or two questions. Then he held up a very smart-looking waistcoat, partly made, and said, "What will you take for finishing this?"

"What you please," said Margaret, hesitatingly, and afraid of losing the job.

"There, then," said he, throwing it towards her, "I'll give you threepence-halfpenny for finishing it, and supply you with twist, thread, and buttons."

"That is very little," said Margaret, wistfully.

"Why, it will be a better bargain to you than to me," said he. "A Jew tailor is to pay me sixpence for it, and I am to find the thread and the twist. I shall only clear three-halfpence by the job.\* You may take it or leave it."

He looked almost as wretched as herself; and there appeared little chance of his raising his price. With a deep sigh she took it, leaving him her name and address.

A mizzling rain had set in; by the time she reached home she was wet through. Chilled and comfortless, she was crawling up stairs, when her landlady met her, and sharply reminded her that her week's rent was due. Margaret said despairingly, "I have some work here I expect to finish before dark. I hope to get paid by-and-by."

It was but a subterfuge, for she knew that the threepence-halfpenny would not pay her rent, nor even supply her with bread till Monday morning. The woman, however, went away satisfied, and Margaret set to work, tremulous with weakness and excitement. She worked fast, but, just before she had completed her task, she suddenly became giddy, and fell on the floor. There she lay till she recovered herself again; and, scarcely able to sit up, resumed and finished her work. It was getting dusk: she had a long wet walk before her, for her miserable pittance. As she went along, a savage desire for food seized her; she felt she must eat or die; nay, eat, if to eat were to die. It was a stronger temptation than Eve's. Instead of going to her employer's, she turned into the first pawnbroker's, forced her way through a group of people looking as woe-begone as herself, and pledged the waistcoat for five shillings!

Then she rushed into the nearest eating-house, and hoarsely said, "Soup—a basin of hot, good soup, with meat in it; and a good piece of bread."

In a minute or two she was swallowing it, almost scalding hot. It was well that the heat made her take it less greedily, or it might have killed her. It was strong, nourishing, relishing soup, well spiced, with savoury slices of onion and carrot, and morsels of stewed meat bobbing about in it. She devoured it as Esau devoured the pottage, and was warmed and satiated.

Then, after sitting still a little while, she gave a deep sigh, laid

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\* Authentic.

down a shilling for the soup, and went forth. She bought bread, cheese, and tea by the way, and paid her rent. Then she lay down in the dark, to feel she had committed a crime, and to wish herself dead.

"Ahi, dura terra ! perchè non t'apristi ?"

The next morning she woke strengthened and refreshed. She made a tolerable breakfast, but without much relish. She had lost her self-respect ; and she had a vague dread of the morrow.

She could not make up her mind to go out. She sat idly watching the people in the court, haggling, gossiping, and squabbling. What a different Sabbath from that spent with Ellen !

Towards dusk, her solitude became intolerable. The streets were dry ; she resolved to go forth, without any settled purpose. She walked on and on, in a slow, slouching kind of way, looking dully at the groups of tidy, cheerful people flocking to church and chapel ; but she sought neither. Thus she strayed along, and was beginning to feel inexpressibly mournful, and a strange longing for running water, or a still, deep pool, began to overtake her ; and somebody seemed telling her how quiet and still it would be underneath ; and she said, oh ! no, no, she could not bear it ; she was afraid ; and the other seemed to say there was nothing to be afraid of, and nothing else to do ; to-morrow would be too late—this way ! this way ! . . . and—

"I doesn't mind going *there*," one poor woman was saying, in passing, to another, "for he makes us all welcome, and we're all so shabby that none can sneer at the others. He says the Lord Jesus sent him expressly to such as we."

O, blessed hearing ! *To such as we ?* Margaret followed the two poor women as they entered a very humble doorway, and there she found herself in a very poor room, containing about twenty poor people, as meanly clad as herself, taking part in a service of some sort, already begun. She heard a deep, clear, earnest, persuasive voice, in accents that sank into the heart, saying—

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ! Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burthen is light."

She listened and wept. Afterwards, he went on to say—"We are told of a man possessed by an evil spirit, which, by the great mercy of God, was cast out of him. This unhappy person, instead of testifying his gratitude for what the Lord had done by an altered walk, is represented as hurrying into an utterly reckless course of self-abandonment ; so that the evil one returning to see how it fared with his late captive, finds his soul literally laid open to his entrance, like a house swept and garnished for the welcome of the first guest that had a mind to turn in : on which he, quick as thought, summons seven other spirits, even more wicked than himself, to enter in and take possession ; and the last state of that man was worse than the first ! Now, can anything be conceived more appalling ? If ever there was a human creature beyond the pale of

God's forgiveness, and without the faintest hope of redemption, must it not have been such a man as this?"

"My friends, we have the sequel to the history of a person in precisely this case. There was a woman who, sorely tempted, no doubt, appears to have sorely sinned. Perhaps the sense of unforgiven, unrepented sin drove her *mad*, or left her exposed, in an extraordinary way, to the influence of the powers of darkness. This unhappy creature, who, in earlier days, may have been as innocent, as cheerful, as light-hearted, as beloved as any one living, was now an object for the finger of scorn to point at—given up by her friends as lost! Out of that woman our Lord cast seven devils! Yes! though her last state had been worse than her first, he took her part! Though a strong man armed had taken possession of the citadel, another came to the rescue, who proved himself stronger than he, bound him neck and heels, and cast him out, never to return! Let none ever despair who can remember Mary Magdalene!

"Now, what was her subsequent course? It was completely changed. She followed Jesus. Whatever she did, wherever she went, it was all at the will of Jesus. The voice of pleasure had no longer any allurements for her; neither was she susceptible to desperation or despair: she saw there was plenty of Christian work to be done, even by such a poor creature as herself; she hung on his words; she listened to his sermons; she learned from him how blessed are the meek, the merciful, the peaceful, the pure in heart; she learnt that even a cup of cold water, bestowed in his name, should not fail of its reward; she heard him say, 'Her sins are forgiven; for she *loved* much!' and, again, 'She hath done what she *could*.' Is it wonderful that this woman, when all his disciples forsook him and fled, stood with his mother, at the foot of his cross? and that she sought him in the sepulchre very early in the morning while it was yet dark? And how exquisite was her reward!"

Margaret listened with enchained attention. She knelt with the others, she tried to pray with the others, but her soul was heaving and tossing, like the troubled sea, that cannot rest. The others rose and departed, leaving her there, kneeling alone, her head upon her arms.

Mr. Bolter, taking his hat, and about to depart, suddenly became aware of her presence. He made as great a mistake as Eli did when he thought Hannah was drunken. Mr. Bolter thought Margaret was asleep. Lightly touching her on the shoulder, he said, "My good woman, the service is over. I dare say you were tired."

She raised her haggard face for a moment, and then, instead of rising, fell at his feet.

"Oh," said she, "I'm worse than Mary Magdalene."

Mr. Bolter, startled, awaited what she had to say.

"I have been dishonest," said she, "and I have been on the point of ending my wretched life."

He made her rise, and sit down. He spoke peace to her soul, in words calm, strong, and persuasive. She listened, wept, and was

comforted. He showed her there was forgiveness even for such as she was. Then he bade her go quietly home, and he would see her in the morning. She gave him her name and address, and went on her way consoled.

The next morning, though Mr. Bolter repaired early to Flag Court, he arrived too late—Margaret was already in the hands of justice. He followed her to the office where her case was being brought before the sitting magistrate, who was listening to it with great attention and patience.

It appeared that Messrs. Aarons, wholesale tailors and outfitters, had given the waistcoat to a man named Jones, or Jonas, who undertook to get it made for a shilling. Jones had a stitching-machine, which stitched the seams, for which he reserved to himself sixpence, and then turned over the waistcoat to the man who had employed Margaret, whose name was Samuels, who was to receive the other sixpence for finishing the waistcoat. He, as has been seen, gave Margaret the work to do for threepence halfpenny.

A tailor in court said the materials were worth seven shillings, and the waistcoat, finished as it was, would probably sell for twelve shillings. Mr. D'Arlincourt, touched with the emaciated appearance of Margaret and of Samuels, sent for Mr. Aarons, who refused to attend, saying he was too busy.

Mr. D'Arlincourt said it was clear this was a system which gradually ground the workpeople to the dust. Most sincerely did he wish that dealers, by contenting themselves with smaller profits, would enable their workpeople to receive more suitable remuneration.

Margaret was then ordered to pay the redeeming value, or, in default, to be imprisoned three days, and was fined five shillings for the illegal pawning; failing to pay which, she was to be subjected to additional imprisonment.

Mr. Bolter desperately rummaged his pockets;—alas! they only contained about half the amount. Meanwhile, Margaret was carried off to prison; but he hastened to Mr. Truebury's house of business, and, briefly acquainting him with the case, immediately obtained the needful sum for Margaret's release.

When the poor creature found herself once more in the open air, she staggered, and would have fallen to the ground, had not Mr. Bolter caught her. With white lips that almost refused utterance, she said to him:—

"I think I am going to be very ill. Can you take me to some hospital?"

"I can and will," replied he, with the utmost kindness.

The next instant she fainted away. Leaving her in charge of a neat, venerable old woman, who had been watching them from her shop-door with great commiseration, he again hurried off to Mr. Truebury, got an order for her admission into the nearest hospital, returned to her in a cab, placed her, just recovering, in it, and drove off with her. He waited about the hospital till she had been placed in bed and seen by the house-surgeon, who pronounced her to be sickening of a low fever. He saw her, spoke a few cheering

words, bade her place her faith in God, and took his leave with a heavy heart.

In that hospital Margaret remained six weeks. For some time she hovered on the brink of the grave; but it pleased God that she should at length recover.

When Mr. Bolter next visited his kind superintendent, with what intense interest Dr. Grace listened to his detailed report of the cases of Pharaoh and Margaret!

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## CHAPTER XII.

### IS SEEING BELIEVING?

"Look upon this picture and on that."—HAMLET.

ELLEN was walking in the garden in rather a dejected frame of mind, while the children were racing with Neptune along the broad, straight gravel walks, when Mrs. Quain came out to tell her that she was again wanted at the town-hall.

Ellen was sick of the town-hall: however, there was no help for it; so she started on her walk of about three quarters of a mile, to the little borough in which stood that ancient and very ugly red-brick edifice, with a roof like that of the royal palace of Madagascar. The walk itself was a pleasant one enough in fine weather, and under ordinarily agreeable circumstances; but Ellen was beginning to have disagreeable associations, with every step of the way, and to look forward with longing to the time when she should once more be seated in her own snug little parlour with John.

On entering the town-hall, there she saw Mr. Curlew, policeman A, the prisoner, the clerk, Mr. Meeke, and one or two others as before. But what very much pleased her was to see Mrs. Meeke also, who shook hands with her, and spoke a few kind words.

"Now then, Miss Miller," said Mr. Curlew, somewhat impatiently, "we must again put you upon oath. Now then, look at the prisoner, and say, is he the man who stood on the ladder outside Mr. Meeke's window? Look once, look twice, look three times."

"I told you before, sir," said Ellen, rather nettled, "that I am quite sure he is the man."

"What! he who stands there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, Miss Miller, that is not the man you saw here before."

Ellen started from head to foot.

"Not the same?" said she, faltering.

"Produce the other gipsy," said Mr. Curlew to A 1, who immediately brought forward Pharaoh, and placed him beside the other. They were strikingly like. But the expression of the new comer was dogged and sullen.

Ellen turned red, and then pale.



"I am very sorry," said she, speaking with painful effort, "that I made such a mistake."

"You *did* make a mistake, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Explain yourself fully. Which is the man you saw at the window?"

"*Not* Pharaoh Smith. The man who stands beside him."

"You are quite certain."

"Quite certain."

"How came you to make such a mistake?"

"Why, sir, you yourself must allow they are very much alike; and when I first saw Pharaoh, he struck me as so much like the housebreaker that I felt assured it must be he; but now I see the very man, there's all the difference in the world!"

The prisoner scowled. Pharaoh looked immensely relieved.

"Well, I think we may consider the point clear now," said Mr. Curlew. "Especially, Miss Miller, as an old blue handkerchief, soaked in blood, which was found behind your garden hedge, has been identified as this man's handkerchief. Prisoner, have you anything to say? Do you hear me?—I see that you do. You are 'mute of malice.' Well, it makes no difference. You will be committed, and Pharaoh Smith is released."

Pharaoh's eye flashed with joy, and yet he could not help giving a look of pity at his cousin, as he was removed.

"How sorry I am I caused you to be falsely imprisoned!" said Ellen.

"Oh, miss, it don't magnify. But I'm very glad to be out. I must go and tell them all!" And, with a hasty, rough sort of bow to the company, Pharaoh disappeared.\*

A good deal of talking ensued. Poor Ellen met with her due share of pity for her uncomfortable mistake; though, as she truly said, Pharaoh was the real object of compassion. She was very glad to hear from Mrs. Meeke that her children were well, and sent down to their aunt's at the sea-side, and that she had come to fetch home the others.

They walked back to Tranquil Vale very cheerfully. The children came bounding out of the house to meet their parents, and

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\* This tale was finished towards the close of 1858. In the *Times* for March 10, 1859, appeared a trial which it might be supposed, but from the above fact, that I had copied. A gipsy aged 23, named Guilliers Heron, was tried at the York assizes for robbing a lad named Richard Gillbank of two shillings. Gillbank was returning from work at half-past four in the afternoon, when two gipsies, one of them *wearing very long hair*, came up to him, threatened, assaulted, and robbed him. He immediately got a policeman to accompany him to the gipsy camp, where he identified the prisoner to his own satisfaction, as the one who had taken his money. The prisoner, however, called witnesses to prove an *alibi*. There were six brothers of them, who were all in their tent, supping on hedgehog (hodjun) when the robbery was alleged to have taken place. Some of these brothers came forward, and were so like the prisoner that a mistake might easily have been made. The gipsy was *acquitted*. Many gipsies were in court watching the case with intense anxiety.

were almost as delighted to return to town by rail as they had been to come to Tranquil Vale.

Though many of the trees were now leafless, the country looked lovely; but Ellen had no regrets. She was heartily glad to find herself, at dusk, in her own little parlour, enjoying a voluble gossip with Mrs. Fuller and Betsy, who were eager to hear her full and particular account of the burglary. Just as she had exhausted the subject John came in, and then she had to go all over it again. Mrs. Fuller and Betsy left them to themselves, and they had a long uninterrupted talk till it grew quite late. Then Mr. Bolter came in, very tired and pale, but looking pleased. Pharaoh had found him out, and told him, with great glee, of his release; but he had also told him that, for a time, he must see his face no more, as his family considered his life in jeopardy from the kindred of the prisoner, and they were all going to some considerable distance till the matter had blown over. Thus, this promising pupil was lost.

"It is always so," added Mr. Bolter, sighing. "People of the class among whom I labour are always on the move. Either they get out of the way of the missionary directly he pricks their consciences, or, as soon as he has stirred them up to a better way of living, they go to some less disreputable locality, or they fall into misfortunes, or into the hands of justice, or they get work in another neighbourhood. Anyhow, he loses them just as he is becoming interested in them."

Then he told Ellen of poor Margaret's sad story. She heard it with a degree of remorse, for not having bestirred herself for her and saved her in the first instance from falling to such a depth of wretchedness; but, as she said, circumstances had been against her; and too often in cases of this sort, to be out of sight is to be out of mind.

She resolved to go the next day to see her at the hospital. However, Betsy Brick was busy, so Ellen could not leave the shop; and the first day she could and did leave it, to go to the hospital, Margaret was gone. Ellen then sought her at Flag Court, but she had been seen nothing of there since she was taken to the police-court. The attic was let to another lodger.

A day or two afterwards, as Ellen sat sewing behind her little counter, a square-built, brisk-looking old gentleman stepped in and said—"Are you Miss Miller? Yes; I see you are. Well, I'm Mr. Meeke. I've come back from the Continent—not too soon, I think—to look after my property; and I am now come to thank you very heartily for so vigorously defending it."

They had a good deal of chat together, and Mr. Meeke told her that the other man had been taken, his face sadly disfigured by his fall from the window, which had likewise dislocated his ankle; and that there was every chance of their both being transported for that robbery and others which had occurred a little before. He believed Ellen would have to appear as witness, but she would not be the only one; there was a worse case against them, and he would see her through it, if they were not convicted upon the first count, so that she might make herself quite comfortable.

A few days afterwards, this brisk old gentleman sent Ellen a very handsome workbox—the completest thing of the kind she had ever seen—with a very friendly note, begging her acceptance of it.

Ellen became aware, very soon after her return home, that an incipient attachment had sprung up, during her absence, between John and Betsy Brick, who now, by the way, preferred being called “Bessy.” Ellen could not have a word to say against it; she thought Bessy a very nice girl indeed; and thought John was hardly well-to-do enough to marry; marriage did not yet seem to be in question: she did not even think there was anything like an engagement—only, they evidently had a warmer, tenderer feeling towards each other than there had been any symptoms of before Ellen went to Tranquil Vale.

One evening, Mr. Bolter received a letter, which interested him a good deal. It was to this effect:—

“SIR—

“You may remember a poor woman who first fell under your notice at a Sunday evening prayer-meeting, whom you afterwards saw at a police-office, and whom you subsequently conveyed to a fever hospital.

“That person now addresses you. Though recovered from my illness, I left the hospital utterly destitute of worldly means of support, and with a mind oppressed with anguish.

“Chance, or rather a good providence, directed me to the means of an honest, though poor livelihood. I am now constantly employed, many hours of the day, and my earnings are sufficient to feed and clothe me, and supply me with a humble lodging.

“That I should be the recipient of such mercy almost exceeds my belief, and it awakens the liveliest gratitude. I feel that to testify my thanks for the precious pardon of an offended God, there are other ways than words; and I have thought over many plans of devoting the few hours I have daily at my own disposal to his service. Only one of these appears to me practicable; and it is to ask your co-operation in it that I now address you.

“During the time I was in the hospital, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the utterly friendless condition of many poor outcasts who sought admission to its charity, the filthy condition of their persons and clothing proving their need of a female hand to promote their decency and comfort. I am well aware, sir, that in your missionary visits to the poor and needy, you meet with many such who have none to help them. Now, I would wish to dedicate my spare time (two or three hours a day), not so much to the decent poor, who have a claim on the sympathy of their neighbours, as to those of my own sex, who, from their utterly squalid and abject condition, no tenderly reared female could suitably approach. To me, who, by God’s mercy, have been rescued from a like miserable state, such cases will have nothing repelling; and I shall esteem it another benefit from you if you will direct me to such as will derive advantage from my aid. No matter how low they may

be sunk, I will cleanse their persons, their rooms, mend their clothing, and see that their food is properly cooked. In any way that you can make me useful, you may command the services of

"Sir, your obedient humble servant,

" MARGARET SCOTT.

" 11, Primrose Court, Hopkinstown.

" You will see me at your Sabbath evening lecture, and can speak to me, if it pleases you, after the service."\*

Need it be said that Margaret was soon in full employ, under Mr. Bolter's direction? He found her sharing her one small room with a poor widow woman, an aged, decrepit creature, deprived of the use of her lower limbs, but able to support herself by sewing and knitting, cheerful as a bird, and full of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. The room, though poorly furnished, was not destitute of comforts, and was a spectacle of cleanliness and neatness. There were books on a shelf; flowers and a blackbird in the window. Margaret herself scarcely looked the same creature; though still pale and thin, her features had lost their look of care; and a mild light shone in her soft dark eye, while her mouth frequently wore a smile of pensive sweetness. Her dress was exquisitely neat and clean, though of the humblest materials; and her appearance in every respect was creditable and encouraging.

She soon proved a most efficient ally to Mr. Bolter; and, now that her altered course had enabled her to recover her self-respect, she would sometimes drop in at dusk, on Ellen, who rejoiced to see her, and would enter into the details of her work.

" It appears," said she, "that God is graciously marking out a path for me in which alone I am fit to labour. I know nothing of the customs and manners of the rich; I could not undertake the most menial service in a gentleman's house; but I can talk to the poor outcasts among whom my work is, in a way they can understand, and that commands their attention; I can help the neglected poor and aged; I can coax young children to go to school; and now, through Mr. Bolter's intervention, I am beginning, as a paid agent, to circulate the word of life, and read portions of it to those who are willing to hear me."†

" How is it," said Ellen, suddenly, "that you express yourself so well, both in speaking and writing?"

" If I do so," said Margaret, simply, "it must come by nature or grace, for I have had little enough teaching; yet, now I think of it, my grandmother, who brought me up, must have been a very superior woman, for she expressed herself remarkably well, and she was well-read in the Scriptures. But she died when I was ten years old, and my grandfather was a very bad old man. He used to boast that he had killed as many deer in Hainault and Epping Forest as he had hairs on his head."

" Was he your grandfather?" cried Ellen. "I have heard Mr. Bolter speak of that old man."

\* The greater part of this letter is authentic.

† Vide "The Book, and its Mission."

"You cannot be surprised," said Margaret, "that the son of such a father turned out wild; in fact I often saw little of my father for days and months together; and, as for my mother, she died when I was an infant; so all the good I learnt was of my grandmother; and I think it may be that now my mind is more under the influence of divine grace, her ways of thinking and speaking may come back to me in some degree. But her husband and son used her very badly; and when she died, I neither heard nor saw anything that was good, or could lead me upwards. When my grandfather and I were left to ourselves my life was dull enough, and I had no means of self-improvement; but things got worse when my father brought home a second wife of the lowest description, who made me wretched. I so constantly heard low thoughts and low language, that, though I hated both, it could hardly fail but that my mind should be injured by them. My stepmother, however, paid me the compliment of thinking me too good for my company. She was always trying to reduce me to her own level; and when she found it in vain, her hatred of me became so active that, in self-defence, I left home to seek to maintain myself. I obtained employment at a furnishing warehouse, as you know, but got into trouble, and gradually sank lower and lower till I became what you found me." She sighed deeply.

"The wonder is," said Ellen, "that you have since become what you are now."

"Aye, the wonder and the mercy! And therefore it is that I feel myself called upon, in an especial manner, to be the helper of a class of persons *below* the decent poor—persons beyond the range of spiritual or moral elevation (of whom there is an immense mass underlying the surface of decent society), beings whose sole object is to *live*, no matter by what vice, nor in what filth and wretchedness."

"They must be a very uncomfortable class to labour among."

"Ah!" said Margaret, smiling—and such a heavenly expression irradiated her countenance as to make it almost beautiful,—"the end reconciles one to the means! I find my way into courts where no one even professes to gain an honest livelihood—courts swarming with children forsaken by parents who never were married, who have no desire for, no knowledge of a better existence—who live by 'tossing,' by thieving, by passing bad money—you may get a bad shilling in Whitechapel for twopence-halfpenny. Then when I penetrate into the dwellings, I find them little better than cow-houses, and not nearly as sweet—the window-frame stuffed with rags, the bed a heap of old shavings, the floor littered with hare-skins and rabbit-skins, the smell of which is enough to breed a fever. In such dens as these you cannot be surprised that they often say to me, 'Of what use is it for you to come here? What use are your Bibles to us?' yet I am content if, after visiting every room in every house in the court, I find but one subscriber. To collect that one subscriber's penny a week, gives me a recognised object for going again and again. And then my course is clear."

## Brief Notices.

THE EARTH WE INHABIT: its Past, Present, and probable Future. By CAPTAIN ALFRED W. DRAYSON, *Royal Artillery*; Author of "Sporting Scenes in South Africa," &c. London, 1859.

CAPTAIN DRAYSON has made a most notable discovery. The "earth we inhabit" is a huge stalkless fungus, which is swelling and expanding continually, and is to continue so to do, until it is as large as Jupiter, or perhaps much larger. We venture to call it *stalk-less*, because Captain Drayson mentions no stalk; not because there would be anything more absurd or incongruous in such an appendage, than in the other attributes predicated of our poor planet by the writer. It seems that our earth was once (say 40,000 years ago) a very little one, perhaps less than Mercury; it was then also very near the sun, and had very short years, perhaps thirty days long (p. 40); which fully accounts for the antedeluvians living so many of them, (Chap. iv.) The tropics were then also at the poles, owing to the earth only just being big enough to fill the space between the tropic of Cancer and that of Capricorn!!! (See Chap. iii.) This also fully accounts for the presence of fossil tropical plants, where they do not now grow; a fact which has never before been accounted for in any way, says our captain. But since then the earth has outgrown its ecliptic, like a little boy his trousers; and by the time we are as large as Jupiter, our ecliptic is to be inclined only 29°, (Chap. iv.) The proofs of these wonderful phenomena are varied and irrefragable. In the first place there are discrepancies between the ancient and modern measurements of a degree; to be sure some of the modern computations (p. 15) would seem to indicate that a degree is less (if anything) than it

was of old; but these have been carelessly made, and are not to be depended upon. The others show an increase in the computation, and these prove without a shadow of doubt that a degree is longer now than formerly, and that the earth has grown, Q.E.D. Likewise we have now 800,000 more acres in England than we had at the last survey. Latitude and longitude will (Captain Drayson candidly confesses) prove nothing as to the earth's expansion, because there are but 360°, however long these may be; yet he immediately proceeds to prove, by certain discrepancies of observations of latitude at various times, that all the observatories in Europe have moved northward. That in Edinburgh has moved 1373 yards between 1827 and 1858; in the same time that of Cambridge has moved only 300 yards; whilst between 1845 and 1858 that of Berlin has moved above a mile; (see pp. 60-1), and that of Christiana 1200 yards. Fully to demonstrate the truth of his position, Captain Drayson proposes to put in a peg (*literally*, v. p. 28), at the tropic of Cancer, on June 21st, and to revisit this peg in a few years, when it will be found northward of the then tropic. But again—submarine telegraphs break, and this is entirely due to the expansion of the earth, pulling them asunder! (pp. 71-4); but railroads do not break because the expansion is so slow and slight, (p. 23): buildings are not torn across partly for the same reason, but partly also because "they prevent that part of the earth increasing so rapidly as other parts," (p. 24). So far as we have got hitherto, Captain Drayson seems quite sure of his position; there are other minor points upon which he does not express himself so confidently, as, for instance, whether the earth is

one million or ninety-five millions of miles from the sun (p. 10); whether the earth is increasing in weight as well as in size, or whether it is merely expansion; and whether the amount of coal raised annually in England does not cause the earth to become lighter (pp. 102—3). He relieves the mind of his readers on the subject of the moon's gradual approach to the earth, by the consideration that Jupiter's moons are much nearer to him than ours to us; and that as his have not fallen upon him, ours cannot fall upon us, (p. 94). Finally, all these facts he considers have long been known to the learned few; "the increase of the earth and the universe must be well known to the learned, who, however, have kept the secret to themselves," (p. 98). Captain Drayson anticipates for himself only the fate of other great discoverers, to be laughed at at first, and afterwards revered.

With a considerable experience in foolish books, we must say that on the whole we have met with nothing so very foolish as this. We usually allow such squibs to pass unnoticed into that oblivion to which they are destined; but this, proceeding from a captain in the Royal Artillery, is eked out with such an array of misquoted figures, such a parade of pseudo-science, such a heaping together of chord and arc and sine, such references to geodæic operations, and throughout exhibits such a melancholy absence of the most elementary knowledge of any branch of the science upon which it treats, that we have thought it worthy of the present sketch. To criticize the theory would reduce us almost to the level of the author; we must, however, by one instance, illustrate the accuracy of his calculations. At p. 86 he notices that Playfair and Airy give a different density to the earth, as the proportion of 4 to 6, "a result which, in the total weight of the earth, would cause a difference of, perhaps, some hundred billion million thousands of tons." Now, on the

weight of the earth is under *one thousand billions* of tons; the error, therefore, is multiplied by Captain Drayson only by about a few hundred millions.

We may, in conclusion, pay Captain Drayson the compliment of supposing that he has taken very great pains with himself; no man naturally, or without long and painful cultivation, could become so inconsequent and absurd.

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PUNISHMENT AND PREVENTION. By Alexander Thomson, Esq., of Banbury. Author of "Social Evils," &c. London.

It is calculated that there are about 150,000 persons in Great Britain who are directly dependent upon crime for their support. Probably each of these has, on the average, two others dependent upon him; so that there can scarcely be less than 400,000 persons supported by crime. *What are we to do with them?* This question becomes more and more difficult of solution, yet more important to solve every year. Our prisons are crowded; above 100,000 pass through them annually. Notwithstanding the great increase of prison accommodation of late years, there is barely room in them for the ordinary average of prison population; and not that, were the separate system rigidly enforced. This leaves unprovided for a large number, amounting to about 3,500 annually, who are sentenced to long penal servitude, transportation, or some equivalent penalty. This class is one of the great difficulties of legislation. Formerly criminals were sent in large numbers to our penal settlements; but these colonies have now refused accommodation to any more. No wonder: Norfolk Island was for many years acknowledged to be a "hell upon earth." It was devoted to the reception of the worst of criminals, who were too bad to be tolerated in other colonies; many of them guilty of crimes deserving death, "but at times so numerous, that the local authorities shrunk, for very shame, from hanging them; and all

of them men of the most abandoned character." In a somewhat less degree the other penal settlements became infected, until the authorities refused finally to receive any more transports; all except West Australia, which still willingly provides for a few annually. To keep them at home would require the erection every year, for seven years, of a prison as large as Pentonville, Millbank, and Brixton, all combined. Hence has arisen what has attained such unenviable notoriety under the name of the "ticket-of-leave system;" a regulation by which convicts may be liberated after serving a portion of their time, conditionally upon good behaviour, and subject to immediate revocation upon either any new offence, or the keeping of bad company without obvious means of livelihood: a system by no means perfect, or free from some objections; but rendered absolutely necessary by the impossibility of otherwise disposing of our criminals.

.But leaving out of consideration the partial impracticability of complete punishment, the question arises, "Has punishment by imprisonment any deterrent or curative influence as regards crime?" a question which there is an increasing tendency to answer in the negative. Indeed it is thought that it only tends to harden and confirm in a career of crime. It has been epigrammatically said, not without some foundation, "Once in prison, always in prison;" and Lord Brougham gave the opinion that "short imprisonments are always useless." The number of criminals apprehended gives but a very inadequate idea of the number of crimes committed. "A large number of offenders contrive to escape conviction, sometimes even suspicion, for a long term of years, and many a crime is committed for one detection," (Thomson). Lord Brougham adds: "When it is considered how many offences a thief must commit to earn his daily bread, it becomes quite evident that *absolute impunity* is the rule, and detection only the rare, and even accidental exception." Mr. Mayhew

gives the opinion of the thieves themselves upon this matter. "A thief's life (*they say*) consists generally of four months in prison, and six out; and during this period, the mobmen calculate that they commit six robberies a day, or, on an average, fifty a week. Hence it would appear that not less than a thousand robberies must be committed by each regular hand to one detection."

Reasoning upon these and similar considerations, Mr. Thomson writes to prove, what surely will be controverted by none, that prevention is better than punishment. The position is undeniable, and the details are ably supported. He shows that in our system of punishments we have still the remains of barbarous laws, which are unsuitable to the present age: that we have laws, which, without being so intended, are calculated to encourage crime; amongst which are enumerated the excise and some of the revenue laws. He very ably shows that many of our national and social habits have a direct tendency to foster crime. The neglect of female education makes a great number of miserable homes; the wife knows nothing, the *ménage* is wretched, the husband beats her, flies to the gin-shop, and then is fitted for any crime whatever. Sewing and washing-schools have been in some parts instituted with very good effect, with a view to partially diminishing this evil. The want of sympathy and kindly intercourse between employer and employed is another evil, which the spirit of the present day will do something to lessen. The want of proper dwellings for the working classes has a most fatal influence upon the morals of the community. When without regard to decency numerous families bivouac like cattle under one shed, distinctions of age and sex alike disregarded, it can scarcely be said that innate modesty becomes debased, for in truth it has never had an opportunity for manifestation. Cleanliness and propriety are alike unknown; and the laws of nature and of man are as little



comprehended as those of God. And this is not necessary from want of means, for Mr. Thomson states truly that "no persons pay so high per cubic foot for their accommodation as the very lowest and poorest. Rents in Tyburnia and Belgravia are moderate in comparison with those in St. Giles, Whitechapel, or Wapping." Night work and early work for children, the facilities for disposal of property, however acquired, at the pawn-shops, the payment of wages only on Saturday night, encouraging drinking, and the want of female remunerative employment—all these are shown clearly to have their direct bearing upon the production of crime. But far above all these in its lethal effects upon public morals, and also pauperism, is placed the use of strong drinks of all kinds. Mr. Thomson's sixth chapter is devoted to this subject, and contains much useful and important information. He shows that the amount expended, almost entirely by the working classes, in one year, upon beer, gin, rum, whisky, and other spirits (without wine, and without the beer used in private houses) is above 55,000,000*l*. He attributes to this at least two-thirds of our criminals and paupers, and advocates the gradual but almost total extinction of licenses for houses for drinking, above those which are necessary for travellers. The subject is too extensive to discuss, or to be more than indicated. The author proceeds to show that we have amongst us a large and costly body of confirmed criminals, and a still larger number of incipient and still *rescuable* ones; that these lead lives of great misery, and would depart from them, were the way opened to them: that the best prison discipline cannot be uniformly depended upon for reformation, and that "the wit of man has hitherto failed to invent punishments which deter with certainty from crime."

Besides the rectification of the above social and national grievances, the principal object of this valuable book is to promulgate and extend the doctrine of the necessity for "industrial

feeding-schools," many of which have been established of late years both in Scotland and England, with a most notable improvement of the juvenile population in the districts where they are situated. As a matter of cost, certainly there is a great advantage in this; a child costs about 20*l*. a year in prison, but may be thoroughly educated at one of these industrial feeding schools at a cost of from 5*l*. to 8*l*. a year. The author considers it proved therefore that "*prevention* is both easier and cheaper than *punishment* followed by reformation." In these schools the child is kept clean and fed on plain nutritious food; they are also taught some useful and remunerative handicraft; for the most part they return home to sleep at nights; and when they leave the school, every exertion is made to find them employment. Doubtless by this method thousands will be rescued from lives of sin and misery; the scheme is good and benevolent, but let not the promoters of it be discouraged when they find that *all* the good that is anticipated does not follow. Much good will be done, some little harm will also result, many of incorrigibly vicious constitution will by cultivation develop faculties for increased and more refined wickedness; there will be many disappointments, and much of the good that will appear will only be phenomenal. Of this, we must give an instance, in order to justify our unenthusiastic prophecy. A table is given of the annual number of commitments in Aberdeen from 1841 to 1856. This exhibits a considerable *decrease* in the number of juvenile delinquents, but on analysis, we find that of those *native* to the place, there is an *increase* of both sexes, whilst the diminution is in those who are counted as "strangers;" this doubtless being due to the power given to the local authorities to apprehend and send to the school, all children found begging or otherwise wandering about unclaimed and unattached. Mr. Thomson states that acts of parliament will not do

all. Nevertheless, the work is good and godlike, and must have the good wishes and support of every right-thinking Christian man.

#### NEW ZEALAND AND ITS COLONIZATION.

By William Swainson, formerly, and for upwards of fifteen years, Her Majesty's Attorney-General for New Zealand.

NOT much more than twenty years ago, New Zealand presented scenes of horror and cruelty that are almost unutterable; and that, when lapse of time has still further removed us from the date of such events, will be incredible, and most probably be set down as amongst the romantic exaggerations of travellers. So lately as 1836, a native battle-field was a sight of most startling and disgusting character to a European. Bodies of slain men were seen laid out in order, previous to being cut up for the oven; another body just killed was dragged into the camp, the head cut off, and the reeking heart torn out of the breast, and carried off to be devoured. "Two long lines of native ovens mark the spot where the bodies were cooked, and a smaller oven, with a wreath around its edge and two pointed sticks by the side, on the one of which was a potato and on the other a lock of hair, points out the place where they set apart a portion of their horrid meal for the evil spirit. Retired somewhat apart is a little child, nursing in his lap, as if a plaything, one of the slain chief's hands." In times previous to this, these islands were so dreaded, owing to the savage character of the natives, that nothing but extreme necessity would induce mariners to land upon them. Twenty years have not elapsed since the colonization of New Zealand commenced, yet the neighbourhood of its capital, Auckland, is cultivated like an English landscape; the colonists live surrounded by peace and plenty; the natives supply the markets with the produce of their industry; the two races live together in uninterrupted peace and harmony; and English laws are re-

gularly administered; but far above all this, the purer light of the gospel has dawned upon this savage land, the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light, the good tidings of the kingdom have reached even to this "end of the earth," and been received with great joy and welcome. Native children are heard chanting our own "*Magnificat*" and "*Nunc Dimittis*," and the morning and evening hymn ascend to heaven, instead of their fearful war-cry. On the battle-field just described may have been seen a meeting of natives, gratefully acknowledging the blessings of Christianity, and planning means whereby to send them to their heathen neighbours. The land may now be fearlessly travelled in its length and breadth by a solitary unarmed wanderer, and he will rarely find a place where two or three are gathered together, but the dawn and close of the day are marked by the sound of prayer or praise.

Such has been the result of the contact of civilization and the gospel with this heathen land. It were happy if we had nothing more to relate; but a great problem still remains to be solved, viz., how the native people may maintain their ground, and be preserved to form a Christian nation. Both with reference to these islands, and all other countries where our civilization has advanced, nothing satisfactory has been done towards its solution. Cannibalism has become extinct, and the possession of Christianity almost universal; infanticide is rare, and the food and clothing of the people have improved. *But the people are disappearing.* The contact of European races seems fatal to the coloured tribes, their numbers are diminishing in fearful ratio, and the number of children is very small, compared to that of the adults, threatening the speedy extinction of the race. Whether this *must necessarily* be so, remains to be proved here, and no more favourable locality for the experiment can be found. The native race of the Maoris is a hardy and an intelligent

race, fully equal it is considered, man to man, to Europeans! the climate is one of the finest in the world, the winters being temperate, and the summers mild and inoppressive; the natural mortality appears to be lower than in any other of our colonies; the soil is productive as our own; the small-pox has not yet appeared in the islands, and care has been taken to exclude it by general vaccination. Every circumstance appears to favour the trial to raise a barbarous nation to a level of civilization equal to our own, but *as yet* the race appears to be dying out.

In Mr. Swainson's most interesting volume will be found full details of the past and present of the Maori race; of the attempts at, and difficulties in the way of colonization; of the strife with the natives; of the progress of pacification, and of their general state and constitution at present. It will there be seen also what a large share the preaching of the gospel has had in producing the present peaceful state, and how, should the continued attempts be successful, New Zealand may, in no very long time, become the centre and focus of antipodal Christianity and civilization.

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HONG KONG TO MANILLA AND THE LAKES OF LUZON, in the PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, in the year 1856. By Henry P. Ellis, R.N. Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.

A PLEASANT, sketchy, racy book, and true! It is an honest, straightforward narration of what Mr. Ellis saw in six weeks' furlough, which he spent at Manilla and the lakes of Luzon. He saw none of the wild and wonderful things, which Girondière relates in his "Twenty years in the Philippines," and he does not believe Girondière saw them either. The inhabitants of Manilla are mostly Mestizas, or half-castes of various removes from either the Spanish or Indian blood. The government officials are Spanish, the merchants are British or Americans, and John Chinaman, the universal huckster, does all the retail trade. All classes,

all ages, and both sexes smoke. Among the Indians the habit is commenced as soon as the child is weaned, so that little children of five or six years of age, are seen smoking enormous baccies, between eight and ten inches in length. A worse habit, however, prevails among the lowest class of the Indians and Mestizas, in chewing and smoking the betel root, whose red colour turns the teeth into the colour of red sealing-wax, and covers the lips and mouth with a gummy deposit of the same colour. The most striking circumstance to a stranger in Manilla, is the constant appearance of the Indians with a game cock, either carried on the hand, arm, or shoulder, or occasionally on the head. "Often," Mr. Ellis writes, "when two of these gentlemen, with their beloved charges, had exchanged the compliments of the morning, I observed them squat down and allow their respective birds, who had, meanwhile, been bristling up with warlike ardour, to take a few quiet pecks at each other, which seemed to refresh them amazingly, and without further comment each would go on his way, and each cock resume a peaceful attitude." On Sundays, however, this degrading sport became the chief pastime. Gambling is encouraged and patronised by government. All the people rise early, do their business in the morning, sleep during mid-day, bathe continually, and spend the evening in pursuit of pleasure, when the ball rooms and opera are crowded. Over this luxurious immoral city, the Catholic church quietly and carelessly presides. Mr. Ellis took a turn through the lakes in the heart of the Philippines. One of them, "The Enchanted Lake," seems as dreary a place as one might wish to see. Densely wooded and precipitous cliffs darkening the leaden waters, which seem sunk as in the hollow of a deep abyss. Alligators swarm in its waters, and myriads of flying foxes scream through the air. A deathly place, from which Mr. Ellis quickly returned, haunted with horror. What he saw on his route, and how cleverly

he tells it, the book itself *must* witness—we only witness that it is worth the reading; and that its statements are thoroughly reliable. Most painful, however, to a Christian mind to look at this and other dark places of the earth, while he wonders how long the great abominations of iniquity will last.

CLÉOMADES, Conte traduit en vers français modernes, du vieux langage d'Adenes le Roy, contemporain de Chaucer. Par le Chevalier de Chatelain, Traducteur des Contes de Cantonbury.

IN this tale, pleasantly translated from the French of the 13th century into that of a more modern date, M. Chatelain is of opinion that the original of Chaucer's "Squire's Tale," is found; and it does not appear improbable that such is the case. In his attempt to translate Burns into French lyrics, he is not quite so successful. The refrain of "A man's a man for a' that," suffers considerably—to wit,

"D'une guinée en or le rang n'est que  
l'empreinte,  
Et l'homme est l'or, malgré cela!"

But on the whole the execution of the translations is creditable; and the object, that of introducing our poetical literature to our neighbours, is most laudable.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.  
By Emma Jane Worboise. London:  
Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1859.

THIS book must be judged by the avowed and obvious intentions of its author. It does not profess to be a new reading of Dr. Arnold's life, an estimate of his theories and public influence, calmer and more accurate than was possible to one of his dearest friends when the grief for his sudden death was yet fresh and recent. Canon Stanley's invaluable biography is very open to criticism, and we should very well like to see another Life by a hand capable of cri-

ticising thoroughly Arnold's views of education, politics, and ecclesiastical questions. But Miss Worboise has not attempted this. Fascinated by Canon Stanley's narrative of his revered master, and deeply impressed with its moral worth and power, she determined to try whether she could not confer upon many who have neither the money to purchase nor the time to read the larger book, the stimulus and inspiration she believed she had herself derived from it. She has done her work kindly and well. She manifests a very genuine appreciation of the manly strength and Christian nobleness of Arnold's character; and we believe that very many who were never likely to read the original life will read this with eager interest and great profit.

THE THEOLOGY OF GEOLOGISTS, as exemplified in the cases of the late Hugh Miller and others. By W. Gillespie. Author of "The Necessary Existence of God."

MR. GILLESPIE thinks it wicked to suppose that a merciful God made the monsters of the geological eras; and solves the difficulty by attributing them to the devil and his angels. On after consideration he inclines to the idea that the creatures were "the outer shells of devilish souls, diluted, so to speak, to the dozenth degree." (!!) There is "one thought" which Mr. G. is "extremely anxious not to lose"—we will embalm his fly for him in our amber. In the same relation that "devils and demons (devils' imps)" (*sic in orig.*) bear to the "formerly existent carnivorous monsters," "innocent man would have had his correspondent, or palpable image, in the gentle quadrupedal and bipedal graminivora." So the seraphim were in like manner "mammoth" (see p. 81). We presume that by bipedal graminivora, Mr. G. alludes to geese and parrots, &c., and we are far from denying the "correspondence or palpable image," so far as some recent books seem to represent their authors.

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- Town (The). By Leigh Hunt. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.
- Correspondant (Le). Paris: November and December, 1856.
- Poetical Works and Letters (The) of Robert Burns. Edinburgh: Gall & Inglis.
- Lays of Middle Age. By James Heddewick. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.
- Ballads and Songs. By Edward Capern. London: W. Kent & Co.
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- Christology of the Old Testament. By E. W. Hengstenberg. Vols. 3 and 4. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.
- Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints. By Thos. Guthrie, D.D. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.
- London University Magazine, December. London: Hall, Virtue, & Co.
- Florence: a Tale. By M. E. Hammond. London: James Blackwood.
- Popular Astronomy. By Francois Arago. Vol. 2. Translated by Dr. Smyth and H. Grant. London: Longmans.
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- Outlines of Scripture History. By Rev. J. & Riddle, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.
- Beatis in la Poese Archidia. Par la Chevalier de Chatelain. London: Basil H. Pickering.
- Congregational Singing Improved, by a Short and Simple Method. London: Hurdman & Wright.
- Compendious English Grammar (A). By H. Martin. London: Jarrold & Sons.
- British Controversialist. London: Hurdman & Wright.
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- Emancipation of Faith (The). By the late H. E. Schiedel, M.D. London: Pallmer & Co. 2 Vols.
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A

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- British Quarterly Review (The), No. 57. *January*, 1859. London: Jackson and Walford.
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- Chemistry for Schools. By Dr. Lardner. London: Walton & Maberley.
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- Poems and Ballads of Goethe. Translated by W. Edmondstone, D.C.L., and Theodore Martin. London: W. Blackwood & Sons.
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- Progress (The) of the Telegraph. A Lecture. By G. Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E. London: Macmillan & Co.
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- Scottish Review. A Quarterly Journal. *January*, 1859. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.
- Scottish Temperance League Register. 1859. Glasgow.
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A

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- Beacon (The). *February*, 1859. London: W. J. Johnson, 121, Fleet Street.
- Book (The), and its Mission. Vol. III. London: Kent & Co.
- Book (The) of the Thames. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: Hall, Virtue, & Co.
- Burns. A Poem. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Co.
- Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper. *February*. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.
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- Christian Exercises. By J. Burns, D.D. London: Houlston and Wright.
- Charlotte Omyra. By Winwood Reade. London: Triibner & Co.
- Correspondant (Le). *January*, 1859. Paris: C. Douinot.
- Egypt's Place in Universal History. By C. C. J. Baron Bunsen, D.D. Translated by C. H. Cottrell. Vol. III. London: Longmans.
- Englishwoman's Journal (The). *February*, 1859. London: Piper & Co.
- Ernest. A Dramatic Poem. By J. W. King. London: Partridge & Co.
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- Fixed and the Voluntary Principles. By Edward Miall. London: Ward & Co.
- History of the Tiers Etat. By Augustin Thierry. London: H. G. Bohn.
- History of France (The). By the Rev. J. White. London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons.
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- Idolatry of Genius (The). By W. L. Alexander, D.D. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.
- Inquiry (An) into the Human Mind. By Rev. W. R. Pirie, D. D. London: Longmans.
- Lectures on the Parables. By a Country Pastor. London: J. W. Parker & Son.
- Liberator (The). *February*, 1859.
- Lives and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward. By J. C. Marshman. Vols. I. and II. London: Longman & Co.
- Life-Boat Journal (The). *January*, 1859. London: 14, John Street, Adelphi.
- Literary Educational Year-Book for 1859. London: W. Kent & Co.
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- New Sketches of Sermons. By Rev. W. G. Barrett. London: Thomas Scpps.
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- On Liberty. By J. S. Mill. London: J. Parker & Sons.
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- Parents' Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction (The). London: Smith, Elder, & Co.
- People (The) in the Cathedral. A Letter to Dr. Millman. By Josiah Pitman. London: Bell & Baily.
- Personality of the Evil Spirit. By Arthur Wolfe, M.A. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.
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 Bibliographer's Manual (*The*). By W. T. Lowndes. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden.  
 Bible History. By W. J. Blackie, A.M. London: Nelson & Sons.  
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 Dante's Three Visions. By Rev. J. W. Thomas. London: H. G. Bohn.  
 Diary of a Clergyman in Australia. By Rev. J. D. Merryweather, B.A. London: Hatchard & Co.  
 Edward Balnes (*Life of*). By his Son. London: Longman & Co.  
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